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STUDY OF A NEW ENGLAND FACTORY TOWN.

THE place has about fifty thousand inhabitants. It has one great industrial occupation, the making of cotton cloth of various kinds. There are more than forty mills used for this manufacture, — great buildings, some of them hundreds of feet in length, and six stories high; most of them are of granite, but a few are of brick. They do not occupy any particular region in the city, but are found in nearly every part of it, — in the central squares and principal business streets, and even in those in which the most substantial and elegant dwellings are situated, as well as in the poorer quarters and in the suburbs.

I visited the place recently, and saw something of the life of the operatives and of other portions of the population. Various friends had offered me letters of introduction to prominent citizens and owners of the mills; but I have long been aware that when one wishes to see things directly, and for himself, introductions are not always helpful. They are apt to commit an observer to certain lines and methods of investigation, and they necessitate the adoption, at the outset, of some plan of operations; and this, whether it is adhered to or discarded, is commonly a disadvantage. A man who is capable of making valuable observations of the life around him can usually obtain access to all those persons who possess knowledge or information which is essential to his objects; and he can do this most successfully by making his plans as he goes on, — that is, by leaving himself free to adapt his methods, at every step, to circumstances and conditions which could not possibly be foreseen.

I employed one day in leisurely sauntering about the city, in the course of which I saw nearly all its streets and byways, its nooks and out-of-the-way corners. During the day the noise of the machinery of the mills fills the air of the whole city with a muffled humming sound, which is not unmusical, but rather soft and dreamy; inside of the mills the shrill buzz and clatter are at first rather painful to unaccustomed ears. In the evening I saw the mill people on their way to their homes. When I walked in the direction opposite to theirs, so as to meet them and see their faces, I noted that they all regarded me with alert, searching glances, and they were plainly at once aware that I was a stranger. A group of children came first, laughing and chattering. They were about twelve or fourteen years old. One of the girls gave me a critical look, and remarked to her companions, "He 's a detective." I heard that exclamation many times during the first few days of my sojourn, but the operatives soon rec-

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ognized me everywhere. I often walked in the same direction with them, going a little more slowly than they, so as to hear their talk. It did not differ greatly from that of young people of about the same age of any class with which I am acquainted: "what Jane said about you;" "what Ned told Delia Smith;" and animated remarks about the "new things" which some of the girls had bought lately, with grave talk of the sickness of some of their companions; all this accompanied and interrupted by frequent careless, noisy laughter. It was rather pleasant and encouraging. The young people of the mills appeared to be very much like other young people when in a crowd together in the street.

When I inquired at the hotels whether one could see the mills, the answer was, "Yes, most of them; but at a few of the largest the rules forbid the admission of visitors. The officers are very strict, and if you are a stranger you cannot go in." In the shops and business houses which various errands led me to visit, and in which I always met gentlemen who were ready to talk about the trade and manufactures of their city, this information about the mills from which visitors were excluded was often repeated, and the same mills were always named. I therefore decided to begin by looking through the places which were thus reported to be difficult of access. I encountered no obstacle anywhere that was not easily surmounted. I passed through more than half a dozen of the largest mills, inspecting all the processes and details of the manufacture, from the boiler room in the cellar, where the smooth, resistless swing of the gigantic Corliss engines made one feel as if he were watching the motion of a planet in its path, to the enormous tubs of sizing, high up in the attic.

In all the mills which I visited, far more than half the operatives were girls and women. I saw very few children who appeared to be under twelve years of age, though I heard much criticism, among some of my new acquaintances in the city, of the cruelty of the laws and usages relating to the employment of young children in the mills. As to nationality or descent, the English, Scotch, and Irish operatives, with their children born here, constitute the most numerous classes, but there are also many French Canadians. I had often heard and read the assertion that very few Americans, or, more strictly, descendants of American families, now work in the mills. But I found among the operatives a considerable proportion of young women who are the children of families that have lived in this country for one hundred and fifty or two hundred years, and I have since learned that the same thing is true of several other factory towns.

All the mill people looked as if they had enough to eat, but some of them showed in their faces indications of the effects of poor cookery. Some had the peculiar look which comes from living in impure air, and this result is produced chiefly, as I was convinced by what I saw in the mills and in the homes of the people, by the foulness of the air in the rooms in which the operatives eat and sleep. In many, probably in most, of their homes the cooking is done in the "sitting-room;" that is, the apartment in which the members of the family pass the evening together until bed-time. The cost of fuel is one of the principal expenditures and burdens of the household, and economy in its use is one of the most important means of saving; so the room is kept closely shut to prevent the escape of heat and the entrance of cold air from the outside. The impurity of the air in these rooms during cold weather is very great, and this is one of the most unwholesome features of the life of the operatives.

The cotton is brought to the mills in the bale, "just as it comes from the fields in Indiana, or wherever it grows," as an obliging overseer in one of the largest mills explained to me, and all the processes of picking, cleaning, carding, spinning, weaving, dressing, and finishing are performed in the same building. Nearly all this work is done by machinery, and the labor of the oper-

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atives consists almost entirely in attendance upon the machinery. There are a few things, such as the drawing of the threads of the warp through the "harness," which are done with the fingers, but the wonderful capabilities of the machines leave very few things to be done by human hands. Many of the looms are so constructed that they stop at once if a thread breaks, and do not go on till it is mended. Each girl tends four, five, or six looms. A few of the most skillful can manage eight looms each, as many as the best hands among the men.

There is not much work that requires great muscular strength or exertion, not much lifting or handling heavy materials or articles of any kind. Most of it requires alertness and exactness of attention, the concentration of the faculties and their constant application to the processes going on under one's hand, rather than severe muscular effort. Such work usually exhausts the nervous vitality quite as rapidly as many occupations which appear to be more difficult and toilsome. Most of the operatives are necessarily on their feet nearly all the time, and this feature of their work has an unfavorable effect upon the health of the women and girls. They all appear to be tired at the end of their day's toil, though I saw no signs of extreme weariness or exhaustion. It is very hard for any one who is not well, or who is "nervous" and sensitive. The noise of the machinery then becomes insufferably irritating and torturing.

No part of the work in the mills appeared to me so severe, or so unwholesome, for girls and women as is the toil of those who run sewing-machines in city shops; yet it is work which requires good health and high average vitality. The high temperature which is necessary for some of the processes of cotton manufacture renders the operatives specially liable, during the winter, to injury by taking cold when they pass into the open air, unless they use some precautions against it by putting on extra clothing when they leave the mills. But I observed that most of them were careless in this respect, though not more so, probably, than is usual among the pupils of the high-schools in every part of our country. I noted considerable coughing, and certain complained of sore throats. In several departments of a mill the air is always filled by fine flying fibres and particles of cotton. Some of these are drawn into the lungs, and this produces injurious effects. When the lungs are at all sensitive or inclined to disease, this dust increases the irritation. Even for persons who are strong and well it is of course unwholesome, and it probably causes greater injury to health than any other feature or condition of mill work.

A group or company of the young people of the mills, when approached by a stranger, always exhibits the peculiar instinctive shrinking and drawing together for self-defense which is shown by wild animals in similar circumstances. In the mill people it is a feeling of distrust, suspicion, and hostility regarding all who do not belong to their class. The first question asked of a stranger is always, "Do you wish to get work in the mill?" Of course I was simply a stranger, who wished to see the mills and the work which was done in them. During the hour at noon, when the machinery is at rest, is a favorable time for forming some acquaintance with the operatives. Many of them have brought their dinner with them, and they eat it sitting on the floor, or standing in groups together. One scarcely knows when or how the eating is done in some of these little companies, for the talk and chatter and laughter are incessant. The presence of a stranger is at first a restraint, and excites their caution when he approaches or addresses them. Unless a man knows how to penetrate and disarm this reserve, he will learn little from them of their thought or life. They soon became merry and communicative with me. Some of the younger girls were then inclined to be forward and impudent, but they were checked and controlled by the older ones.

The girls and young women in the mills "learn to take care of themselves," to use a phrase which one often hears

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among them; that is, they are not at all ignorant of evil or vice. They know what are the dangers that beset and threaten young girls in their circumstances, among men many of whom are coarse and sensual. In such conditions the delicacy and modesty of thought, deportment, and speech which are so precious and lovely in the character of young women are almost impossible, and we have no right to require or expect them. But these girls are not so liable to be led into actual vice or immorality as are some of the pupils in our Sunday-schools, whose very ignorance of evil, and of the need of avoiding or resisting it, sometimes exposes them to temptation unwarned and unprepared. The mill girls are familiar with coarse and vile language, and can hear it unabashed and without blushing; they can answer in like terms. But these facts are not, in their case, marks of extreme depravity or immorality. They afford no evidence of unchastity. I do not believe that this vice prevails to any considerable extent among the young women of the mills. Some of the older women, especially among the English and Irish, have not always been successful in self-protection, or in repelling temptation, as one can plainly see. But there is, as I am thoroughly convinced, far less of sexual vice among the factory operatives than is usually attributed to them. I am certain that working-people in general, of both sexes, are more pure and free from this vice than most moralists and clergymen think them. Their toil represses passion. Their time is filled by their regular occupations, and they have little leisure for vicious thoughts, for nourishing mischievous and profligate desires. It is among idle men and women that this evil finds most of its recruits. No system of morals or of religious culture has yet been devised which provides any effective safeguard against licentiousness for those who are exempt from toil.

In studying the life of any class of people, an observer soon distinguishes the persons who can be of use to him, who represent or possess something which he wishes to learn or understand. When I had found several men and women who could thus be of service to me, the next step was to visit their homes, which I did upon their invitation. I saw their food and their methods of preparing it, examined the books and papers which they read, and listened to their accounts of their own life and work and experience.

There are but few "tenement houses" in this place owned by the mill proprietors. Most of the operatives find homes or apartments wherever they prefer, and many of them live in small buildings where there are only two or three families under the same roof. I think this much better than the system of large tenement houses, unless these could be superior in design and arrangement to the buildings of this class which are ordinarily found in American cities. There are, however, a few large buildings here belonging to the mill owners, and each is occupied by a large number of families. I examined two or three of them, and am compelled to say that their construction is not what it should be. In some cases the cellars are not properly secured against the ingress of surface water, and the water-closets are inadequate and unsuitable. The city government should give this matter immediate attention. The tenants should be required by the proprietors to keep the yards surrounding these houses in a more wholesome and cleanly condition than that in which I found them.

The cookery in the homes of the operatives, if judged by what I saw and learned in several families, is not usually very good. They fry too much of their food, and many do not know how to extract the nutritive elements from beef-bones by long boiling. They throw out to their dogs what would give them the basis for a valuable and delicious soup. (The operatives keep a great many dogs, as is the custom among poor people generally, in this country.) If the women had sufficient knowledge in regard to the best methods of preparing it, they could have better food and more of it without additional expense. Much

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good might be done by an arrangement for instructing these women and girls in economical methods of preparing wholesome and appetizing food. Perhaps the good women of the city who possess the advantages of wealth and culture can do something to aid their less fortunate sisters among the operatives in this matter.

The young people of the mills generally read the story papers, published (most of them) in New York city, and devoted to interminably "continued" narratives, of which there are always three or four in process of publication in each paper. I have read some of these stories. They have usually no very distinct educational quality or tendency, good or bad. They are simply stories, — vapid, silly, turgid, and incoherent. As the robber-heroes are mostly grand-looking fellows, and all the ladies have white hands and splendid attire, it may be that some of the readers find hard work more distasteful because of their acquaintance with the gorgeous idlers and thieves, who, in these fictions, are always so much more fortunate than the people who are honest and industrious. But usually, as I am convinced by much observation, the only effect of this kind of reading is that it serves "to pass away the time," by supplying a kind of entertainment, a stimulus or opiate for the mind, and that these people resort to it and feel a necessity for it in much the same way that others feel they must have whisky or opium. The reading is a narcotic, but it is less pernicious than those just named.

Many hundreds of the older operatives, especially foreigners, of two or three nationalities, were reading a paper which is devoted to the liberation of the working-people of America. Its principal literary attraction at this time was a very long serial story of the overthrow of the republic in 1880. This is written as if the events which form the subject of the narrative had already occurred. It introduces General Grant as dictator, and describes elaborately the character and effects of the terrible despotism which he establishes, in that year, upon the ruins of popular government. He "suppresses Congress," seizes New York city at the head of an armed force and by the assistance of the capitalists or "money power" of the country, and is about to make himself emperor, when the working-people rise in arms, under the direction of a nameless leader, "a man with the executive intellect of Cæsar, Napoleon, and Bismarck, and the lofty impulses of Leonidas, Cincinnatus, and Washington." (To continue the description of this personage, "he was a man of huge bulk and brawn. His head was the size and shape of Daniel Webster's, whom he greatly resembled, except in being of the blonde type. His awful gray eyes had a power in them far beyond that of the orbs of the indolent Webster.")

The workingmen, soldiers of the new revolution, are instructed by this hero to supply their own needs from the abundant stores of their neighbors, giving them receipts in the name of the revolution for the property thus forcibly appropriated. They accordingly seize the national banks, and help themselves to as much money as they desire. This story was read with deep interest by many of the older operatives, especially those who were interested in labor reform. The paper containing it prints each week a declaration of principles, which affirms that the government should hold all the land of the nation; that it should be without price (the free use of as much of it as he can cultivate being secured to every man); that ground rents of towns and cities should be controlled by government; that gold and silver should be demonetized, and that in their stead absolute paper money should be issued by the government: that interest on money should be forbidden; that all mines, railroads, and highways should be owned and controlled by the government; that the government ought not to interfere for the collection of debts between individuals, but that the payment of debts should be left entirely to the honor of the debtor. There should be an income tax on all incomes above one thousand dollars, growing heavier for

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larger sums. Eight hours' labor should be a legal day's work, and the senate of the United States should be abolished. Recently the paper has devoted much space to the advocacy of "the right of the people to free travel:" the government should own the railroads, and tax capitalists to obtain means for operating them, and people who do not wish to pay fares should be permitted to ride free. This paper has a large circulation among operatives, miners, and city mechanics in nearly all parts of the country. It is a large sheet, and is conducted with much ability. It always contains two or three serial stories by popular writers, which are designed to "float" the heavier articles devoted to the propagation of the doctrines of the agitators, who seek to establish a universal, international sovereignty of workingmen upon principles and methods which contradict and oppose every essential of civilization. The tone and spirit of the paper are indescribably bitter, and expressive of intense hostility against the possessors of property and culture. It represents capitalists as a class of cruel and inhuman oppressors, and instructs the working-people that the time is at hand for them to seize the rights of which they have been so long deprived. All its teaching is opposed to the spirit and principle of nationality, and tends, so far as it has any effect, to produce social and political disintegration.

There is a labor-reform newspaper published in this city of mills, and I had much conversation with the editor. He thinks the mill owners and capitalists of the city are thoroughly selfish and heartless; that they have no regard for the interests or welfare of the operatives, and care only to obtain the greatest possible amount of labor from them for the least possible pay. He was engaged, when I saw him, in the promotion of a movement having for its object the reduction of the hours of labor in the mills. The legal day's work is now ten hours, but my friend the editor informed me that the mill agents often disregard the law and work the hands ten and a half, and even eleven hours per day. He said that the largest mill in the city was run nearly seventy hours one week, and that the agent of this mill was "determined to be king of devils."

I asked the editor what change he regarded as, at present, most important and necessary for the emancipation of labor and the improvement of the condition of the working-people; and he replied, "The next great step is the reduction of the hours of labor."

"What should be the length of a day's work?"

"We are working now to obtain more stringent legislation against running the mills more than ten hours, but six hours a day would be enough for people to work."

I asked him if he could give me any information regarding the amount of deposits by operatives in the savings-banks of the city. This is his reply, in a note which he kindly sent me not long ago, and which is now before me: "I have no exact means of stating the precise amount, but it is practically nothing. There is no city where the operatives own fewer bank-books than here. The operatives of this city are very poor indeed, perhaps no place poorer, and the per cent. who own their homes is a great deal smaller. Factory life has almost reached serfdom."

I thought my friend a well-meaning, sincere man, but extreme in his bitterness against capitalists. He could give me little information regarding the most important features of the life of the operatives of his city, but I am grateful to him for the opportunity for acquaintance with his opinions and the aims of his fellow-reformers.

I am obliged to say that I found few signs of interest among the work people in reforms of any kind. Most of them appeared to be entirely indifferent to such matters, and to political subjects in general. But there is a considerable number of men, especially among the spinners, who are discontented under what they deem tyranny and oppression on the part of the mill owners and agents. These operatives have an organization, or society, for the promotion of their

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aims, and they employ a secretary with a salary sufficient to enable him to devote his time to their interests. I met this secretary, and had a long conversation with him. He is a foreigner, and seemed a very good-natured fellow. He thought that in cases of dissatisfaction on the part of the operatives, the employers were usually ready to hear and consider any statement which the working-people might wish to present through a committee of their own choosing. He appeared to regard the owners and agents as reasonable men, who were disposed to deal justly with the laborers; and I thought that he, more than any other of the reformers whom I met, understood that both capitalists and laborers in this country are suffering from the operation of causes which no legislation or reform could at once remove.

The operatives are paid by the piece, and not by the day or hour; that is, it is the quantity of goods manufactured, and not the amount of time employed, which determines the amount of wages paid. The reformers complained that when a new mill is opened the agent stimulates the operatives to the highest possible performance and production for the first few days, and then adjusts the wages-rate upon the basis of what the best hands have thus been able to do for a short time. As only a few operatives are capable of such a pace, and even they cannot maintain it permanently, the arrangement has the effect of establishing a low rate of wages. (That is, if we represent by one hundred the amount of work performed in a day by the best hands when spurred to unusual activity, the average daily performance will not rise above eighty-five or ninety; but the amount of pay is regulated upon the assumption that the average daily work will reach one hundred.)

The reformers thought the average pay of the operatives of the city, at the time of my visit, was considerably less than one dollar per day for "full hands," that is, for those who can do a full day's work; but the mill owners and agents assured me that the average pay was above one dollar per day. I visited the agents and managers of several of the largest mills, and asked them for their view of the condition of the operatives and of the situation and prospects of the cotton manufacture in the city. They answered my inquiries with ready, quiet courtesy. Here is the substance of the notes which I made as we talked: —

"The women weavers are paid a little more than one dollar per day. Any boy of thirteen or fourteen years old can make two dollars and a half per week. Operatives pay for rent, for four rooms, from three and a half dollars to six dollars per month. The owners and managers are satisfied with the ten-hour law, and do not think any additional legislation necessary (in this State) for the proper regulation of the relations between capital and labor, or the working-people and their employers. We prefer ten hours per day, but as the machinery is run by steam-power we have to start it a little before the hour, and some of the hands always go to work at once, in order to add a little to the day's production, and so to their wages. At present rates of pay, the average operatives can save something from their wages. If we compare the cost of living and wages of the times before the war, say in 1860, with the cost of living and wages now, we shall find that operatives are better paid now than they were then. All of us, operatives and employers, have lived more extravagantly since the war than ever before. All wars make waste, and we are all of us suffering from the consequences of the waste caused by our civil war, and especially by the unwise expenditure of money since 1865. When wages were very high, a few years ago, the operatives wasted nearly all that they received. Few of them saved anything. We must all learn and practice economy. Many people who are regarded as being rich are living more carefully and economically than most of the working-people, because they have more foresight and a clearer understanding of the absolute necessity of keeping their expenditures within their income.

"The corporations do not own one

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fourth of the tenements or dwellings occupied by the operatives. It is for the interest of the capitalists that the operatives should own the houses they live in, and that as many as possible should have homes of their own. The capitalists and mill owners of the city all wish the operatives to buy land and build houses, and are always ready to sell them land at low rates, and to allow as much time for the payment as the purchasers desire. Many of the operatives in the largest mill, and some in all of them, have thus come into possession of comfortable homes. A man and his wife came into one of the mills, a few years ago, from a manufacturing town in England. They were then about fifty years old, and had never been able to have meat on their table except when now and then the man caught a hare. They were industrious and economical, saved money, and bought a piece of ground. A year or two ago they built a four-tenement house (a house with suites of rooms for four families). They occupy one and let the three others to tenants, and are living in comfort and happiness.

"For several years the mills have been run in the interest of the operatives. Probably not more than one fourth of the mills in the city can pay any dividends during the current year. The capital invested in the mills amounts to nearly thirty millions of dollars; and for several years the profits upon these investments have not equaled one half of the lowest rates of interest paid by the savings-banks of the country. If the ideas or principles of the trades-unions could be carried out, half the mills would be bankrupt in ten years. The intelligence of the laboring people is increasing; we hope so, at any rate. A few wrong-headed and impracticable men wish to make mischief. In all cases of dissatisfaction on the part of operatives, if they appoint a committee to meet the managers, everything can be amicably arranged; but a few agitators do whatever they can to produce discontent among the working-people, and to disturb the relations between them and their employers. One of the labor reformers bought a share or two of the stock of one of the largest mills, in order to gain admission to the meetings of the stockholders. Then he constantly reported the proceedings of these meetings to the trades-union of which he was a member, and used the knowledge he had obtained relative to the affairs of the mill corporation as a basis for perpetual complaint and agitation among the operatives."

The capitalists and mill owners of the city with whom I conversed attributed the prevailing depression of business and industry in large measure to the waste of capital necessarily produced by our civil war, and in still greater degree to the extravagance of expenditure which was so general among our people a few years ago. They thought that the principal means of recovery must be economy and wisdom in expenditure; that capitalists and employers have come to understand this necessity more fully than the operatives do, as a class; and that those who belong to the capitalist class are at present really more saving and economical in their methods of living than the operatives.

I was greatly interested in learning about the amusements or diversions of the mill people. My first step was to ask a great many of the young women what they did in the evening, after working hours were over. The French Canadian girls, who are Catholics, nearly all replied, "We stay at home. We have to sew, and mend our clothes, and wash them. We do not know anybody, and so we have no place to go in the evening." At times the answer was, "My mother" or "my sister will not let me go out." Most of the other young women said, "Oh, we go out with our fellers, and with some of the other girls." "And where do you go?" "Oh, along the streets, down town; to the post-office, or the candy-store, if the boys will shout." "If they will shout, — what is that?" "Oh, don't you know? Why, that means if they will treat, — if they will buy some candy for us." "And do you drink something, too?" To this the younger women always answered, "No, we don't drink anything, unless it 's

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soda-water, sometimes, in warm weather." But they usually pointed to some older companion, and said, "She drinks, — she drinks beer." Then the woman thus spoken of would laugh, and toss her head, and say, "Ain't you goin' to shout?" And when I met the same group in the street in the evening, the question would be repeated, with a smile of recognition.

I do not think these girls and younger women have usually any habitual amusement, except this walking out with their friends which I have just mentioned. Once or twice during the winter many of them go to a ball. To go more frequently would be regarded by their own class as an extravagance, as an indication of unsteadiness and a tendency to dissipation. I found many young people in the mills who "belonged," as they said, to the Methodist church, and some who were Baptists. Probably there were, among the operatives, members of other religious societies, but I did not happen to meet them.

The young people whom I have thus far been describing appeared to be rather steady and well-behaved. They looked and acted as if they kept good hours, and had no marks of anything wild or irregular about them. But I saw others, both young men and women, whom I knew at once to be of a different type. Every class, every type of character, has a rhythm of its own, which runs through all bodily movements, through the tones of the voice; which is accented in glances and changes of expression, and is revealed in all spontaneous mental action. I knew that some of these young people would have other amusements than those I have described. I did not think it wise to ask any of them how they passed their evenings; I thought there might be better ways of acquiring this knowledge.

I had observed in various parts of the city such signs as "Harmony Hall," "The Avon Arms," "St. George's Hall," etc. I sauntered into one of these places, one evening, about nine o'clock. It was on the second floor, and was reached by an open stair-way running up from the street. I found a hall about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. At one end was a bar for the sale of liquors, and at the other a curtained recess and a small stage or platform elevated two or three steps from the floor. There were about fifty persons present, grouped around eight or ten tables. About one fourth of them were young women. Some of the young men were smoking. There were glasses on the tables, and some of the young people were drinking beer. As I went up the stairs, I heard the clang of a piano much out of tune and the clapping of hands, and a young man was just descending from the stage, while he smiled and bowed in acknowledgment of the applause. He sat down with one of the groups nearest the stage, and some one at the table called for "four beers." The four glasses were taken away by a pleasant-looking English girl, and brought back filled. There were similar requests from various parts of the room, and after she had responded to them the young waitress approached the place where I sat alone, and civilly inquired, "Is there anything you wish for?" I gave her an order that would bring her back to my table now and then.

When most of the glasses had been emptied once or twice, some one said, quietly, "Mr. Lee will oblige," and there was a general clapping of hands. A young Englishman ascended the stage, and sang, in tolerable accord with the weary, protesting piano, a melancholy song about a sailor lover who sailed away from his mistress and never returned. Both hearts were true: one lies "in his long, last sleep, a thousand fathoms deep, where the wild monsoons do sweep" forever above his rest; the other "watched her life away, looking seaward o'er the bay," from a New England hill-top, and hoping to the end for one who came no more. At the close there was more applause and more beer, and for some time busy, chattering talk. There was nothing loud or boisterous. One of the girls, who was a little tipsy, came across the room, in a rather demonstrative way, and asked me if I was not "going to shout;" but a young man at the table she had left reproved her sharply, and

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one of the young women from the same company came over and led her back to her place.

By this time I had noted most of those present as persons whom I had met before, in the mills and on the streets. They were nearly all operatives, or had at some time belonged to that class. But I observed at one of the tables, with half a dozen young men and women around him, a young colored man whom I had never seen until now. He was more silent than any other member of the company, but was evidently the object of general attention and respect. He was the only person of his color in the hall, but was plainly as welcome there as any one. He seemed obviously superior to his neighbors, and I was interested at once, and felt that I must know something about him. Presently there was another invitation to the stage, and when the young colored man rose to comply with it there was unusually hearty applause. He sang one song after another till he seemed tired, but the audience was still impatient for more. The songs were of many kinds, comic, sentimental, pathetic, and silly. One had these stanzas:—

"Sampson was a strong man,
He was not counted lazy;
He took the jaw-bone of a shark
And slewed the gates of Gazy.

"It rained forty days and forty nights
Exactly by the countin',
And landed Noah and his ark
On the Alleghany mountain."

When he sang "I got a mammy in the promised land," with a strange, wailing refrain, the English waiter-girl, who was sitting at my table, wiped her eyes with her apron, and everybody was very quiet. He sang and acted with a kind of suppressed intensity of manner and expression, and I thought that to him the dusty hall and its somewhat squalid appointments had given place to a grand theatre, thronged by an admiring, applauding multitude. He seemed rapt and inspired. His face was black, and the features African in type, but not at all repulsive or unpleasant. When he left the stage, I sent the waiter-girl to tell him I wished to see him. He came down the hall with a dignified courtesy of manner; we were introduced, and had a little conversation. I found him very intelligent. He talked well, but quietly and deliberately. His speech was that of cultivated New England people, and had none of the peculiarities which usually mark the language and utterance of colored persons.

It would not do to show too much curiosity or interest there, as this was my first visit to the hall; but I arranged to meet my colored friend next day, and took my leave, assured of a welcome there whenever I might return. I visited half a dozen similar places before midnight. They were all much alike. I spent several hours, at various times, in these music halls, calling sometimes in the afternoon, because the attendants had more time then than in the evening. Some of them had stories to tell which I wished to hear, but I had to wait till I had established such relations between us as would inspire them with the willingness to talk to me.

All the attendants at these places had worked in the mills. The young man who plays the piano is usually paid four or five dollars per week, besides his board. The young men who sing receive one dollar per night, but most of them board themselves. The real business at all these places is the sale of liquor. They all keep cigars, and most of them have pies and a few other articles of food, but the profits come from the drinking. The piano, the singing, and recitations attract and entertain visitors. These resorts are sustained almost entirely by the operatives, besides a great many other places where there is no music or entertainment of any kind, except the drink. At the city clerk's office I learned from the official records that there are in the city two hundred and fifty-seven houses licensed to sell liquors, and many of the leading citizens expressed the opinion that the unlicensed drinking places (where liquor is sold unlawfully) were at least equal in number. Last year there were 5400 voters in the city; so there was a licensed drinking saloon for every twenty-one voters. The city's revenue from these licenses last

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year was $38,782. This large sum, and a great deal besides, the liquor dealers received from the working-people, — a very large proportion of it from the mill hands. At one of these music halls the woman in charge informed me that "the expenses of the establishment" averaged two hundred dollars per month, and I visited several places which did a much larger business than this one.

The editor of the labor-reform newspaper told me that the most usual course for a man who for any reason falls out of the ranks of mill workers (if he loses his place by sickness, or is discharged) is the opening of a liquor saloon or drinking place. He takes up this business for a living, and rarely quits it for any other occupation. At first, he buys a very small stock, — a keg of beer, or a few gallons of low-grade whisky. He hires a little corner or closet in some shop or basement, or he begins in his own cellar, and is soon able to lay in a larger and more varied supply. After much observation and study of the subject in most of the States of our country, I believe there is no other kind of business or employment which can be entered upon or engaged in with so little capital, or which will yield so large a return in proportion to the amount invested. There is greater profit and less risk of loss than in any other occupation which is open to so many people. Its principal support comes from the classes engaged in manual labor. Many men will buy intoxicating liquors when they and their families are suffering for food. Whatever degree of poverty may prevail among the working-people, those who sell liquor to them still find the business profitable. The great causes of the drinking habit among the working-people are poor cookery, living in impure air, and the lack of any dramatic entertainment or amusement for their evenings or times of leisure.

I met the young colored man several times, and found him a person to give one a sad kind of interest in him. He was just then doing more to amuse and entertain the mill people than any one else in the city, so I gave a little time to conversation with him. I like average and ordinary men and women best, and have not commonly found what is unusual or extraordinary in human life or character best worth study or acquaintance. But this man was not precisely what I was looking for. On one occasion I asked him who was the author of a song he had just sung. Looking at me keenly, he asked, "Do you like it?" "Yes," I said; "it is simple and tender and natural." "Well," he replied, "it is mine, such as it is." "Do you mean that you wrote the words?" "Yes, the words and the music." "Have you written others?" "Oh, yes; I have quite an income from my songs." "Where are they published?" He gave me the name of a well-known music-publishing house in Boston, and when I came home I ordered specimens of my friend's compositions. They were sent to me, and I found everything as he had told me.

I asked him if he had been singing at these places in the city very long. "Nearly a year," he replied; and then he told me that his business was negro minstrelsy and theatricals. He had traveled with the principal companies in this country, and had a permanent engagement at a good salary. But about a year ago his mother died. He was greatly attached to her, was with her in her last illness, and was "too heart-broken to be making money. I did not feel like acting, and thought it would show more respect to my mother, if she knows about it, if I did not appear in public for a year. I sing a little in this private way to accommodate my friends here, and because it is not good to be doing nothing." He acknowledged that he drank too much, and that his life was not what it should be. I asked him if anybody had ever encouraged him to cultivate his mind and make a man of himself. "No," said he; "the only encouragement anybody ever gave me was, 'Bill, go another dollar on this!'" But many people would probably find this man's story more interesting if it were not true.

At the principal hotel I met many salesmen and book-keepers from the shops and stores of the city, and when

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there was opportunity I sometimes made inquiries regarding the mill people, — their character and ways of living. These gentlemen always appeared to be surprised that I should be interested about the operatives, or suppose there was anything in their life that was worthy of attention. At one time there was considerable excitement among my friends at the hotel, on account of the announcement that a certain "celebrated star troupe" of actors would appear "for one night only" at the Academy of Music. It was to be a "variety entertainment," to comprise a play in two acts, songs, dances, a trapeze performance, etc., — all of the very highest character. My companions at the table courteously advised me to go. It would be a good opportunity to see the people of the city, as the attendance would be very large. "Will the mill people be there?" I inquired. "Oh, no [with impatience]; they are not capable of appreciating anything of this kind. They have their own low amusements, but this is first-class." I went. The house was filled with well-dressed people of both sexes. The feature of the entertainment which was most to the mind of the audience was a song. A rather pretty girl came out in spangled tights, and sang half a dozen stanzas with this refrain: —

"So, boys, keep away from the girls, I say,
And give them plenty of room;
For when you are wed they will bang you till you 're dead,
With the bald-headed end of a broom."

This was "received with great enthusiasm," as the play-bills said it would be, and was encored again and again. I looked around over the applauding multitude; the mill people were not there.

The mills were running on full time, and were worked to their utmost capacity, with all the hands the machinery would employ. They require about fifteen thousand hands. But there were, as I judged from all I could learn about the matter, between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons of the operative class in the city in excess of the number which the mills could employ. These were destitute of work, except when, now and then, the temporary illness of some hand left a place vacant, and so gave the opportunity of work to one of these superfluous laborers for a day or two. There was much hardship among these people. Many had families, and their children suffered for food. In some of the worst cases the city gave assistance; the labor unions sustained others, in part; and neighborly kindness among the operatives was more helpful than either. The labor-reform agitation, in all its stages, from vague discontent to violent denunciation, was reinforced and sustained chiefly by the presence of this unemployed class. Their life was a daily struggle against the inevitable, — a long and useless waiting for what could not come. Every morning some hundreds of these seekers after employment presented themselves at the doors of the mills, in the hope, almost always a vain one, that a few of them might be wanted.

The overseers at the mills kindly allowed persons seeking work to put down their names in application for the opportunity of filling vacancies when they should occur. In visiting one of these unemployed families, I saw a fine-looking, capable young man, who had been idle for months. His name was on the list at one of the principal mills, but there were twenty-eight names before his, and it was not probable that his turn would ever come. This young man bears a well-known name, and his ancestors have lived in the State more than two hundred years. The presence of so large a number of superfluous hands in any place is a matter of grave importance. There were too many laborers there already, but every day there were new arrivals from other manufacturing towns. Some, on learning that the mills were crowded, resumed their quest in new directions. Others had not means to go farther, and remained to swell the number of the unemployed and discontented. Is it impossible to devise some plan which would prevent this migration of crowds of laborers to places where there is no demand for labor and no

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prospect of their finding employment? We already map the course of the winds and the state of the weather for the whole country each day. Would it be much more difficult to map the state of the labor market for the whole country every week or every month, or less valuable in its results? The impotence of society in the presence of such evils is more apparent than real.

I found several large Catholic temperance societies among the mill people. They were working vigorously and with excellent effect. The Catholic church is doing more than any other, I think, for the moral guidance and improvement of the operatives. The Methodist church comes next, and its work is important and salutary. I saw evidences, now and then, among the young Methodist converts, of strong sectarian feeling, a disposition to employ social pressure as a means of increasing the influence of the church. As this was, under the circumstances, a sign of earnestness and vitality, it was a less evil than indifference. The Baptist church has also a considerable share in the religious culture of the mill people; and it is probable that other religious bodies, besides those which I have named, are at work with noticeable energy and success among the operatives, but I had no opportunity of observing their activities. The Unitarian pastor informs me that his church has some influence among the young mill people, "but it reaches very few, as you might naturally expect it would. It is not fitted to their appreciation, nor, perhaps, to their wants." He adds, "Being brought little into contact with the operative class, I can in general speak only from hearsay in regard to them, and therefore should not presume to give an opinion to one who is searching for facts."

Many of the older operatives, especially among the English, Scotch, and Americans, are strongly influenced by what is called modern scientific thought, and have come to regard religion as something outgrown and antiquated for all intelligent persons, but still useful and necessary for the ignorant and inferior classes, — the common people. The strongest separative and unfraternal influence which I have encountered or observed in American life and thought is this tendency of "scientific thought" to produce a feeling of contempt for those who do not share it, — for "the unenlightened masses."

Several of the mill corporations of this city are embarrassed by indebtedness out of all proportion to their financial strength or available assets. Some of them have recently been forced to suspend payment, and it is probable that others will soon have a similar experience. These difficulties have been caused in part by embezzlements and defalcations, of which the city has had its share, within a few years, in common with most other places in our country; but the popular judgment attributes far too large a proportion of the financial troubles of the mills to this source. Most of them have resulted from the effects upon business and industry produced by our civil war, and from the peculiar intellectual and psychological conditions which prevailed among our people for a few years after that convulsion. Usually these evils or embarrassments are the result of false or erroneous thinking. There was too much money invested in machinery for the manufacture of cotton goods, more than was required for all the business that could be done. More mills were built and equipped than could be employed with profit. These excessive and abnormal investments of capital in a particular branch of business were made because capitalists and manufacturers depended upon imaginary markets, upon a demand for cotton goods which was supposed to be practically unlimited.

The labor reformers insist that there can be no over-production while any human want remains unsupplied. This is pure sentimentalism, worthy of the political economy of Rousseau, and has no scientific or practical quality whatever. What is more to be regretted is that many of the writers of our time who are trying to aid the development of rational ideas on these subjects are themselves

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influenced, and much of their work is vitiated, by the same illusions which have made the sentimentalists their prey. When we declare, in poems, sermons, and optimistic essays, that men everywhere should be able to possess and enjoy whatever can add to the comfort, refinement, and happiness of life, it has a delightfully generous and philanthropic sound, and we are disposed to feel that we have done something to hasten "the good time coming." But the simple fact, of inexpugnable strength, upon which the whole matter depends in actual business is that over-production occurs whenever a manufacturer produces so many more goods than he can sell that the amount left upon his hands absorbs the profits of his business, or such a proportion of the profits as gradually to impair and lessen his productive capital. Men do not manufacture cotton cloth, or grow corn and wheat, or make newspapers, from motives of generosity or sentimental philanthropy. They produce all these articles to sell them; and fraternal justice to the laborers employed, and the use of whatever means can be applied for their education, will give increasing productiveness, security, and permanence to all these branches of industry. But it will not do to make any kind of goods merely because people ought to have them. We might insist that life must be a condition of squalid misery in every family where there is not a seven-octave piano; but the manufacturer who should therefore undertake to make pianos for all who do not now possess them would soon be in a position to give lessons to our political economists on the real nature of over-production. It is not true philanthropy to employ men to make goods which cannot be sold. To do so must always result in the destruction of capital and the injury of the laborer. Of course, there are chances of loss by the production of unsalable goods which cannot be foreseen, but this only makes all possible foresight the more necessary. We have built many mills and bought much costly machinery for the manufacture of cotton and iron goods which nobody would buy. Some of these enterprises have already come to an end in necessary ruin. Others are deferring their fate by adding to an indebtedness which is already greater than the present value of the entire property or investment. Much of the capital thus invested is lost, and can never be recovered by any possible skill or ingenuity.

My friend the editor of the labor-reform newspaper holds that the best means for securing the rights of the laboring people, and obtaining a just remuneration for their labor, is the multiplication of their wants; that is, they should be taught to live more and more expensively. He says that civilization consists in this constant increase in the number of the wants of human beings, and that we must encourage the working-people to demand and use so many things as necessaries of life for them that employers will be compelled to give them higher wages. But I think that all the facts which have any relation to the subject indicate that this particular element or tendency of civilization has already an excessive development, and that most persons in this country have already more wants than can possibly be satisfied. It would tend to greater clearness of thinking if people would remember that there is no evidence of any provision in the nature of things which assures us the possession of everything we may want. It does not appear that the earth contains materials for unlimited wealth, or that it will ever be possible for everybody to be rich and live in luxury. The earth does contain materials for subsistence for human beings, as long as there are not too many of them. But the over-production of human beings is a frequently recurring fact in the history of the race. It is a possibility in nearly all civilized countries, and though it may not require attention here for a long time to come, it is certain that its recognition is already necessary in all systematic treatment of the chief subjects connected with political economy and national welfare.

I believe the labor reformers are in

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error in thinking that the continued and indefinite reduction of the hours of labor would be a benefit to the working-people; but I am aware that they have the support, in this view of the matter, of nearly all the political economists of every school. Most writers upon the subject eulogize the effect of labor-saving machinery upon the interests of the workingman, affirming that any inconvenience resulting from it is but temporary, and that the permanent effects are necessarily beneficial. It is constantly assumed, as if it were an indisputable certainty, that the less men have to work the better for them. I cannot discover any necessity or provision in the nature of things which renders it thus certain that all devices and inventions which result in dispensing with human labor are to work advantage to mankind. It is time to challenge this assumption. It is entirely a question of fact, and *a priori* reasoning is here out of place. The most positive proof that labor-saving machinery is beneficial up to some certain point or degree of development and application cannot be safely accepted as evidence that its development and application can be profitably extended without limit.

I believe that for most men more than eight hours' work per day is required for the maintenance of physical, mental, and moral health. I think that for most men, including operatives, mechanics, farmers, and clergymen, more than eight hours' labor per day is necessary, in order to keep down and utilize the forces of the animal nature and passions. I believe that if improvements in machinery should discharge men from the necessity of laboring more than six hours a day, society would rot in measureless and fatal animalism. I have worked more than ten hours per day during most of my life, and believe it is best for us all to be compelled to work. It would be well, I think, if we could make it impossible for an idler to live on the face of the earth. Religious teachers are not without responsibility for having taught that the necessity of labor is a curse. The world owes most of its growth hitherto to men who tried to do as much work as they could. Its debt is small to the men who wished to do as little as possible.

The principal thing required in connection with these interests of our national life is, I think, that the operatives and other working-people shall have a better education, — an education which shall include some more adequate safeguards or defenses against illusion than are provided by the methods of culture and training now in common use in this country. As things are, it can scarcely be said that any effort is made to teach the working-people anything regarding their duties, rights, and interests as citizens, as Americans, except by the churches and the labor reformers. As religion is at present usually understood by its teachers in this country, it does not habitually give great prominence or emphasis to the cultivation of feelings of attachment, responsibility, and obligation to our country. It is commonly regarded as dealing with men only as individuals, and as accomplishing the elevation of society by improving the character of the units of which it is composed. Few, even of our best people, have now any vital feeling, or sense of nationality, of our position and duties as Americans. Nor have I been able to find anywhere a clear exposition of the claims which our country has upon us all, of any service which the nation rightly demands of its children, except what is required in time of war.

I think the time will come (and should come soon) when the preparation and supply of suitable reading matter, as an instrument for the education and guidance of the working-people, will be regarded as a necessary part of the equipment of the manufacturers in a town like this. It is so now, but the prevailing optimism, being essentially unintelligent, and therefore wanting in flexibility, is not yet aware of the new conditions and tendencies in our industrial, social, and national life. The capitalists, manufacturers, and cultivated people of every town where there are one thousand operatives should unite in the publication of

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a small, low-priced newspaper for circulation among the working-people, — a paper conducted by some one who understands that the elements and tendencies of our national life cannot be adequately dealt with by the subjective method which most of our teachers now employ; by a man who sees clearly that the knowledge and recognition of the objective facts of human experience supply the only sufficient basis for wise action.

The use of such means for the education and guidance of the working-people would cost far less, in money even, than the present plan of letting things take their course. The confident expectation that an improvement or revival of business will soothe the discontent of the working classes, and relieve the country from anxiety regarding their action, which has become general within the last few months, is, in part, the result of a hasty and superficial judgment of the facts of the time. There are many workingmen and teachers of workingmen in this country, believing in the absolute sovereignty of the laboring classes, who would not be rendered less active or determined in their campaign against the existing order of things by any possible degree of industrial prosperity. They believe in a different order of society, and hope to organize the wage laborers of the United States, and unite them in a persistent endeavor to modify the existing social and political order. They have more impulse and endurance than most of the supporters of our existing civilization, and also a better understanding of the necessity of adapting means to ends. They have also a measure of truth on their side, for the existing order and civilization cannot be defended as complete, or wholly just; they need improvement.

I wish to deal gently with the impenetrable inapprehension which thinks it a sufficient answer to all such pleas for an increase of activity on the part of cultivated people to say that the ignorant and visionary schemers who would like to overthrow our institutions can never succeed. Sarcasm here would be a waste of force. But intelligence can understand that some things short of absolute ruin are still so undesirable and injurious that it is worth while to try to prevent them. The force by which the world has chiefly grown hitherto is the love of excellence for its own sake, the feeling of obligation to try to make things better, to remedy injustice, and to remove hurtful, enslaving ignorance whenever we can do so. But it is to be confessed that these are considerations of little weight with the optimism of our time.

It is not enough that people who have money and culture pay the operatives their wages. That is not all that justice requires. It is my belief that, in the city of which I have here written, the manufacturers were paying the laborers, at the time of my visit, all that they could pay, and that in some cases their wages absorbed the entire profits of the business. But the working-people are ignorant, and they are not taught as they should be. They are among the most valuable and indispensable of all the children of our country. Our national industry and prosperity would be impossible without them. Their life is at best rather hard and uninviting, with little room or means for the ameliorating, refining, and sustaining influences which vary and brighten life for many others. There is far too little fraternal interest in them, — too little disposition to share their burdens, and to help them to make the best of their life and of themselves that its inevitable conditions will allow. We do not know as much about them as we should. Most people think and care very little about the operatives, except when they threaten to make trouble. It is not safe or wise to allow so large a class to be so far alien and separate from the influences and spirit of our national life. I do not think the mill people are, as a class, inferior in morality, in the ordinary sense of that word, to any equally numerous class in this country. On the contrary, I believe they are superior in this respect to any class of men and women who do not work.

We ought to know more about this sort of people, about their circumstances,

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their ways of living, their thought, and the tendencies and effects of such a life as theirs upon character and civilization. As things are, there is nobody to speak for them. We should know more about what they do with their wages; how much they are able to save, and to what extent they have the disposition to save anything from their earnings. I was very desirous to learn something of this last feature of their life in the city herein described; but although I visited all the savings-banks, and met everywhere gentlemen desirous of assisting me, nobody, so far as I could learn, had any knowledge of the amount of deposits by operatives in the savings-banks of the city. The matter had once been "looked up" as an electioneering measure, but the statistics had not been preserved. The mill owners thought the amount was very large, while the labor reformers, as we have seen, believed it was "practically nothing."

I received the utmost courtesy and kindness from all whom I met, without exception. In these qualities the city is not surpassed by any place I have ever visited. I am indebted to many persons there for invaluable assistance, and am most grateful to some who will never see what I have written.

ART IN ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

ENGRAVING on wood, although an art not yet quite a century old, has had a changeful and eventful history. In saying not quite a century old, I must be understood as separating it from the wood-cutting of earlier days. That wood-cutting, with knives and gouges upon planks, notwithstanding the drawings were by Durer or Holbein, was at its best, even when most skilled and delicate, but the work of mechanics. The *art* of engraving on wood began with the use of the graver, on the end of the grain so that the tool might cut a clean line in any direction, the wood sawn no longer into planks, but into rounds. The first artists in the new manner were Thomas Bewick and Robert Branston.

Bewick has perhaps been overrated as an engraver. His work is not always distinguishable from that of his pupils, but what seems undoubtedly his own is not remarkable *as engraving;* that is, in the use and display of lines. As an artist, no man less than Hogarth is his equal. Though he must needs borrow his method from that exercised by copper-engravers, he seemed to scorn their conventionalities, and to care little what lines he used so that they rendered his meaning. So far his work is rude and wanting in delicacy; but at the same time it is wonderfully expressive and effective. And he invented *white line:* in so doing may be said to have invented *engraving on wood*, as an art distinct from engraving on copper or steel.

Let it be borne in mind that the printing of wood-engravings is in one respect precisely an opposite process to that of copper-plates. In copper-plate printing, the graved or hollowed lines being filled with ink and the smooth surface of the plate wiped clean, the impression is taken from the ink remaining in the hollows; in printing wood-engravings the surface only takes the ink and gives the impression. White line therefore, though but an adaptation of the ordinary method of copper-engraving, — lines cut in the metal, — is in its effect exactly the reverse of that; the opposite also of what had been previously done on wood. The cutter of Durer's drawings had only mechanically to outline and clear out the spaces between the lines; patience and care were required for this, but he needed not any understanding whatever of

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the drawing at which he labored. With the cutting by the artist himself of a line which had not been drawn, which then he first drew with his graver, began the era of *art*.

Branston (not to be compared with Bewick as an artist) was brought up as an engraver on metal; and when his attention was directed to wood, his early education stood him in good stead, giving him command of his graver, whence power and beauty and regularity of line which Bewick was never able to attain. The bent of education however hindered as well as helped him, making him care too much for the old method, from which Bewick escaped, either from not having had that special training or from an artistic disdain of artificial restrictions. Branston also used white line, but mixed with the black, his engravings being in the style of copper, with the advantage of white line when occasion offered. As engravings, his works are masterly.

So originated two schools of engraving on wood: the school of Bewick, whose pupils were distinguished as artists, notably Luke Clennell the painter, and Charlton Nesbitt, whose work however equaled Branston's in power of line; and the school of Branston, which excelled in engraving. Branston's first pupil was, I think, John Thompson, the chief, *facile princeps*, of wood-engravers; an artist too if not so great as Clennell, but he was on the engravers' side. And then appeared the draughtsman on wood, — only draughtsman, and not engraver. Bewick drew for himself; Clennell also; William Harvey also, — a younger pupil of Bewick and pupil afterward of Haydon. John Thurston, a copper-engraver, whose artistic perception of the special beauty to be found in well-ordered arrangement of even the least important lines had brought him into requisition to lay the direction of lines for Charles Heath, the famous copper-engraver (a man inferior, though, to his father James), drew the mass of Thompson's earlier and best-known work, — drew line for line upon the block, as Durer drew for the plank-cutters, or as he himself might have etched upon a plate, only a more regular line with greater certainty of touch. Thompson however did not engrave mechanically even line for line, but regulated, cared for relations, used his own judgment and taste (working with a graver instead of only a knife), became thoroughly accomplished in the theory and practice of line arrangement; knew also — for he was not blind to the worth of Bewick — how to use white line occasionally in advantageous combination, as his master Branston had done, and could cut such line with the energy and expertness, if also some of the conventional manner, of a copper-engraver, whenever he saw it requisite, whether because preferable to the lines drawn for him, or because there were no lines but only a wash of color for his guidance. The very excellence of his work, so perfectly printed at Whittingham's Chiswick Press that the force and delicacy for which he equally cared had each its full value (perhaps I should also take into account the difficulty felt by less capable men in drawing with the graver, that is, cutting, *white line*), brought his style into repute. To imitate Thompson's rendering of Thurston's drawing was the *ultima Thule* of an engraver's ambition. So his great merit but added to the impetus already given in a wrong direction: forgetfulness of purpose in the means, disregard of the higher and more original artistry of Bewick, and preference for imitation of copper-plate. Such imitation of refinements impossible in wood, of peculiarities not suitable to wood, became the fashion, and the vigorous work of Bewick, and of Thompson too, hearty and honest both, was left for the elaborate finish and tone of Harvey and Orrin Smith and others very much their inferiors in taste and capacity. Artificiality, softness, and polish came to be valued rather than the freshness, originality, and strength of the earlier day. The perfection of this erring endeavor is to be seen in Lane's edition of the Arabian Nights, illustrated by William Harvey.

The Illustrated London News of necessity demanded larger work. For myself, if I have any deserving, it should

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be, rather than for my work, for that, in opposition to the mere elaboration of this formal imitation of copper which had weakened both engravers and draughtsmen, I tried to bring back a taste for the original and peculiar worth of wood-engraving by obtaining drawings from a new class of men, — W. L. Leitch, E. Duncan, Geo. Dodgson, and others of our painters in water-color, — whose style and character I sought to render faithfully, so that the work of the painter rather than that of the engraver should be paramount. It was a fair enlarging of the sphere of wood-engraving. The engraver had to become an artist, to understand the artist's drawing. The various drawings of men of widely different manner tested all the capabilities of wood; the necessity for rapid work forbade any foolishness of over-refinement; and there seemed a prospect of the advancement of the art. John Leech, John Gilbert, and the brothers Dalziel, some others also aiding, dispelled the vision.

Leech — not in any way to depreciate the facility and marvelous grace as well as correctness of his sketches of character — could never draw. Nothing worse in drawing than his first contributions to Punch can well be imagined. His drawings, except the faces, are a mass of unmeaning lines, any serving which may evade the difficulty of accurate definition. Compare them with Tenniel's, and the difference in artistic power will be clear to any educated eye. Tenniel, also, and Doyle, like Leech, employed that easy looseness; the Cruikshanks and Seymour had done so before them. Beyond the outlines, the lines would not have suited Thurston or James Heath. Any apprentice could engrave such lines, and in the increasing demand apprentices had the work to do. It was indeed a return to the old mechanism of the plank-cutters, only the mechanics now used gravers instead of knives. John Gilbert, who could draw, found it more profitable to fill in two thirds of a block with a net-work of cross-hatchings than carefully to draw a half-page subject for the News while the messenger waited or took a walk in the Park. And as Gilbert's drawings, however spoiled in cutting, always looked spirited and showy, and Tenniel's and Leech's drawings for Punch did not depend upon the engraver for popularity, work steadily cheapened; the art became a business; and the brothers Dalziel, fair engravers themselves, and of direct descent from the old Newcastle school of Bewick, started their establishment for the new manufacture. Boy or man in the factory, each cut his allotted portion of unintelligible fac-simile; perhaps one with more skill attended to faces and other important parts. The carcase of the original drawing to untaught eyes looked just as good as the life; it was considerably cheaper; publishers were satisfied; proprietors of engraving establishments made profit; and the public, understanding nothing, seeing so much and nothing better, gradually learned to think the art improved. Everywhere one heard, even from the splenetic critic, of the strides of engraving on wood. The last time I met John Thompson, we spoke of the new school. What did *he* think of it? I asked. "It is not engraving at all!" he replied. And he was right. The same manufacturing system, a trade, without even desire of artistic excellence, a mere speculation out of which to make money, as by cheese-selling or any other selling, which is not art, was followed up also by Pannemaker in Paris; and when, some ten or more years ago, I left England, there was no *art* of wood-engraving, there or in France. Going back some years since, and inquiring, I found in the lowest depth a deeper still, — the employment of "engravers" on no longer even drawings, but on photographs of drawings, not drawn even so as to be suitable for the purpose; these poor engravers cutting (as rats might gnaw) portions of something not understood by them, — patches of hair, or flesh, or brick, what mattered not to the cutters, their business only to stick exactly to the lines or measly surface of the square inch before them, and to gnaw out something that might look like that when

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printed. With the picture of which they *engraved* part they had no concern. I would not wrong some honorable exceptions by saying there were no engravers; but what I found were two-legged, cheap machines for engraving, — scarcely mechanics, mere machines, badly geared and ineffective. It was a veritable going back from wood-engraving to wood-cutting; only that instead of bold and meaning lines, good manly carving, the modern unfortunates were employed upon wretched scrawls, as minute as meaningless, whereupon at once to ruin their eyes and waste their ill-paid lives.

Here in America, engraving on wood has been for the last ten years steadily improving. It were not in good taste to speak of my own work, but in work by American hands the illustrated gift-books issued by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., under the superintendence and with the sign-manual also of Mr. Anthony, and the Picturesque America of Messrs. Appleton, have shown not only advance in execution, but progress toward that intelligent as well as earnest work which alone is entitled to the dignity of Art. Noting this, I began to dream of a revival here of the old days of Bewick and of Thompson. I wake startled by the cry of "a new departure." No more occasion to look back; *redeant Saturnia*, etc., is all bosh; there has been no engraving until now; in Scribner's Magazine behold the Avatar of engraving on wood! I look, and wonder.

My attention to the new phenomenon was first attracted by a portrait, one of a series, engraved by Mr. Cole after a picture or from a drawing by Mr. Wyatt Eaton. It is always a pleasure to see conscientious and careful work. Yet even at the first glance I could not but ask the exhibitor, Why waste so much of pains on the unimportant parts of the engraving? Why give the same value to the background, which is nothing, a formless void without intention, as to the features? Why no difference between the texture of the coat and the texture of the cheek? At first it looked like the earnest but ill-considered performance of a very young man, ambitious, very painstaking, timid as a young man might be under the eyes of the master painter, afraid to be careless even of the minutest portions of the great work entrusted to him, and which he was resolved to render faithfully, however ineffectively. I praised — could not help praising — the endeavor, and the young endeavorer albeit ill advised or mistaking. But looking at the series, — there are the same faults, not mere shortcomings but shameful faults, throughout: the faces badly modeled (I may be blaming the engraver when I should blame the painter, but I speak also of such modeling as even good direction of lines will give); the heads looking as if carved out of wood, or patted into shape in butter (perhaps for the Philadelphia Exhibition); no drawing fairly made out, but all indistinct, hidden under a minuteness of weakest line that muddies everything; coats and neckties (of the same material, of course) and eyes and hair and background of one uniform texture; an unmeaning scribble in the background defined most carefully, while markings on the brows (of Emerson or Longfellow) were indefinite and slurred, — all thought of the ambitious, timid, careful student was lost in disgust at the manifest conceit of such pretentious impotence, in sorrow for the false direction in which such pains had been bestowed. I speak severely, because these things have been lauded to the skies as fine art, when indeed they are only marvels of microscopic mechanism; not works of art at all, but bad, altogether bad, in all that an artist cares or ought to care for. I bate no jot of critical severity for fear of paining Mr. Cole (whom personally I know not), because through all the dust stirred up around him I think I can discern conscientiousness, even with some young conceit, and certainly ability of hand, to be turned to good account when the mechanic has made himself an artist. What may have lured him into his wilderness of foolishly tangled and confused lines it is not my need to inquire; but the sooner he is out of it, the better

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for his own reputation and for the public taste, which is not so pure as to bear new modes of depravation. He will, I hope, forgive me for any offensive prominence I have here given him, — nothing "set down in malice;" it cannot be so offensive as the prominence of the work I am condemning. And he can do better. His Modjeska, in the March number of Scribner's Magazine, is remarkably free from the faults I have had to point out in the other portraits. The background keeps its place; the hair looks like hair; the flesh is flesh; the delicacy of the dress (a rare piece of careful graver-work) is in good taste; the folds are nicely drawn; the texture is excellent. Better than all, the lines on the face are simple and harmonious. The whole cut is pure and good. Let him go on as he has begun here, abandoning the vain care for work too fine to be printed (some lingering of which even this betrays), and he will yet be known as a first-rate engraver; and though he may not thank me for administering so bitter a tonic, he will, in his healthy-mindedness, be as much ashamed of those Wyatt Eaton portraits as I am.

But if I write thus severely of Mr. Cole's ineffectual elaborations (I had passed them by had I been allowed to do so), into what gall shall I dip my pen to write with proper harshness of other manifestations of those "departure" scholars who, having invented "the small-tooth comb as applied to engraving on wood," have come really to consider the same (what Holman Hunt's father called pre-Raphaelitism) "a grand invention"? And they have taken in the publishers, and are taking in the painters, too. Does not the comb give *tone?* Why, "with this many-toothed graver, when we have cut a sky, without or atmosphere or gradation, though the clouds be never so shapeless, we can scratch the whole into varieties of tenderness and form which shall be printable for we don't know how many impressions upon proper paper." More: "We can produce with the same little instrument perfect fac-similes even of the painter's brush marks, when required; and to some painters these things are of importance." What is this wonderful instrument, the perfecter of good engraving, the certain cure for bad? *It is a multiple graver.* Think of tying together a row of pencils with which to draw at once, or a row of five or six or seven brushes (I am ignorant of the exact number of teeth in the wonderful wood comb)! You of course do your drawing or paint your picture with only one; but having done it, it is probably unsatisfactory. Now take your combination! Drive it gently up and down certain portions of your drawing or picture, — over the whole if you like, and in as many directions as you think necessary! You will get *tone* in your work; what more I do not know. The only difference between a six-pencil power and a six-graver power is that the graver cuts — I would rather not exaggerate, so say scratches — *white* lines. You see it is the Bewick invention rediscovered sixfold. I have mentioned its applicability to skies, where is abundant scope for its delightful exercise. But you have water, which you may possibly have engraved in level lines, not without some sense of propriety, since you so convey a notion of the level water. A perfectly beautiful effect is produced by after perpendicular plowing with the instrument. Or you may have been — why not? — utterly careless as to the direction or meaning of your lines, in the water or elsewhere. The wonderful wood-worker will set all to rights. No one need know which way went your lines originally. In that there is a manifest advantage. Or again, your most talented draughtsman, having outlined his principal figures with a charcoal line of sixfold breadth of determination, requires the remainder of his subject to be of a dreamy unsubstantiality. What means so fitting as the six-toothed annihilator of meaning? After a few operations on the face of the block in various directions (perpendicular is generally preferred, but you can have it all ways), you may call the part so improved whatever pleases you — a rice field, or a tor-

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rent, or a street pavement. It is as much like one as another. It can be dust or chickens, a snow storm or prairie grass, or distant mountains; the only requisite is that after due examination you shall be uncertain which. Some solid blacks, equally formless, may be interspersed with as much judgment to complete the effect.

And this manufactured rubbish is carried with flourish of trumpets and much hymning into the market-place, and sold to a believing public as "*high art*"! Cross-white-lined backgrounds, and wooden or cadaverous faces worked in cross-stitch, skies, mountains, walls, and water, in white worsted, we are asked to admire as *fine engraving*. In the words of our greatest engraver, *It is not engraving at all*.

The purpose of engraving is expression, which necessitates some attention to differences. When you find sky and pavement of exactly the same texture and material, the same regularly placed square black dots (obtained by cutting with the multiple graver two series of white lines, one perpendicular, the other horizontal) supposed to represent a patch of blue sky, a stone pavement, the front of a carriage, the neck and body of a horse, the side of a house, some distant trees, etc. (see cut of Henry Bergh on Duty, at page 873 in the April number of Scribner's Magazine), — when you find all these differences of form and substance so treated that you can scarcely distinguish one from another even by aid of the hard obtrusive outlines with which Mr. Kelly vulgarizes his drawings, you may be sure, whether you have had art education or not, without help from the judgment of an engraver, that such tricky and most clumsy mechanism is not engraving, is not *art*. How can the absolutely inexpressive be artistic?

Surely I am not objecting to the employment of cross-white-line. I myself have used it more than any other engraver of past times; may claim indeed to have brought it into vogue, though I have never been able to equal the work of Charlton Nesbitt, which first taught me of what value it might be made. It is indeed of especial value in flesh, the texture and roundness of which can hardly be rendered on wood with sufficient sweetness in cross black lines, after the manner of copper or steel. If my readers will now refer to the December number of Harper's Magazine, they will see there (illustrating an article on Mendelssohn and Moscheles) a series of portraits in which cross-white-line has been used with excellent effect, because the lines have been ordered by taste and judgment; so that while by their direction helping to give form, they are also in harmonious combinations agreeable to the eye. The cross-lining here too is judiciously confined to the flesh, distinctly marking a special substance. Once only has it been ventured on else, in the powdered hair of Mozart (page 74); and the crossing not having been carried through the under side of the hair, the sense of hair is left as well as the appearance of powder. Had the small tooth been employed on this head in the new approved manner, the powder had probably gone under the hair and into the eyes of the unfortunate Mozart; his coat would have been of powder, and the atmosphere around him as dusty as himself.

The heads I refer to are not all of equal merit (I would particularize those of Handel, Bach, Schumann, Beethoven, and Mozart); but they are all better than anything possible to be produced by a multiple machine, or by that excessive fineness affected also by the "new departure."

As to fineness, it is altogether a mistake to suppose that a work cannot be too fine, or that fineness (closeness and littleness of line) and refinement (finish) are anything like synonymous terms. There is such a thing as propriety — suitability not only to size but to subject — in the treatment of an engraving. A work may be bold even to the verge of what is called coarseness, yet quite fine enough for the purpose; by which I do not at all mean the purpose of the publisher, but the purpose of the artist. Also, it may be finished and refined, how-

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ever bold; in which case to call it coarse simply because the lines may be large and wide apart would be only misuse of words. It is no proof of judgment when a publisher counts the lines and thinks there are too few for his money; nor is it to the credit of the engraver when he endeavors to hide his ignorance of drawing under a multiplicity of cross-hatchings, machine or hand work equally false, so assisting at the further depravation of his employer's taste, and aiding and abetting in cheating the innocent buyers of "illustrated" books into a belief that the work is *fine*. Fine indeed in a finical sense, but not fine artistically.

By such fineness a work is not bettered. The fineness may be out of character with the subject, — may positively contradict its sentiment and manner. Think of Michael Angelo's Sibyl engraved in the style of the Emerson head! Has one no instinct of impropriety there? Or take some landscape strong in opposition of color, — a wild, tempestuous scene, large and vigorous in treatment; the painter has flung his paint upon it, left the coarse marks of his half-pound brush and the mighty sweep of his trowel. He cares not for that, — need not care; seen at a proper distance the effect is what he desired. What would you say to the engraver who should so far disregard the bold carelessness characteristic of the painting as to give you in niggling minuteness every brush and trowel mark, in order that, or so that, you may forget the real worth of the picture, despite the painter's slovenliness and absolute disdain or dislike of finish, in your admiration of the engraver's most delicate and neatest handling? "See how grandly broad the rendering of that cloud!" (It is perhaps the painter talking to himself who speaks; or is it the accomplished literary critic discoursing upon matters of unknown art to an admiring crowd?) "A momentary sketch, instantaneous as a photograph, exceedingly effective! No, it could not be improved by any additional care in modeling, or by any gradations of shade or color." Says the engraver, or his work for him, "Never mind the cloud or anything else of the picture! See how admirably I have imitated the crossing of the brush strokes! Examine that bit of clotted hair; notice the shadows of the blobs of color left where the palette-knife laid it on! You can tell at a glance which is brush-done, and which is knife or trowel work." Is that the purpose of engraving? Labor, even skilled labor, can be ill bestowed. And if, after all this trouble about brush marks, you have lost what drawing there was in the picture, missed the very spirit of the landscape while busied with those little sprigs of mint and anise in the corner, how shall your engraving be called fine, though it needs a microscope to enable me to count the lines? What wonderful eyes, what dexterity of hand, must have been in requisition! But after all it is *not a fine engraving*. Fine as an artist's word is not the same word as in the proverb of the feathers. Fine feathers may make fine birds, but fine lines will not make a fine engraving. The one is the French *fine*, thin, crafty, not exactly honest: from which are many derivatives, such as *finasser*, to use mean ways; *finasseur*, a sharper (later dictionaries perhaps may add a sharpener of small-tooth combs for engravers); *finasserie*, petty trick, poor artifice; *finesse*, cunning, etc. Quite other is the masculine *fin*, the essential, from which we get *finir*, to finish, and *finisseur*, a finisher or perfectioner. And the first *fine* is the very opposite of the old Roman *finis*, the crowning of the work. The artist does care for finish, that is, the perfectness of his work; he is below the real artist and will reach no greatness whenever he can be content with the *unfinished*. But the word *fine*, the proper adjective for a great work, was taken, perhaps unaware, by poor engravers, careful mechanics without capacity for art, as a cover for their deficiencies, and, accepted by ignorant connoisseurs, now passes current, for the beguilement of trusting publishers and an easily bewildered public. So trick is admired instead of honest art workmanship.

An engraving is fine, that is *good*, so

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far as art, as distinguished from mechanism, has been employed upon it, is visible in the result; visible, I would say further, even to the uneducated, if not already vitiated by the words of misleading critics. The art of an engraving is discoverable, even by the uninitiated, in the intention of the lines. You may not have an artist's quickness of perception, nor his maturer judgment, but if you see an engraving in which the parts, any of them taken separately, are unintelligible, you will rightly suppose that the engraver did not know what he was doing, or how to do it; that the master spirit which ought to have moved him, the presumed Art power, was only a false god, like the Baal whose priests were taunted by Elijah. Either he was talking (may be with a critic), or pursuing (not a real art purpose), or on a journey (far away from any consciousness of intention), or peradventure he was asleep; there is no sign of the presence of art in the work. Do not believe that the work is good for anything, though you read the most impartial and unbought recommendations of many a newspaper. Art is a designing power. If you can find no proof of that, reject the work as bad. Is it so difficult to form an opinion? I take up two engravings, the Bach head and the Emerson head, both already referred to. As some amends to Mr. Cole, I would take his Modjeska instead of the Bach, but the larger size of the Bach will make my remarks more clear. The Emerson head, so much larger than the Bach, would have borne the bolder work; being larger and finer (I use the word now in the sense of having more lines), the details should have been more distinct. Of what use a greater number of lines, if not to give more accurate definition? It does not give that. The larger head has less drawing in it than the smaller. In the Bach the direction of the lines helps the drawing; the curve of line, the increasing or decreasing strength, assists the perspective of the forms, shaping them and (which the most art-ignorant of observers may understand) distinguishing prominences from hollows. Light and shade alone are of any use toward that in the Emerson portrait. It has no perspective of line whatever; not a line anywhere helps to define the drawing. It is one undistinguishable mess of meaningless dots and lines. You may cut out a piece of cheek and replace it with a bit of the background or the coat, and, the color matched, no one would see that you had transferred portions which ought to be so different in treatment. Eyes, eyelashes, eyebrows, forehead, are equally foggy. There is no definition or sign of certain intention anywhere. If the accumulation of lines upon the cheek is a fair representation of flesh, the head is without hair. If the combination where hair should be is hair, then the undeveloped man must be hairy, as a shaven ape at least. I point to these things not for the sake of further criticism, but to give my readers some clue toward a correct judgment of what is art in engraving, and what is not. If the taste of buyers of engravings can find opportunity for improvement (it is not to be expected that the sellers should first furnish that; the Ephesian image vendors were not among the earliest converts), then our engravers may be encouraged to mend their ways. Some encouragement may be needed. I know the difficulties surrounding them and speak of conscientious necessity and with "tender heart."

Need the instruction be carried further? Shall we look again at Henry Bergh on Duty? I am still speaking to the heathen, — say to some rural purchaser (may the shadows of such increase!) of illustrated works. Dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, be pleased (not too much) to notice that the coat of the driver (page 873, April number of Scribner's again), the front of the carriage, side in perspective and front of the horse, part (why only part?) of Mr. Bergh's apparel, the sky, the unshadowed parts (again why only those parts?) of the pavement, the perpendicular sides of houses, the more distant figures, the glass lamp, also some trees, are one and all represented by nothing more or less than a series of perpendicular lines

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crossed by horizontal white ditto. Most innocent purchaser of "fine art"! do you think you have it here? Look a little on to The Bull-Dog of the Future, at page 880, or at Moran's views of the Stickeen River, in the same number. But I guess these last are altogether by machinery; so there is no one for me to blame. Enough of these abortive popularities!

Every line of an engraving ought to have a meaning, should be cut in the plate or in the block *with design*. From a drawing you can erase a false line; from a metal plate you can hammer out your faults; in wood there is no such easy alteration. On paper or canvas you can rub in a meaningless background, a formless void, which is all you want; in steel or copper you can cross lines repeatedly so minutely that all which can be seen is as vague as any rubbing in. You cannot do this in wood. To cut so finely as to get only color is next to impossible, and so far as it can be done useless, for it will not print. It is for this reason — that every line in wood-engraving bears witness for or against you — that I have spoken of white line (the meaning of which, I hope, is now understood by my readers) as the true province of engraving on wood. Cutting round a black line drawn for you, you are so far dependent upon your draughtsman; for pure fac-simile, or the Dalziel pretence of fac-simile, that may do. But the best drawings are not made in line. Tints are washed in with a brush, a more rapid and more effective and more painter-like method; and the engraver has to supply the lines, that is to say, he has to draw with his graver such lines as shall represent color, texture, and form. He is not an artist who neglects one of these; and he is an artist only *so far as every line he cuts has intention of representing something*. In such work he is an artist in exactly the same degree in which the translator of poetry is a poet. No literal translation is artistic. He must be possessed with the spirit of his original before he can speak in his own language what had been said in the other tongue. Between literality (never correct) and translation, which do you prefer, — Pope or Chapman?

Art is not nature, but, as Emerson well observes, "nature passed through the alembic of man." That for the picture. The picture in the engraver's hands passes through a new alembic. It is not a photographic image of the picture, but an engraving. Well but, I am told, the artist (the "artist" meaning always the painter, whose picture is photographed, or, worse, drawn on the wood by himself), the artist insists on strict adherence, an exact copy even of his brush marks, even (it has happened) of the texture of the material on which his drawing was made, — large and rough for his unartistic convenience. I can but answer — Deference has of course to be paid to the painter. To whom else? He ought to know what he means by his picture, and how he would have it rendered in black and white, though he may not know how to do it, being ignorant of the engraver's language. Let him have your respect next to respect for the truth of Art and the respect for yourself as his equal, when you may be so, outside of the Academies! Still, your business as an engraver is that of a translator, not a copier. If your original is mannered and tricky, avoid the tricks though you imitate the manner! Do the best you can for the picture; faithful to the good, which you are not asked to excel, and not caricaturing what is bad! A copy readily becomes a caricature. Anyhow, if a painter trusts his work to an artist, he must suffer the penalty of being assisted by an artist's experience. I recollect the opportunity for a good portrait of Mazzini (there is none now) being lost owing to the conceited ignorance of the painter of a bad one. Calamatta was asked to engrave the bad one; finding it faulty, and knowing Mazzini personally, he ventured to suggest that he might have to make certain alterations. The frightened painter refused to submit to the man of genius; the commission was transferred to a copier, and the result was not satisfactory, — perhaps not even to the painter, though I would not be sure of that.

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A copper engraving (I continually say copper rather than steel, from love of the richness of line which characterized the old material), which the engraver absolutely draws with his own lines, — no drawing at all on the plate except his own, — has the dignity of a poetic translation. A wood-engraving from a washed drawing has the same merit, is a translation of as much, or of greater difficulty, since every line is unalterable. Copper has its preëminences, fineness and delicacy. I know not of any others. There are brilliant and atmospheric effects; above all, a freshness and painter-like touch, peculiar to wood, which on copper cannot be produced. Especially the character of the painter (oh, no! not as shown in brush marks) can be rendered in a way not approachable by copper. These are indications of *art* in engraving, the results at which an artist-engraver would aim, and by which alone, according to the degree of his success, he must take rank among artists.

I am not depreciating mere fac-simile work. Of that there is something to be said. A little volume, unfortunately long since out of print, an edition of Rogers's Poems, contains some designs by Stothard, drawn by him in simple outline, in pen and ink. Any boy nowadays would think he could cut such simple things. Clennell cut most of them; Thompson two or three. Clennell has reproduced Stothard's drawing; Thompson's, though excellently engraved, are Thompson's. It took the best artist even to do justice to a bare outline.

This may lead me fairly to speak of the qualifications of an engraver. And the first is self-forgetfulness. Perhaps that is the only ground in which any excellence can have healthy growth toward perfection. I am sure that it is the one thing necessary for the engraver, for his own salvation as well as for the accomplishment of his work. Only that man will I call artist who can forget himself in his work. There may be what charity and not much precision of speech will call art along with self-display; but it will never be art of the greatest. With such artistic modesty and conscientiousness, a man who studies what is proper for his work rather than what may be most admired by my few friends this afternoon, and who will do his best with or without the price he thinks he may deserve, will, if he have the artist nature, have some fair chance of success — as an engraver; I do not say as a transmuter of wood into coin, but as a member of the great Guild of Art. If he care not for that end and finish, let him set up his multiple machinery, and as boss steam-engine to the concern exploit the same for his increasing profit! What such gain shall profit a man I think I have read somewhere.

For him, however, who would take the way, the only way, of Art, steep and rugged it has been said, yet not without some flowers on the roadside, I would fain add a few truisms — so they seem to me, — the repetition of which at least is harmless.

Self-forgetfulness at his work will not necessitate heedlessness of respect for his own manhood. It may be that some painter or patron may demand his adherence to the impossible or the undesirable. If it be possible for him to keep his place as translator rather than to become a machine in their unknowing hands, let him bear in mind the duty laid upon every artist to be true to his perceptions! There is no other ladder that can reach to greatness.

Indistinctness is not tone.

A poor engraving may please because the picture is liked for its subject, its sentiment, its effect, or anything else. That is no praise to the engraver.

Do not disdain delicacy, however difficult of attainment in wood! But do not prefer it before force! Combine the two when that can be done with propriety!

Do not be flattered when you are told that "we should not have taken that for wood; we thought it must be steel!"

Prefer essentials to non-essentials!

Artifice is not art.

And again, to help you to that difficult self-forgetfulness, which should be the last as well as the first thing to be cared for by you, — recollect that an

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engraver, whoever may employ him, is employed not for his own sake, but for the sake of *the engraving*.

And yet one more word, — only what has been said before in different form: Above all things, as you would be an artist, worship reverently and be faithful to the Ideal!

W. J. Linton.

RHYMES IN MANY MOODS.

I.

April.

(TO A VERY YOUNG GIRL.)

"In their bloomless bud
And full of unknown life."

SHE smiles, an April violet,
Amid her clustering sisters blue;
Their heads with pearly rain are wet,
Their modest heads hide shyly, yet
Drop perfumed dew.

No glow of summer tints their days,
But brooding moisture fills the sky.
Hope glides above their veilèd ways;
The world doth neither blame nor praise
Their April eyes.

I long not for their rosy prime,
Their tender coolness seems so sweet;
Though winds blow soft through flowerless lime,
A prophecy of summer time
Floats round their feet.

Perfected beauty brings regret;
Fulfillment shortens its sweet breath;
The winds the blossoming roses fret, —
June lily, April violet,
Fall dim in death.

But when each blooms a summer rose
And wears her queenly diadem,
And lovers tell her of their woes,
And shaken by each wind that blows
Trembles each stem,

Then will I think on this fair day,
And their young beauty shyly set,
Yet full of promise, and I may
Say gently, "Farewell, April day,
Farewell, dear violet."

Emily E. Ford.

II.

Avril.

LA neige fond partout; plus de sombre avalanche!
Le soleil se prodigue en traits plus éclatants;
La sève perce l'arbre en bourgeons palpitants,
Qui feront sous les fruits, plus tard, plier la branche.

Un vent plus doux succède aux farouches autans;
L'hirondelle est encor là-bas; mais en revanche,
Des milliers d'oiseaux blancs couvrent la plaine blanche
Et de leurs cris aigus appellent le printemps.

Sous sa féconde effluve il faut que tout renaisse!
Avril c'est le réveil; avril c'est la jeunesse!
Mais quand la poésie ajoute: *mois des fleurs*,

Avouez avec moi, — vous que trempe l'averse,
Qu'entraîne la débâcle, ou qu'un glaçon renverse, —
Que les poëtes sont d'aimables persifleurs.

Louis H. Fréchette.

III.

Daisy's Fortune-Telling.

"ONE, I love," — yes, daisy, love him well.
"Two, I love," — a love too deep to tell;
"Three," and a thousand times I whisper o'er
The dearest name fond lips may utter; —
"Four."

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Five is another, — "five, I cast away;"
Tell me of one, — but one, O daisy, pray.
"Six, he loves." He loves? then why not
speak it?
"Seven, she loves," — a fond love, will he
seek it?
"Eight," both. Ah, daisy, flatterer, human-wise,
You read your sweet foretelling in my
eyes!
"Nine, he comes." I hear a footstep now;
I drop the daisy, while my heart beats low,
Lest it should drown the music of his
tread.
I'll wear a daisy wreath upon my head
For "ten, eleven, twelve," and then we
wed.

E. M. Bacon.

IV.

Presentiment.

With the morning light,
With the noontide bright,
There cometh a sense of ill;
In the dead of night,
In the moonlight white,
It haunts like a spectre still.

Through the doors of the heart,
By some unknown art,
It steals with a noiseless tread;
And a nameless fear,
With its visage drear,
Peers after the spectre dread.

V.

Loves.

"Now tell me, dear, of all the loves
Have lived within your breast,
Of all the loves of your whole life,
Which have you loved the best?

"The first, that came when the young heart
Was strong with youth's desire,
The passion that was pain in part,
Quick change of frost and fire;
Or the swift fancy somewhere caught
In crowded city's street;
In land of palm or pine, inwrought
With dreams both great and sweet;
A face that followed, went before
In misty light,
Haunting the heart forevermore
By day and night?

"Or do you hold as best the love
Which Fate for healing brings,
The quiet folding of the dove
After the restless wings, —
The love far sought, that yet was near,
A home of peace and rest?
Of all your loves, now tell me, dear,
Which have you loved the best?"

He looked into the wasting west,
Across a purple field of sea;
"Of all my loves, I 've loved the best
The one that — loved not me —
Ah me!"

Juliet C. Marsh.

VI.

Fleeting Youth.

With my senses still keen to all pleasures
and pains,
With a life-gladdening tide flowing full in
my veins,
I call unto youth ere 't is fled,
Implore ere I mourn it as dead:
Life's morning, I fain would detain thee;
Detaining, forever retain thee!

For I know that the years will yet bring
unto me
A time when all bliss shall in memory be, —
When I yearn for the days that are fled,
When I sigh for the youth that is dead.
O Life, should there be no hereafter,
Thou wert vain as an echo of laughter!

Sylvester Baxter.

VII.

Good-Morrow and Good-Night.

As I go to dream of thee,
Thou, ten thousand miles away,
Wak'st from dreams — perchance of me —
To another day.
May that day be fair and bright!
Love, good-morrow and good-night!

John Boit.

VIII.

Betrothal.

My life, till these rich hours of precious
gage,
Was like that drowsy palace, vine-o'ergrown,

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Where down long shadowy corridors lay strown
The slumbering shapes of seneschal or page;
Where griffin-crested oriels, dim with age,
Viewed briery terraces and lawns unmown;
And where, from solemn towers of massive stone,
Drooped the dull silks of moldering bannerage!

But now the enchanted halls break sleep's control,
With murmurous change, at fate's predestined stroke. . . .
And while my fluttering pulses throb or fail,
I feel, in some deep silence of my soul,
New, strange delight awakening, as awoke
The princess in the immortal fairy-tale!

Edgar Fawcett.

IX.

Archery

When evening's banner, fringed with gold,
Droops wide and cool its shadowy fold,
Young men and maidens fair to see
Come trooping round the gray beech-tree.
The sun's last arrows, vainly spent,
Are lost beneath this leafy tent;
The pale young moon hangs dim and low,
Her fading gleam a silver bow;
And slowly up the southern skies
The hunter rides, whose starry eyes
Have watched love roses come and go
Many a thousand years ago, —
His glittering shaft drawn keen and bright
Against the gloomy wall of night.

The true cord holds the bow it bends,
And graceful yields to strength it lends,
And hums a soft æolian air.
The orange bough, though sapless, bare,
Yet thrills to thoughts of bridal booms,
And loving eyes in festal rooms,
And wedding bells heard high and free
Above the slow song of the sea.

O happy feet, that lightly came
Within the magic of this game.
The tender glance, the glowing cheek,
Are signs of hopes he dares not speak,
And knotted tresses, backward flung,
Are tangling nets when hearts are young.

O maiden! sighting shining rings,
About thee flits, on airy wings,
An unseen archer, crowned with flowers
That hold the dew of morning hours!
Take care, take care! his dimpled hands
Hide fetters strong as brazen bands;
And the shining rings he holds up to thee
Are the golden links of thy destiny.

Susan E. Wallace.

X.

Two Views of It.

Before the daybreak, in the murky night,
My chanticleer, half dreaming, sees the light
Stream from my window on his perch below,
And, taking it for dawn, he needs must crow.

Wakeful and sad I shut my book, and smile
To think my lonely vigil should beguile
The silly fowl. Alas, *I* find no ray
Within my lamp or heart of dawning day.

C. P. Cranch.

XI.

Be like the Sun.

Be like the sun, that pours it ray
To glad and glorify the day.

Be like the moon, that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night.

Be like the stars, that sparkle on,
Although the sun and moon be gone.

Be like the skies, that steadfast are,
Though absent sun and moon and star.

Caroline A. Mason.

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PHYSICAL FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

In forecasting the destiny of any people from the stand-point of physiology, it is necessary to consider the three elements which, by their complex interactions, make up the character of men and of nations, — race, climate, and institutions. Of these three factors the latter must be a resultant of the first and second, though modified, more or less, by the character and institutions of surrounding nations. The coming American will be the product of the races that now occupy or are immigrating to our country; of our peculiar climate as it may be changed by time and civilization; and of our political, religious, educational, and social institutions as they have developed, or shall develop, during the process of the adjustment of race to environment. He who would know what manner of man the thirtieth century shall look upon in this land must analyze, with all the tests of science, these three streams, the confluence of which is to determine America's future.

Of these three streams race is the broadest and deepest, and flows with the strongest current, and long retains its own characteristics, in spite of the force of the streams with which it unites, as the waters of the Amazon are borne with such force into the sea that they can be detected many leagues from its mouth.

The races that have peopled America are at once the best and the worst of Europe. There is no evidence that on the whole the Greeks or the Romans were superior physically to the best of modern Europeans, or to their immediate descendants in this country; for, while new diseases and new varieties of disease have appeared, longevity has been on the increase all along the line of our civilization, and the capacity to endure protracted toil and extremes of temperature, and privations of food and repose and other bodily comforts, has probably never stood severer tests than in Europe and America during the past two hundred years. If, in a comparison, it be allowed that a small body of Grecians may, through a variety of favoring influences, have climbed to loftier heights of artistic culture than the same number in any other age, yet it must also be allowed, without question, that the average culture of Europe and America is better than that of Athens or Rome.

America, then, embarks upon her future under the command of as good officers and crew as any ship of state that has yet been launched; the voyage, however, is to be amid storms which, while dreaded and sure to come, cannot be accurately predicted, and over seas as yet but partly explored.

In limited, historic time race is, then, the one great factor in determining the character and future of any nation, putting under its feet unfriendliness of climate, modifying or assimilating all human institutions. If in unlimited, prehistoric time race be the result of climate and the environment, yet in the short period in which man's existence on this earth is recorded any race, when once developed, preserves its characteristics for many generations in climates and under institutions of a directly opposite character. The Hebrews have gone to every clime, and have succeeded in all, or nearly all, everywhere maintaining the features and the character of their race: under all governments, surrounded by all forms of religion and superstition; in persecution, in exile, against social ostracism; shut out from many avenues of subsistence and comfort; under temperate, under tropical, skies, they are Hebrews still.

But while the general characteristics of race are preserved, special modifications develop rapidly under diverse climates and institutions. If the white population of this country could be transferred bodily to Central Africa, carrying with it all our institutions of government,

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of religion, of education and of social life, changes would begin at once, and would proceed quickly in many of the intellectual, moral, and physical elements of the nation: the skin would become bronzed; the mien and expression and voice would grow languid; capacity and willingness to labor would diminish, and forethought and prudence, the cardinal virtues of cold climates, would be superseded by a disposition to let to-morrow take thought for the things of itself; functional nervous diseases, now so common, would disappear or greatly decline, and in their place fevers and inflammations would multiply and become more fatal; religious beliefs and practices, and the special types and standards of morality, would change, in some respects for the better, in others, and mostly, for the worse, — and all these modifications might arise in a century or two, and would fairly begin with the second generation. Already, indeed, a partial experiment of this kind has been going on in our own country for several generations, since the Gulf States, on the borders of the sub-tropics, peopled by the same races that occupy the North and East, have developed, in a degree, all these changes; the functional nervous disorders of New England and the West are, in the latitude of New Orleans and Mobile, comparatively rare, and some are almost unknown; energy, ambition, and economy are, from the puritan point of view, counted among the lost virtues; and the ideas of faith, of conduct, and of culture differ from those of the North as the temperature of the Gulf of Mexico differs from that of the Northern Atlantic.

The races that leave Europe to settle in this country find a climate which, throughout the entire North and West, is distinguished from that of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy by these two characteristics, which are probably the main causes of the peculiar nervousness of the Americans, — alternations of extreme heat and cold, and dryness of the atmosphere.

When we wish to obtain a powerful stimulating effect on any part of the body, we apply, in rapid alternation, ice and hot water: used for a short time, this application strengthens; used for a long time, it weakens. What the temporary effect of an alternation of heat and cold to the whole body may be, every one who has taken a Turkish or Russian bath well knows, and what the general effect of such baths kept up constantly, or for a large part of the time, may be, one can without difficulty imagine; there are indeed constitutions that cannot take even a short bath without fainting or weariness. The inhabitants of the Northern and Eastern portion of the United States are subjected to severer and more sudden and frequent alternations of extreme heat and cold than the inhabitants of any other civilized country. Our climate is a union of the tropics and the poles: "half the year we freeze, half the year roast," and at all seasons a day of painful cold is liable to be followed by a day of painful warmth. Continuous and uniform cold as in Greenland, like continuous and uniform heat as on the Amazon, produces enervation and languor; but repeated alternations of the cold of Greenland and the heat of the Amazon produce energy, restlessness, and nervousness. The climate of England and the Continent differs from that of America, in respect to uniformity, far more than is usually recognized even by those who have passed years abroad: of the cold of our winters, of the heat of our summers, England has but little experience. Invalid travelers who, as is the case with many Americans, are sensitive to cold complain that from the time they leave America to the time of their return they never know what it is to be really warm. A clerical friend of mine, who resided several years in England, tells me that lack of warmth was a constant and severe affliction. All the houses that he visited were kept at a temperature at least ten degrees below what was comfortable for himself and wife; and yet neither of them were invalids, though both were ideal representatives of the American type of susceptibility.

Our extremes give rise, among many other symptoms of nervous impressibil-

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ity, to sensitiveness to heat and cold; midsummer and midwinter are borne with difficulty, and many whom I have known find it necessary to keep constantly on the run before climatic changes. For such, no section of the country is habitable more than three or four months of the year: in the winter they must take refuge in Florida; in the spring, to escape the heat and malaria, they hasten home, whence, in a few weeks, they are driven to the sea-side or farm-house. To live twelve months in one place is what very few of the brain-working classes of our large cities can endure. In this susceptibility to cold and heat, and the consequent necessity of hot-air furnaces and summer retreats, there has been a vast change within quarter of a century. Our fathers were comfortable in a temperature of sixty degrees, while we require from seventy to seventy-five degrees, and even then suffer half the year from creeping chills and cold extremities. The metropolitan heats they bore right through midsummer, without the need or thought of vacation; and, without taking cold or experiencing severe discomfort, sat for hours in damp and fireless churches. Foreigners often complain of our over-warm rooms, which to them are as annoying as their under-warm rooms are to us; a temperature of sixty degrees contents them, as it did our ancestors half a century or less ago.

Our ups and downs of temperature, with deep snows and smiting heats, make exercise and activity at certain seasons a burden and a peril for all except the strongest, while in England all the year is open to out-door amusements and toil. The English summer is almost always comfortable, — sometimes very cool; all the year overcoats are in demand, and in the evenings fires are desired, as at our summer resorts by the sea and in the mountains. During the summer of 1868 the thermometer in England ranged between eighty-two and eighty-eight degrees, and at one time rose to ninety-two degrees, and all complained of the excessive heat. In the winter ice is not abundant; snow falls only to the depth of two or three inches, and remains on the ground for but a few days; skating and coasting and sleighing are almost forbidden joys. Through the entire year, in midwinter even, the meadows are fresh and green, and there is not a month when the public parks cease to be visited. In the coldest seasons a temperature of zero, or even ten degrees above, is unknown; at Greenwich the average of the thermometer during the month of January for half a century was thirty-seven degrees, a temperature that will not only allow but invite various and active out-door recreations. The English winter, indeed, is not unlike our March shorn of its bitterness and on its good behavior.

We Americans, on the contrary, for a part of the year are prisoners to our climate: in the summer not daring to walk abroad, for fear of sunstroke; in midwinter hemmed in by biting cold and impassable drifts of snow; at no season able to predict or calculate the temperature for a day, or even half an hour, in advance. These sudden leaps of the American climate from distressing heat to severe cold, or the reverse, are quite unfamiliar to England, where spring slowly unfolds into summer, and summer in turn descends into a moderate winter.

The element of dryness of the air, peculiar to our climate as distinguished from that of Europe, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, is of the highest scientific and practical interest. The evidences of this dry state of our atmosphere are numerous and striking: clothes on the line can be taken in more quickly than in Europe; there is less of mould in libraries, in closets, and on furniture; the specimens of the naturalist keep much longer without injury; wood-work of houses and picture-frames crack more speedily; the hair and beard are drier and stiffer, have less oil and moisture, than in Europe, and pomades are in greater demand.

The causes of this great lack of moisture are found in the relative infrequency of lakes, the vast extent of unbroken territory, and the scarcity of rain. The continent of Europe and the British Isles are not only surrounded, but cut up, by

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immense bodies of water: hence the air is always freighted with moisture; hence, in part, the ruddiness, the solidity, and the bulk of the representative Englishman. The influence of the Gulf Stream is likewise of importance on the climate of Great Britain.

In regard to the electrical state of a dry atmosphere, this general fact is quite clear: that the electricity which is found in all states of the atmosphere is less evenly and uniformly diffused, and more liable to various disturbances through inequalities of tension, when the air is dry than when it is moist. Moisture conducts electricity, and an atmosphere well charged with moisture, other conditions being the same, will tend to keep the electricity in a state of equilibrium, since it allows free and ready conduction at all times and in all directions. The human body, therefore, when surrounded by a moist atmosphere never has its own electrical condition seriously disturbed, nor is it liable to sudden and frequent disturbances from the want of equilibrium in the air in which it moves.

In regions where the atmosphere is excessively dry, as in the Rocky Mountains, human beings, indeed all animals, become constantly acting lightning-rods, liable at any moment to be made a convenient pathway through which electricity going to or from the earth seeks an equilibrium. Hence it is that in that section, especially in the more elevated portions, the hair of the head and the tails of horses not unfrequently stand erect, and travelers over the mountains are astonished and alarmed by flames of lightning on the rocks, and even on their walking-sticks. In the valley of Sacramento, and, to a less extent, in other sections of the Pacific coast, there occur at certain times what are called "north winds," which, for some not well-understood reasons, are excessively dry, and consequently, for the causes above given, are attended by important electrical disturbances, similar in kind, but severer in degree, to those that at all times are liable to take place in that section. During the prevalence of these winds, which may last several hours or days, fruits and foliage, especially on the side toward the wind, tend to shrivel and wither; the grass, likewise, shows the effect of the same influence, and human beings and all animals are unwontedly irritable and nervous. Even in the East our neuralgic and rheumatic patients, during and just before thunder-storms, are often suddenly attacked by exquisite pains that at once disappear with the appearance of fair weather. There are those so sensitive that for a hundred miles and more, and for a full day in advance, they can predict without failure the approach of a storm. The atmospheric conditions and disturbances in relation to moisture, dryness, and electricity which these sensitives thus visibly and painfully appreciate, affect us all, though invisibly and painlessly; but through a life-time and through the generations these perpetually acting influences result in nervousness and nervous exhaustion, with all the maladies to which they lead.

A fact of special note is that the exceeding cold of our winters compels us to pass a large part of our time not only in-doors, but in rooms overheated with *dry* air; thus one of the bad features of our climate plays into the hands of the other, reinforcing, extending, multiplying, its capacity for evil. The high temperature and unnatural dryness of our closed rooms are both harmful, and are both made necessary by excessive external cold, and by the alternations of heat and cold that produce a sensitiveness of organization which can only find comfort in a somewhat high temperature.

Dryness of the air, whether external or internal, likewise excites nervousness by heightening the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the organism, so that we live faster than in a moist atmosphere. The rationale of this action of dryness on living beings — for it is observed in animals as in men — is as follows: Evaporation from the surface of the body is accompanied by dissipation of heat, and by the numerous and complex vital changes of which the evolution and dissipation of heat through evaporation are the results. In a moist atmosphere such evaporation takes place

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slowly, because the air, being already saturated with water, cannot rapidly take up the vapor that comes from the surface of the body; hence this vapor accumulates in the form of sensible perspiration. A dry atmosphere, on the contrary, is eager and hungry for the bodily moisture and rapidly absorbs it, so that it does not accumulate on the surface, but passes off as insensible perspiration. Hence the paradox that we perspire the least when we are apparently perspiring the most; on sultry August days our clothing is soaked, because the moisture of the body has no chance for ready escape, and consequently the vital changes that produce the moisture are obstructed and move with corresponding slowness. A day that is both moist and warm is hotter to the nerves of sensation and far more oppressive than a far warmer day that is also dry, for the conversion of the fluids of the body into insensible vapor, which process takes place so rapidly in dry air, is attended with escape of bodily heat, which gives relief. Hence it is that in California and on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain region, where the thermometer sometimes runs as high as one hundred and ten or even one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade, sunstrokes were formerly unknown, and even now are exceedingly rare. Hence it is that the hot room in the moist Russian bath is so much harder to bear than the hotter rooms of the dry Turkish bath. Hence it is that our August dog-days are so much more wearying and painful than the hotter days of mid-June and of early July.

One great climatic advantage of Europe is the non-existence of dog-day weather, as we, in this country, understand that term; the moisture of the Northern European atmosphere is never, for any considerable time, combined with high temperature.

Dryness of the air is the main cause of the long-observed leanness of the Americans as compared with the Europeans. We are taller, thinner, lanker, than the original stock in England and Germany, mainly because in our dry atmosphere we so rapidly evaporate; the animal fluids disappear into the aerial fluid; we have little chance to accumulate fat. Remembering that the body is composed mostly of water, it is clear that rapid evaporation must be attended by a rapid loss of bodily weight. A thousand Americans, taken at random, weigh less on the average than a thousand Englishmen or Germans of the same ages and social status; even the dark aborigines, in spite of their indolence, were almost always lean.

Our habits and institutions, so far as they are distinctively American, — rapid eating, eager quest for gold, exciting revivals and elections, — are the product of a dry atmosphere and extremes of temperature combined with the needs of a new country and a pioneer life. We are nervous, primarily, because the rapid evaporation in our dry, out-door air and in our overheated rooms, for reasons above given, heightens the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the brain and nervous system, and the exhausting stimulation of alternations of torrid heat and polar cold; and, secondarily, because this nervousness is enhanced by the stress of poverty, the urgency of finding and holding means of living, the scarcity of inherited wealth, and the just desire of making and maintaining fortunes. We cannot afford to be calm; for those to whom the last question is whether they shall exist or die there is no time or force for acquiring plumpness of the body. Not How shall we live? but Can we live at all? is the problem that almost every American is all his life compelled to face.

The neuroses, or functional nervous diseases, — of which sick headache, neurasthenia (nervous exhaustion), neuralgia, spinal irritation, and hay fever are types, — are vastly more frequent and more complex in the Northern and Eastern part of the United States than in all the world besides. These maladies are an evolution, a differentiation of the nervous exhaustion, produced by our climate and institutions. They have increased *pari passu* with the increase of activity and the complexity and friction of our civilization. They did not appear

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in the first century of the republic, for time must elapse before climatic peculiarities could show, on a wide scale, their special effects on the organization; furthermore, in the last half century the stress and friction of civilization, under the influence of the railway, the newspaper, and the telegraph, have increased to a degree unparalleled in modern or ancient times. From this same cause — civilization — the European as well as the American nerves have been affected, especially in France, though on account of differences of climate and institutions far less than in our own country.

Susceptibility to alcohol and tobacco is one of the most striking characteristics of the many evidences of American nervousness. We cannot bear these stimulants and narcotics as our fathers could; we cannot bear them as can the English, or Germans, or French; indeed, all the Old World can both drink and smoke more than the Americans. Even coffee can be indulged in with freedom only by a minority of the population in the Northern States, and a cup of weak tea is for many a sure prescription for a wakeful night. Foreigners traveling and sojourning here must be far more cautious than is their wont with the purest and mildest liquors; while Americans, when long abroad, can often partake of the native wines, and also of stronger liquors, to a degree that at home would induce intoxication, perhaps lead directly to the symptoms of alcoholism. In truth, this functional malady of the nervous system which we call inebriety, as distinguished from the vice or habit of drunkenness, may be said to have been born in America, has here developed sooner and far more rapidly than elsewhere, and here also has received earlier and more successful attention from men of science. The increase of the disorder has forced us to study it and to devise plans for its relief.

All of the above reasonings apply to the Northern and Eastern portions of the United States far more than to the Southern States or to Canada. In the South, particularly in the Gulf States, there are not the extremes of heat and cold, nor the peculiar dryness of the air, that have been described. The Southern winters are mild, with little or no snow and abundance of rain and dampness, while the summers are never as intensely hot as in the latitude of Boston and New York. Throughout the year the Southern climate is both more equable and more moist than that of the North. Herein is explained the most interesting and suggestive fact that functional nervous diseases of all kinds regularly diminish in frequency and variety as we go South. Canada has extremes of temperature, but more of steady cold than the States, while the air is kept moist by numerous rivers, lakes, and the wide extent of forest; it does not therefore share, to any marked degree, in the nervousness of the Northern United States.

From the vantage-ground of the above facts and philosophy, and with the light afforded by the past and present experience of races and nations, it becomes possible to see, though dimly and for a limited period, into the physical future of the American people. In the thirtieth century, as now, America will be inhabited by all the leading races of modern civilization, although by that time there will have been an enormous advance toward unity. At the present time it is observed that the process of Americanization among our recent foreigners goes on with great rapidity; the peculiarities of our climate being so decided, universal, and impressive that even the second generation of stolid and plethoric Germans often acquires the sharpness of features, delicacy of skin, and dryness of hair that everywhere and for a long period have been rightly looked upon as American characteristics. Some of the most sensitive and impressible among the nervous sufferers that come under my care are Germans of American birth, but whose immediate ancestors came directly from the father-land. I have seen highly nervous Englishmen and Irishmen who early emigrated to this country and engaged in severe mercantile or professional pursuits; such persons are sometimes so changed, even in a half or quarter of a century, as to become

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almost as sensitive as the majority of indoor-working, native-born Americans. Alcohol they cannot use with any freedom, and must smoke, if at all, very moderately; they may be attacked by a myriad of nervous symptoms, common enough in this land, but in Europe almost unknown and uncredited.

But in spite of these quick and manifest changes wrought by our climate, the dominant characteristics of the general stock by which America is peopled must prevail over environment, not only for a century, but for many centuries. The union of races by marriage, conjoined with the constantly acting automatic forces of social and business intercourse, will tend, it is true, to homogeneity, but the leading race characteristics, mental and physical, will remain.

Very important, at least very radical, changes in our climate cannot be expected; extremes of heat and cold and dryness of the atmosphere will yet be notable features. The forest, like the ocean, is a great equalizer of temperature, making the summers less hot and the winters less cold, breaking the force of winds, preserving moisture, and filling our rivers and lakes. The cutting off of our forests has probably made both our winters and summers more severe; and the increasing number of sunstrokes and heat prostrations during the last decade is very likely the result of this cause, although heightened sensitiveness of organization and greater susceptibility to alcohol must be considered. The move for the preservation of forests, especially in the West, if successful, as in a degree it will be, must have a certain influence on climate during the centuries to come, making the atmosphere moister, and therefore less stimulating and exhausting.

In the future, as in the past, diseases will change in their nature, their symptoms, and their fatality with the changes in the constitution, the habits, and the lives of the people. Already, during the last half century, types and phases and symptoms of disease have visibly changed with the changes above noted in the American physique: acute febrile and inflammatory disorders, once so rapidly and widely fatal among all classes, have, in the higher orders, visibly declined both in frequency and virulence, and in their place have arisen a vast army of nameless nervous symptoms, which to all the centuries prior to the nineteenth were unknown and unimagined. Fearful and once-dreaded epidemics are now limited, local, and as a rule short-lived; sanitary science, with its various appliances and increasing powers, either keeps them at a distance, or else hems them in, surrounds them, and forces an easy surrender. In certain sections of the country malaria, and in nearly all sections typhoid and typhus fevers, are decreasingly common and severe, while in their place we have such distressing but rarely fatal maladies as neuralgia, sick headache, nervous exhaustion, and hay fever, — diseases comparatively so recent that many even now believe them to be subjective and imaginary. Much of disease is not a substance or entity, but a mode of motion of the forces in the organism. It must therefore be modified by, and in a degree correspond to, the changes that the organism undergoes. A nervous man, when attacked by any malady whatsoever, is sick in a different way from the plethoric and the phlegmatic. The nervous diathesis — the dominant type of constitution in the brain-working classes of America — impresses itself on every disease that attacks the system as demonstrably as malaria or syphilis; even our fevers become nervous, and nervous symptoms of a varied and indefinite character complicate all local and general disorder.

This increase of neuroses cannot be arrested suddenly; it must yet go on for at least twenty-five or fifty years, when all of these disorders shall be both more numerous and more complex than at present. But side by side with these are already developing signs of improved health and vigor that cannot be mistaken; and the time must come — not unlikely in the first half of the twentieth century — when there will be a halt or retrograde movement in the march of nervous diseases, and while the absolute

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number of them may be great, relatively to the population, they will be less frequent than now.

Accumulated and transmitted wealth is to be in this, as in other countries, one of the safeguards of national health. Health is indeed the offspring of wealth. Always and everywhere abject and oppressed poverty is sickly, or liable to sickness, and on the average is short-lived; febrile and inflammatory disorders, plagues, epidemics, great accidents and catastrophes even, visit first and last and remain longest with those who have no money. The anxiety that is almost always born of poverty; the fear of still greater poverty, of distressing want, of sickness that is sure to come; the positive deprivation of food that is convenient, of clothing that is comfortable, of dwellings that are sightly and healthful; the constant and hopeless association with misery, discomfort, and despair; the lack of education through books, schools, or travel; the absence of all but forced vacations, — the result, and one of the worst results, of poverty, — added to the corroding force of envy and the friction of useless struggle, — all these factors that make up, or attend upon, simple want of money are in every feature antagonistic to health and longevity. Only when the poor become absolute paupers, and the burden of life is taken from them and put upon the state or public charity, are they in a condition of assured health and long life. For the majority of the poor, and for many of the rich, the one dread is to come upon the town; but as compared with many a home the poor-house is a sanitarium. The inmates of our public institutions of charity of the modern kind are often the happiest of men, blessed with an environment on the whole far more salubrious than that to which they have been accustomed, and favorably situated for a serene longevity. Here, in a sanitary point of view, the extremes of wealth and poverty meet; both conditions being similar in this, — that they remove the friction which is the main cause of ill health and short life. For the same reasons, well-regulated jails are healthier than many homes, and one of the best prescriptions for the broken-down and distressed is for them to commit some crime.

The augmenting wealth of the American people during the last quarter of a century is already making its impress on the national constitution, and in a variety of ways. A fat bank account tends to make a fat man; in all countries, amid all stages of civilization and semi-barbarism, the wealthy classes have been larger and heavier than the poor. Wealth, indeed, if it be abundant and permanent, supplies all the external conditions possible to humanity that are friendly to those qualities of the physique — plumpness, roundness, size — that are rightly believed to indicate well-balanced health: providing in liberal variety agreeable and nourishing food and drink, tasteful and commodious homes and comfortable clothing; bringing within ready and tempting access education, and the nameless and powerful diversions for muscle and mind that only a reasonable degree of enlightenment can obtain or appreciate; inviting and fortifying calmness, steadiness, repose in thought and action; inspiring and maintaining in all the relations of existence a spirit of self-confidence, independence, and self-esteem, which, from a psychological point of view, are, in the fight for life, qualities of the highest sanitary importance; in a word, minifying, along all the line of the physical functions, the processes of waste, and magnifying the processes of repair. So insalubrious are the hygienic surroundings of the abjectly poor that only a slow adaptation to those conditions makes it possible for them to retain either the power or the desire to live. In India this coincidence of corpulence and opulence has been so long observed that it is instinctively assumed; and certain Brahmins, it is said, in order to obtain the reputation of wealth, studiously cultivate a diet adapted to make them fat.

Herein is the partial, though not the entire, elucidation of the observed fact that, during the last two decades, the well-to-do classes of America have been

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visibly growing stronger, fuller, healthier. We weigh more than our fathers; the women in all our great centres of population are yearly becoming more plump and more beautiful; and in the leading brain-working occupations our men also are acquiring robustness, amplitude, quantity of being. On all sides there is a visible reversion to the better physical appearance of our English and German ancestors. A thousand girls and boys, a thousand men in the prime of years, taken by accident in any of our large cities, are heavier and more substantial than were the same number of the same age and walk of life twenty-five years ago. It could not, in fact, be different, for we have better food, better homes, more suitable clothing, less anxiety, greater ease, and more variety of healthful activity than even the best situated of our immediate ancestors. So inevitable was this result that had it been otherwise one might well suspect that the law of causation had been suspended.

Poverty has, it is true, its good side from a hygienic as well as from other points of view; for, practically, good and evil are but relative terms, the upper and nether sides of the same substance, and constantly tending to change places. The chief advantage of poverty as a sanitary or hygienic force is that, in some exceptional natures, it inspires the wish and supplies the capacity to escape from it, and in the long struggle for liberty we acquire the power and the ambition for something higher and nobler than wealth; the impulse of the rebound sends us farther than we had dreamed. Stung by early deprivation to the painful search for gold, we often find treasures that gold cannot buy. But for one whom poverty stimulates and strengthens, there are thousands whom it subjugates and destroys, entailing disease and an early death from generation to generation. The majority of our Pilgrim Fathers in New England, and of the primitive settlers in the Southern and Middle States, really knew but little of poverty in the sense in which the term is here used. They were an eminently thrifty people, and brought with them both the habits and the results of thrift to their homes in the New World. Poverty as here described is of a later evolution, following in this country, as in all others, the pathway of a high civilization.

In the centuries to come there will probably be found in America, not only in our large cities, but in every town and village, orders of financial nobility, above the need but not above the capacity or the disposition to work: strong at once in inherited wealth and inherited character; using their vast and easy resources for the upbuilding of manhood, physical and mental; and maintaining a just pride in transmitting these high ideals, and the means for realizing them, to their descendants. Families thus favored can live without physical discomfort, and work without worrying. Their healthy and well-adjusted forces can be concentrated at will, and in the beginning of life, on those objects best adapted to their tastes and talents; thus economizing and utilizing so much that those who are born poor and sickly and ignorant are compelled to waste in oftentimes fruitless struggle. The moral influence of such a class scattered through our society must be, on the whole, with various and obvious exceptions and qualifications, salutary and beneficent. By keeping constantly before the public high ideals of culture, for which wealth affords the means; by elevating the now dishonored qualities of serenity and repose to the rank of virtues, where they justly belong; and by discriminatingly coöperating with those who are less favored in their toils and conflicts, they cannot help diffusing, by the laws of psychical contagion, a reverence for those same ideals in those who are able but most imperfectly to live according to them. Thus they may help to bring about that state of society where men shall no more boast of being overworked than of any other misfortune, and shall no longer be ashamed to admit that they have both the leisure and the desire for thought; and the throne of honor so long held by the practical man shall be filled,

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for the first time in the history of the nation, by the man of ideas. The germs of such a class have even now begun to appear, and already their power is clearly perceptible on American society.

While all brain work is so far forth healthful and conducive to longevity, yet the different orders of mental activity differ very widely in the degree of their health-giving power; the law is invariable that the exercise of the higher faculties is more salutary and more energizing than the exercise of the lower. The higher we rise in the atmosphere of thought the more we escape the strifes, the competitions, the worryings and exhausting disappointments, in short, all the infinite frictions, that inevitably attend the struggle for bread that all must have, and the more we are stimulated and sustained by those lofty truths for which so few aspire. The search for truth is more healthful as well as more noble, than the search for gold, and the best of all antidotes and means of relief for nervous disease is found in philosophy. Thus it is in part that Germany, which in scientific and philosophic discovery does the thinking for all nations, and which has added more to the world's stock of purely original ideas than any other country, Greece alone excepted, is less nervous than any other nation; thus it is also that America, which in the same department has but fed on the crumbs that fall from Germany's table, has developed a larger variety and number of functional nervous diseases than all other nations combined.

The commanding law of evolution — the highest generalization that the human mind has yet reached — affords indispensable aid in solving the problem we are here discussing. This law, when rightly understood, in all its manifold dependencies, developments, complications, ramifications, divergencies, sheds light on numberless questions of sociology which formerly were in hopeless darkness. It is a part of this law that growth or development in any one direction, or along any one line of a race, family, or tribe, in time reaches its limit, beyond which it cannot pass, and where, unless reinforced by some new or different impression or influence, — a supply of vital force from some centre outside of itself to take the place of that which is expended in the exhausting processes of reproduction and expansion, — it dies utterly away. Not more surely does a branch of a tree subdivide into numerous twigs, all of which must sooner or later reach their respective terminations, than do the various families of any people tend to their own elimination. The capacity for growth in any given direction, physical or mental, is always limited; no special gift of body or mind can be cultivated beyond a certain point, however great the tenderness and care bestowed upon it. The more rapid and luxurious the growth, the sooner the supply of potential force is exhausted; and the faculty or gift, whatever it may be, is lost only to be renewed in an entirely distinct family, or by the injection of the blood and nerve of a radically different race. The infinity of nature is not in the endurance or permanency of any of its elements, — everything is changing, everything is dying, — but in the exhaustlessness of the supply. In horses only a certain rate of speed, in cows only a limited milk-forming power, in fowls but a moderate fertility, can be reached in any line of stock by any degree of mortal prevision and skill. The dying is as natural and as inevitable as the living; declension is as normal as ascension, as truly a part of exceptionless law. In man, that higher operation of the faculties which we call genius is hereditary, transmissible, running through and in families as demonstrably as pride or hay fever, the gifts as well as the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children and the children's children; general talent, or some special talent, in one or both parents rises and expands in immediate or remote offspring, and ultimately flowers out into a Socrates, a Shakespeare, a Napoleon, and then falls to the ground. In accordance with this law, it is inevitable that many of the strong and great families of America at the present day must perish, and their places be supplied

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by the descendants of those who are now ignorant and obscure. This does not mean, as many have fancied, the dying out of the American people: the race lives while tribes and families perish; the periodical crops ripen and decay while the tree that produces them is every year adding to its growth.

It is also a part of this law of evolution that the lower must minister to the higher. The strength of the strong must come, in part, from the weakness of the weak; millions perish that hundreds may survive. That a single family may rise to enduring prominence and power, it is needful that through long generations scores of families shall endure poverty and pain, and struggle with cruel surroundings; shall vainly desire and perhaps strive for wealth and fame and position and ease, and sink at last in the conflict. For every brain worker there must be ten muscle workers. Even in Greece, the flower of all the civilizations, the majority of the population were slaves; that a few thousand might cultivate the intellect, hundreds of thousands must cultivate the soil. One cannot imagine a nation in which all should be rich and intelligent; for a people composed wholly of educated millionaires, intelligence would be a curse and wealth the worst form of poverty. For America, as for all people, this law is as remorseless as gravity, and will not go out of its way at the beck either of philanthropy or philosophy. The America of the future, as the America of the present, must be a nation where riches and culture are restricted to the few, — to a body, however, the *personnel* of which is constantly changing. But although the distance between the extremes of society will still be great, perhaps even greater than in the past, the poor will have comforts and luxuries which now they cannot even picture, and correspondingly their health and comeliness should improve. The conserving and regenerating force of a large body of muscle workers in society is enormous, and for the physical well-being of a nation indispensable, since it not only preserves itself, but supplies the material to be engrafted on branches whose productive power is tending to decay.

Yet further, it is a part of the law of evolution that nations, as well as the individuals of which nations are composed, can in time so fit themselves to unfavorable external conditions as practically to reverse them and make them favorable. This moulding of the internal to the external, with its accompanying disappearance of weak elements and persistence of the strong, is a process that never halts or wearies, but goes on without ceasing so long as there is any want of harmony between the internal and the external in the individual or the nation. A nation thrust into an unusual and hostile environment tends, with all the might of its subjective forces, to fit itself to that environment, and to make itself at home there. Old habits are dropped, new habits take their places; instinctively or rationally, there is constant sacrifice and study and deprivation, until all friction of the internal against the external disappears. Young America finds itself contending with the combined disadvantages of youth, an exhausting climate, and the heightened activity, common to all civilization, made necessary by the introduction of the railroad, the telegraph and the periodical press. In the process of moulding itself to these conditions, it has been found necessary to seek out and develop numberless modes of physical exercise, and reduce the philosophy of enjoyment and recreation to a science and art. Habits of the ages have been shifted, medicine and medical practice revolutionized, while inventive skill everywhere has wearied itself in the constant effort to supply mechanical devices for senses and faculties exhausted through over-confinement, over-excitement, and disproportionate use of the brain and nervous system. In this cruel process thousands have perished, — are perishing to-day; but from the midst of this confusion, conflict, and positive destruction a powerful and stable race has been slowly, almost imperceptibly, evolving.

George M. Beard.

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THE PEOPLE FOR WHOM SHAKESPEARE WROTE.

I.

QUEEN ELIZABETH being dead about ten o'clock in the morning, March 24, 1603, Sir Robert Cary posted away, unsent, to King James of Scotland to inform him of the "accident;" and got made a baron of the realm for his ride. On his way down to take possession of his new kingdom, the king distributed the honor of knighthood right and left liberally; at Theobald's he created eight and twenty knights, of whom Sir Richard Baker, afterwards the author of A Chronicle of the Kings of England, was one. "God knows how many hundreds he made the first year," says the chronicler, "but it was indeed fit to give vent to the passage of Honour, which during Queen Elizabeth's reign had been so stopped that scarce any county of England had knights enow to make a jury."

Sir Richard Baker was born in 1568, and died in 1645; his Chronicle appeared in 1641. It was brought down to the death of James in 1625, when, he having written the introduction to the life of Charles I., the storm of the season caused him to "break off in amazement," for he had thought the race of "Stewards" likely to continue to the "world's end;" and he never resumed his pen. In the reign of James two things lost their lustre, — the exercise of tilting, which Elizabeth made a special solemnity, and the band of yeomen of the guard, choicest persons both for stature and other good parts, who graced the court of Elizabeth; James "was so intentive to Realities that he little regarded shows," and in his time these came utterly to be neglected. The virgin queen was the last ruler who seriously regarded the pomps and splendors of feudalism.

It was characteristic of the age that the death of James, which occurred in his fifty-ninth year, should have been by rumor attributed to "poyson;" but "being dead, and his body opened, there was no sign at all of poyson, his inward parts being all sound, but that his Spleen was a little faulty, which might be cause enough to cast him into an Ague: the ordinary high way, especially in old bodies, to a natural death."

The chronicler records among the men of note of James's time Sir Francis Vere, "who as another Hannibal, with his one eye, could see more in the Martial Discipline than common men can do with two;" Sir Edward Coke; Sir Francis Bacon, "who besides his profounder book, of Novum Organum, hath written the reign of King Henry the Seventh, in so sweet a style, that like Manna, it pleaseth the tast of all palats;" William Camden, whose Description of Britain "seems to keep Queen Elizabeth alive after death;" "and to speak it in a word, the Trojan Horse was not fuller of Heroick Grecians, than King James his Reign was full of men excellent in all kindes of Learning." Among these was an old university acquaintance of Baker's, "Mr. John Dunne, who leaving Oxford, lived at the Innes of Court, not dissolute, but very neat; a great Visitor of Ladies, a great frequenter of Playes, a great writer of conceited Verses; until such times as King James taking notice of the pregnancy of his Wit, was a means that he betook him to the study of Divinity, and thereupon proceeding Doctor, was made Dean of Pauls; and became so rare a Preacher, that he was not only commended, but even admired by all who heard him."

The times of Elizabeth and James were visited by some awful casualties and portents. From December, 1602, to the December following, the plague destroyed 30,518 persons in London; the same disease that in the sixth year of Elizabeth killed 20,500, and in the thirty-sixth year 17,890, besides the lord mayor and three aldermen. In January, 1606, a mighty whale came up the Thames within eight miles of London, whose body, seen divers times above

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water, was judged to be longer than the largest ship on the river; "but when she tasted the fresh water and scented the Land, she returned into the sea." Not so fortunate was a vast whale cast upon the Isle of Thanet, in Kent, in 1575, which was "twenty Ells long, and thirteen foot broad from the belly to the backbone, and eleven foot between the eyes. One of his eyes being taken out of his head was more than a cart with six horses could draw; the Oyl being boyled out of his head was Parmacittee." Nor the monstrous fish cast ashore in Lincolnshire in 1564, which measured six yards between the eyes and had a tail fifteen feet broad; "twelve men stood upright in his mouth to get the Oyl." In 1612 a comet appeared, which in the opinion of Dr. Bainbridge, the great mathematician of Oxford, was as far above the moon as the moon is above the earth, and the sequel of it was that infinite slaughters and devastations followed it both in Germany and other countries. In 1613, in Standish, in Lancashire, a maiden child was born having four legs, four arms, and one head with two faces, — the one before, the other behind, like the picture of Janus. (One thinks of the prodigies that presaged the birth of Glendower.) Also, the same year, in Hampshire, a carpenter, lying in bed with his wife and a young child, "was himself and the childe both burned to death with a sudden lightning, no fire appearing outwardly upon him, and yet lay burning for the space of almost three days till he was quite consumed to ashes." This year the Globe play-house, on the Bankside, was burned, and the year following the new play-house, the Fortune, in Golding Lane, "was by negligence of a candle, clean burned down to the ground." In this year also, 1614, the town of Stratford-on-Avon was burned. One of the strangest events, however, happened in the first year of Elizabeth (1558), when "dyed Sir Thomas Cheney, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, of whom it is reported for a certain, that his pulse did beat more than three quarters of an hour after he was dead, as strongly as if he had been still alive." In 1580 a strange apparition happened in Somersetshire, — three score personages all clothed in black, a furlong in distance from those that beheld them; "and after their appearing, and a little while tarrying, they vanished away, but immediately another strange company, in like manner, color and number appeared in the same place; and they encountered one another and so vanished away. And the third time appeared that number again, all in bright armour, and encountered one another, and so vanished away. This was examined before Sir George Norton, and sworn by four honest men that saw it, to be true." Equally well substantiated, probably, was what happened in Herefordshire in 1571: "A field of three acres, in Blackmore, with the Trees and Fences, moved from its place and passed over another field, travelling in the highway that goeth to Herne, and there stayed." Herefordshire was a favorite place for this sort of exercise of nature. In 1575 the little town of Kinnaston was visited by an earthquake: "On the seventeenth of February at six o'clock of the evening, the earth began to open and a Hill with a Rock under it (making at first a great bellowing noise, which was heard a great way off) lifted itself up a great height, and began to travel, bearing along with it the Trees that grew upon it, the Sheep-folds, and Flocks of Sheep abiding there at the same time. In the place from whence it was first moved, it left a gaping distance forty foot broad, and forescore Ells long; the whole Field was about twenty Acres. Passing along, it overthrew a Chappell standing in the way, removed an Ewe-Tree planted in the Churchyard, from the West into the East; with the like force it thrust before it High-wayes, Sheep-folds, Hedges and Trees, made Tilled ground Pasture, and again turned Pasture into Tillage. Having walked in this sort from Saturday in the evening, till Monday noon, it then stood still." It seems not improbable that Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane.

It was for an age of faith, for a people whose credulity was fed on such prodi-

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gies and whose imagination glowed at such wonderful portents, that Shakespeare wrote, weaving into the realities of sense those awful mysteries of the supernatural which hovered not far away from every Englishman of his time.

Shakespeare was born in 1564, when Elizabeth had been six years on the throne, and he died in 1616, nine years before James I., of the faulty spleen, was carried to the royal chapel in Westminster, "with great solemnity, but with greater lamentation." Old Baker, who says of himself that he was the unworthiest of the knights made at Theobald's, condescends to mention William Shakespeare at the tail end of the men of note of Elizabeth's time. The ocean is not more boundless, he affirms, than the number of men of note of her time; and after he has finished with the statesmen ("an exquisite statesman for his own ends was Robert Earl of Leicester, and for his Countries good, Sir William Cecill, Lord Burleigh"), the seamen, the great commanders, the learned gentlemen and writers (among them Roger Askam, who had sometime been schoolmaster to Queen Elizabeth, but, taking too great delight in gaming and cockfighting, lived and died in mean estate), the learned divines and preachers, he concludes, "After such men, it might be thought ridiculous to speak of Stageplayers; but seeing excellency in the meanest things deserve remembring, and Roscius the Comedian is recorded in History with such commendation, it may be allowed us to do the like with some of our Nation. Richard Bourbidge and Edward Allen, two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like; and to make their Comedies compleat, Richard Tarleton, who for the Part called the Clowns Part, never had his match, never will have. For Writers of Playes, and such as have been Players themselves, William Shakespeare and Benjamin Johnson have especially left their Names recommended to posterity."

Richard Bourbidge (or Burbadge) was the first of the great English tragic actors, and was the original of the greater number of Shakespeare's heroes, — Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Shylock, Macbeth, Richard III., Romeo, Brutus, etc. Dick Tarleton, one of the privileged scapegraces of social life, was regarded by his contemporaries as the most witty of clowns and comedians. The clown was a permitted character in the old theatres, and intruded not only between the acts, but even into the play itself, with his quips and antics. It is probable that he played the part of clown, grave-digger, etc., in Shakespeare's comedies, and no doubt took liberties with his parts. It is thought that part of Hamlet's advice to the players — "and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them," etc. — was leveled at Tarleton.

The question is often asked, but I consider it an idle one, whether Shakespeare was appreciated in his own day as he is now. That the age was unable to separate him from itself, and see his great stature, is probable; that it enjoyed him with a sympathy to which we are strangers there is no doubt. To us he is inexhaustible. The more we study him, the more are we astonished at his multiform genius. In our complex civilization, there is no development of passion, or character, or trait of human nature, no social evolution, that does not find expression somewhere in those marvelous plays; and yet it is impossible for us to enter into a full, sympathetic enjoyment of those plays unless we can in some measure re-create for ourselves the atmosphere in which they were written. To superficial observation great geniuses come into the world at rare intervals in history, in a manner independent of what we call the progress of the race. It may be so; but the form the genius shall take is always determined by the age in which it appears, and its expression is shaped by the environments. Acquaintance with the Bedouin desert life of to-day, which has changed little for three thousand years, illumines the book of Job like an electric light. Modern research into Hellenic and Asiatic life has given a new meaning to the Iliad and the Odyssey, and greatly enhanced our enjoy-

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ment of them. A fair comprehension of the Divina Commedia is impossible without some knowledge of the factions that rent Florence; of the wars of Guelf and Ghibelline; of the spirit that banished Dante, and gave him an humble tomb in Ravenna instead of a sepulchre in the pantheon of Santa Croce. Shakespeare was a child of his age; it had long been preparing for him; its expression culminated in him. It was essentially a dramatic age. He used the accumulated materials of centuries. He was playwright as well as poet. His variety and multiform genius cannot otherwise be accounted for. He called in the coinage of many generations, and reissued it purified and unalloyed, stamped in his own mint. There was a Hamlet probably, there were certainly Romeos and Juliets, on the stage before Shakespeare. In him were received the imaginations, the inventions, the aspirations, the superstitions, the humors, the supernatural intimations; in him met the converging rays of the genius of his age, as in a lens, to be sent onward thenceforth in an ever-broadening stream of light.

It was his fortune to live not only in a dramatic age, but in a transition age, when feudalism was passing away, but while its shows and splendors could still be seriously comprehended. The dignity that doth hedge a king was so far abated that royalty could be put upon the stage as a player's spectacle; but the reality of kings and queens and court pageantry was not so far past that it did not appeal powerfully to the imaginations of the frequenters of the Globe, the Rose, and the Fortune. They had no such feeling as we have in regard to the pasteboard kings and queens who strut their brief hour before us in anachronic absurdity.

But, besides that he wrote in the spirit of his age, Shakespeare wrote in the language and the literary methods of his time. This is not more evident in the contemporary poets than in the chroniclers of that day. They all delighted in ingenuities of phrase, in neat turns and conceits; it was a compliment then to be called a "conceited" writer.

Of all the guides to Shakespeare's time, there is none more profitable or entertaining than William Harrison, who wrote for Holinshed's chronicle, The Description of England, as it fell under his eyes from 1577 to 1587. Harrison's England is an unfailing mine of information for all the historians of the sixteenth century; and in the edition published by the New Shakespeare Society, and edited, with a wealth of notes and contemporary references, by Mr. Frederick J. Furnivall, it is a new revelation of Shakespeare's England to the general reader.

Harrison himself is an interesting character, and trustworthy above the general race of chroniclers. He was born in 1534, or, to use his exactness of statement, "upon the 18th of April, hora 11, minut 4, Secunde 56, at London, in Cordwainer streete, otherwise called bowe-lane." This year was also remarkable as that in which "King Henry 8 polleth his head; after whom his household and nobility, with the rest of his subjects do the like." It was the year before Anne Boleyn, haled away to the Tower, accused, condemned, and executed in the space of fourteen days, "with sigheing teares" said to the rough Duke of Norfolk, "Hither I came once my lord, to fetch a crown imperial; but now to receive, I hope, a crown immortal." In 1544, the boy was at St. Paul's school; the litany in the English tongue, by the king's command, was that year sung openly in St. Paul's, and we have a glimpse of Harrison with the other children, enforced to buy those books, walking in general procession, as was appointed, before the king went to Boulogne. Harrison was a student at both Oxford and Cambridge, taking the degree of bachelor of divinity at the latter in 1569, when he had been an Oxford M. A. of seven years' standing. Before this he was household chaplain to Sir William Brooke, Lord Cobham, who gave him in 1588–9 the rectory of Radwinter, in Essex, which he held till his death, in 1593. In 1586 he was installed canon of Windsor. Between 1559 and 1571 he married Marion Ise-

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brande, of whom he said in his will, referring to the sometime supposed unlawfulness of priests' marriages, "by the laws of God I take and repute in all respects for my true and lawful wife." At Radwinter, the old parson, working in his garden, collected Roman coins, wrote his chronicles, and expressed his mind about the rascally lawyers of Essex, to whom flowed all the wealth of the land. The lawyers, in those days, stirred up contentions, and then reaped the profits. "Of all that ever I knew in Essex," says Harrison, "Denis and Mainford excelled, till John of Ludlow, *alias* Mason, came in placé, unto whom in comparison these two were but children." This last did so harry a client for four years that the latter, still called upon for new fees, "went to bed, and within four days made an end of his woeful life, even with care and pensiveness." And after his death, the lawyer so handled his son "that there was never sheep shorn in May, so near clipped of his fleece present, as he was of many to come." The Welsh were the most litigious people. A Welshman would walk up to London barelegged, carrying his hose on his neck, to save wear and because he had no change, importune his countrymen till he got half a dozen writs, with which he would return to molest his neighbors, though no one of his quarrels was worth the money he paid for a single writ.

The humblest mechanic of England to-day has comforts and conveniences which the richest nobles lacked in Harrison's day, but it was nevertheless an age of great luxury and extravagance; of brave apparel, costly and showy beyond that of any Continental people, though wanting in refined taste; and of mighty banquets, with service of massive plate, troops of attendants, and a surfeit of rich food and strong drink.

In this luxury the clergy of Harrison's rank did not share. Harrison was poor on forty pounds a year. He complains that the clergy were taxed more than ever, the church having become "an ass whereon every man is to ride to market and cast his wallet." They paid tenths and first fruits and subsidies, so that out of twenty pounds of a benefice the incumbent did not reserve more than £13 6s. 8d. for himself and his family. They had to pay for both prince and laity, and both grumbled at and slandered them. Harrison gives a good account of the higher clergy; he says the bishops were loved for their painful diligence in their calling, and that the clergy of England were reputed on the Continent as learned divines, skillful in Greek and Hebrew and in the Latin tongue. There was, however, a scarcity of preachers and ministers in Elizabeth's time, and their character was not generally high. What could be expected when covetous patrons canceled their debts to their servants by bestowing advowsons of benefices upon their bakers, butlers, cooks, grooms, pages, and lackeys, — when even in the universities there was cheating at elections for scholarships and fellowships, and gifts were for sale! The morals of the clergy were, however, improved by frequent conferences, at which the good were praised and the bad reproved; and these conferences were "a notable spur unto all the ministers, whereby to apply their books, which otherwise (as in times past) would give themselves to hawking, hunting, tables, cards, dice, tipling at the ale house, shooting, and other like vanities." The clergy held a social rank with trades people; their sons learned trades, and their daughters might go out to service. Jewell says many of them were the "basest sort of people," — unlearned, fiddlers, pipers, and what not. "Not a few," says Harrison, "find fault with our thread-bare gowns, as if not our patrons but our wives were the causes of our woe." He thinks the ministers will be better when the patrons are better, and he defends the right of the clergy to marry and to leave their goods, if they have any, to their widows and children instead of to the church, or to some school or almshouse. What if their wives are fond, after the decease of their husbands, to bestow themselves not so advisedly as their calling requireth; do not duch-

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esses, countesses, and knights' wives offend in the like fully so often as they? And Eve, remarks the old philosopher of Radwinter, — "Eve will be Eve, though Adam would say nay."

The apparel of the clergy, at any rate, was more comely and decent than it ever was in the popish church, when the priests "went either in divers colors like players, or in garments of light hue, as yellow, red, green, etc.; with their shoes piked, their hair crisped, their girdles armed with silver; their shoes, spurs, bridles, etc., buckled with like metal; their apparel (for the most part) of silk, and richly furred; their caps laced and buttoned with gold; so that to meet a priest, in those days, was to behold a peacock that spreadeth his tail when he danceth before the hen."

Hospitality amongst the clergy was never better used, and it was increased by their marriage; for the meat and drink were prepared more orderly and frugally, the household was better looked to, and the poor oftener fed. There was perhaps less feasting of the rich in bishops' houses, and "it is thought much peradventure, that some bishops in our time do come short of the ancient gluttony and prodigality of their predecessors;" but this is owing to the curtailing of their livings, and the excessive prices whereunto things are grown.

Harrison spoke his mind about dignitaries. He makes a passing reference to Thomas à Becket as "the old Cocke of Canturburie," who did crow in behalf of the see of Rome, and the "young cockerels of other sees did imitate his demeanour." He is glad that images, shrines, and tabernacles are removed out of churches. The stories in glass windows remain only because of the cost of replacing them with white panes. He would like to stop the wakes, guilds, paternities, church-ales, and brides-ales, with all their rioting, and he thinks they could get on very well without the feasts of apostles, evangelists, martyrs, the holy-days after Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and those of the Virgin Mary, with the rest. "It is a world to see," he wrote of 1552, "how ready the Catholicks are to cast the communion tables out of their churches, which in derision they call Oysterboards, and to set up altars whereon to say mass." And he tells with sinful gravity this tale of a sacrilegious sow: "Upon the 23d of August, the high altar of Christ Church in Oxford was trimly decked up after the popish manner; and about the middest of evensong, a sow cometh into the quire, and pulled all to the ground; for which heinous fact, it is said she was afterwards beheaded; but to that I am not privy." Think of the condition of Oxford when pigs went to mass! Four years after this there was a sickness in England, of which a third part of the people did taste, and many clergymen, who had prayed not to live after the death of Queen Mary, had their desire, the Lord hearing their prayer, says Harrison, "and intending thereby to give his church a breathing time."

There were four classes in England, — gentlemen, citizens, yeomen, and artificers or laborers. Besides the nobles, any one can call himself a gentleman who can live without work and buy a coat of arms, — though some of them "bear a bigger sail than his boat is able to sustain." The complaint of sending abroad youth to be educated is an old one; Harrison says the sons of gentlemen went into Italy, and brought nothing home but mere atheism, infidelity, vicious conversation, and ambitious, proud behavior, and retained neither religion nor patriotism. Among citizens were the merchants, of whom Harrison thought there were too many; for, like the lawyers, they were no furtherance to the commonwealth, but raised the price of all commodities. In former, free-trade times, sugar was sixpence a pound, now it is two shillings sixpence; raisins were one penny, and now sixpence. Not content with the old European trade, they have sought out the East and West Indies, and likewise Cathay and Tartary, whence they pretend, from their now and then suspicious voyages, they bring home great commodities. But Harrison cannot see that prices are one whit abated by this enormity, and

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certainly they carry out of England the best of its wares.

The yeomen are the stable, free men, who for the most part stay in one place, working the farms of gentlemen, are diligent, sometimes buy the land of unthrifty gentlemen, educate their sons to the schools and the law courts, and leave them money to live without labor. These are the men that made France afraid. Below these are the laborers and men who work at trades, who have no voice in the commonwealth, and crowds of young serving-men who become old beggars, highway robbers, idle fellows, and spreaders of all vices. There was a complaint then, as now, that in many trades men scamped their work, but, on the whole, husbandmen and artificers had never been so good; only there were too many of them, too many handicrafts of which the country had no need. It appears to be a fault all along in history that there are too many of almost every sort of people.

In Harrison's time the greater part of the building in cities and towns was of timber, only a few of the houses of the commonalty being of stone. In an old plate giving a view of the north side of Cheapside, London, in 1638, we see little but quaint gable ends and rows of small windows set close together. The houses are of wood and plaster, each story overhanging the other, terminating in sharp pediments; the roofs projecting on cantaleyers, and the windows occupying the whole front of each of the lower stories. They presented a lively and gay appearance on holidays, when the pentices of the shop fronts were hung with colored draperies, and the balconies were crowded with spectators, and every pane of glass showed a face. In the open country, where timber was scarce, the houses were, between studs, impaneled with clay, red, white, or blue. One of the Spaniards who came over in the suite of Philip remarked the large diet in these homely cottages: "These English," quoth he, "have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king." "Whereby it appeareth," comments Harrison, "that he liked better of our good fare in such coarse cabins, than of their own thin diet in their prince-like habitations and palaces." The timber houses were covered with tiles; the other sort with straw or reeds. The fairest houses were ceiled within with mortar and covered with plaster, the whiteness and evenness of which excited Harrison's admiration. The walls were hung with tapestry, arras-work, or painted cloth, whereon were divers histories, or herbs, or birds, or else ceiled with oak. Stoves had just begun to be used, and only in some houses of the gentry, "who build them not to work and feed in, as in Germany and elsewhere, but now and then to sweat in, as occasion and need shall require." Glass in windows, which was then good and cheap, and made even in England, had generally taken the place of the lattices and of the horn, and of the beryl which noblemen formerly used in windows. Gentlemen were beginning to build their houses of brick and stone, in stately and magnificent fashion. The furniture of the houses had also grown in a manner "passing delicacy," and not of the nobility and gentry only, but of the lowest sort. In noblemen's houses there was abundance of arras, rich hangings of tapestry, and silver vessels, plate often to the value of one thousand and two thousand pounds. The knights, gentlemen, and merchants had great provision of tapestry, Turkie work, pewter, brass, fine linen, and cupboards of plate worth perhaps a thousand pounds. Even the inferior artificers and many farmers had learned also to garnish their cupboards with plate, their joined beds with silk hangings, and their tables with fine linen, — evidences of wealth for which Harrison thanks God and reproaches no man, though he cannot see how it is brought about, when all things are grown to such excessive prices.

Old men of Radwinter noted three things marvelously altered in England within their remembrance. The first was the multitude of chimneys lately erected; whereas in their young days there were not, always except those in the religious and manor houses, above

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two or three chimneys in most upland towns of the realm; each one made his fire against a reredos in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat. The second was the amendment in lodging. In their youth they lay upon hard straw pallets covered only with a sheet, and mayhap a dogswain coverlet over them, and a good round log for pillow. If in seven years after marriage a man could buy a mattress and a sack of chaff to rest his head on, he thought himself as well lodged as a lord. Pillows were thought meet only for sick women. As for servants, they were lucky if they had a sheet over them, for there was nothing under them to keep the straw from pricking their hardened hides. The third notable thing was the exchange of treene (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin. Wooden stuff was plenty, but a good farmer would not have above four pieces of pewter in his house; with all his frugality, he was unable to pay his rent of four pounds without selling a cow or horse. It was a time of idleness, and if a farmer at an ale-house, in a bravery to show what he had, slapped down his purse with six shillings in it, all the rest together could not match it. But now, says Harrison, though the rent of four pounds has improved to forty, the farmer has six or seven years' rent lying by him, to purchase a new term, garnish his cupboard with pewter, buy three or four feather-beds, coverlets, carpets of tapestry, a silver salt, a nest of bowls for wine, and a dozen spoons. All these things speak of the growing wealth and luxury of the age. Only a little before this date, in 1568, Lord Buckhurst, who had been ordered to entertain the Cardinal de Châtillon in Queen Elizabeth's palace at Sheen, complains of the meanness of the furniture of his rooms. He showed the officers who preceded the cardinal such furniture and stuff as he had, but it did not please them. They wanted plate, he had none; such glass vessels as he had they thought too base. They wanted damask for long tables, and he had only linen for a square table, and they refused his square table. He gave the cardinal his only unoccupied tester and bedstead, and assigned to the bishop the bedstead upon which his wife's waiting-women did lie, and laid them on the ground. He lent the cardinal his own basin and ewer, candlesticks from his own table, drinking-glasses, small cushions, and pots for the kitchen. My Lord of Leicester sent down two pair of fine sheets for the cardinal, and one pair for the bishop.

Harrison laments three things in his day: the enhancing of rents, the daily oppression of poor tenants by the lords of manors, and the practice of usury, — a trade brought in by the Jews, but now practiced by almost every Christian, so that he is accounted a fool that doth lend his money for nothing. He prays the reader to help him, in a lawful manner, to hang up all those that take cent. per cent. for money. Another grievance, and most sorrowful of all, is that many gentlemen, men of good port and countenance, to the injury of the farmers and commonalty, actually turn graziers, butchers, tanners, sheep-masters, and woodmen. Harrison also notes the absorption of lands by the rich; the decay of houses in the country, which comes of the eating up of the poor by the rich; the increase of poverty; the difficulty a poor man had to live on an acre of ground; his forced contentment with bread made of oats and barley, and the divers places that formerly had good tenants, and now were vacant, hop-yards and gardens.

Harrison says it is not for him to describe the palaces of Queen Elizabeth; he dare hardly peep in at her gates. Her houses are of brick and stone, neat and well situated, but in good masonry not to be compared to those of Henry VIII.'s building; they are rather curious to the eye, like paper-works, than substantial for continuance. Her court is more magnificent than any other in Europe, whether you regard the rich and infinite furniture of the household, the number of officers, or the sumptuous entertainments. And the honest chronicler is so struck with admiration of the

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virtuous beauty of the maids of honor that he cannot tell whether to award preëminence to their amiable countenances or to their costliness of attire, between which there is daily conflict and contention. The courtiers of both sexes have the use of sundry languages and an excellent vein of writing. Would to God the rest of their lives and conversation corresponded with these gifts! But the courtiers, the most learned, are the worst men when they come abroad that any man shall hear or read of. Many of the gentlewomen have sound knowledge of Greek and Latin, and are skillful in Spanish, Italian, and French; and the noblemen even surpass them. The old ladies of the court avoid idleness by needle work, spinning of silk, or continual reading of the Holy Scriptures or of histories, and writing diverse volumes of their own, or translating foreign works into English or Latin; and the young ladies, when they are not waiting on her majesty, "in the mean time apply their lutes, citherns, pricksong, and all kinds of music." The elders are skillful in surgery and the distillation of waters, and sundry other artificial practices pertaining to the ornature and commendation of their bodies; and when they are at home they go into the kitchen and supply a number of delicate dishes of their own devising, mostly after Portuguese receipts; and they prepare bills of fare (a trick lately taken up) to give a brief rehearsal of all the dishes of every course. I do not know whether this was called the "higher education of women" at the time.

In every office of the palaces is a Bible, or book of acts of the church, or chronicle, for the use of whoever comes in, so that the court looks more like a university than a palace. Would to God the houses of the nobles were ruled like the queen's! The nobility are followed by great troops of serving-men in showy liveries; and it is a goodly sight to see them muster at court, which, being filled with them, "is made like to the show of a peacock's tail in the full beauty, or of some meadow garnished with infinite kinds and diversity of pleasant flowers." Such was the discipline of Elizabeth's court that any man who struck another within it had his right hand chopped off by the executioner in a most horrible manner.

The English have always had a passion for gardens and orchards. In the Roman time grapes abounded and wine was plenty, but the culture disappeared after the Conquest. From the time of Henry IV. to Henry VIII. vegetables were little used, but in Harrison's day the use of melons, pompions, radishes, cucumbers, cabbages, turnips, and the like was revived. They had beautiful flower gardens annexed to the houses, wherein were grown also rare and medicinal herbs; it was a wonder to see how many strange herbs, plants, and fruits were daily brought from the Indies, America, and the Canaries. Every rich man had great store of flowers, and in one garden might be seen from three hundred to four hundred medicinal herbs. Men extol the foreign herbs to the neglect of the native, and especially tobacco, "which is not found of so great efficacy as they write." In the orchards were plums, apples, pears, walnuts, filberts; and in noblemen's orchards store of strange fruit, — apricots, almonds, peaches, figs, and even in some oranges, lemons, and capers. Grafters also were at work with their artificial mixtures, "dallying, as it were, with nature and her course, as if her whole trade were perfectly known unto them: of hard fruits they will make soft, of sour sweet, of sweet yet more delicate; bereaving also some of their kernels, others of their cores, and finally endowing them with the flavor of musk, amber, or sweet spices at their pleasure." Gardeners turn annual into perpetual herbs, and such pains are they at that they even use dish-water for plants. The Gardens of Hesperides are surely not equal to these. Pliny tells of a rose that had sixty leaves on one bud, but in 1585 there was a rose in Antwerp that had one hundred and eighty leaves; and Harrison might have had a slip of it for ten pounds, but he thought it a "tickle hazard." In his own little garden, of not above three

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hundred square feet, he had near three hundred samples, and not one of them of the common, or usually to be had.

Our kin beyond sea have always been stout eaters of solid food, and in Elizabeth's time their tables were more plentifully laden than those of any other nation. Harrison scientifically accounts for their inordinate appetite. "The situation of our region," he says, "lying near unto the north, does cause the heat of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force; therefore our bodies do crave a little more ample nourishment, than the inhabitants of the hotter regions are accustomed withal, whose digestive force is not altogether so vehement, because their internal heat is not so strong as ours, which is kept in by the coldness of the air, that from time to time (specially in winter) doth environ our bodies." The North Britons in old times were accustomed often to great abstinence, and lived when in the woods on roots and herbs. They used sometimes a confection, "whereof so much as a bean would qualify their hunger above common expectation;" but when they had nothing to qualify it with, they crept into the marsh water up to their chins, and there remained a long time, "only to qualify the heat of their stomachs by violence."

In Harrison's day the abstemious Welsh had learned to eat like the English, and the Scotch exceeded the latter in "over much and distemperate gormandize." The English eat all they can buy, there being no restraint of any meat for religion's sake or for public order. The white meats, — milk, butter, and cheese, — though very dear, are reputed as good for inferior people, but the more wealthy feed upon the flesh of all sorts of cattle and all kinds of fish. The nobility ("whose cooks are for the most part musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers") exceed in number of dishes and change of meat. Every day at dinner there is beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, conie, capon, pig, or as many of these as the season yielded, besides deer and wild fowl and fish, and sundry delicacies "wherein the sweet hand of the sea-faring Portingale is not wanting." The food was brought in, commonly, in silver vessels at tables of the degree of barons, bishops, and upwards, and referred first to the principal personage, from whom it passed to the lower end of the table, the guests not eating of all, but choosing what each liked; and nobody stuffed himself. The dishes were then sent to the servants, and the remains of the feast went to the poor, who lay waiting at the gates in great numbers.

Drink was served in pots, goblets, jugs, and bowls of silver in noblemen's houses, and also in Venice glasses. It was not set upon the table, but the cup was brought to each one who thirsted; he called for such a cup of drink as he wished, and delivered it again to one of the by-standers, who made it clean by pouring out what remained, and restored it to the sideboard. This device was to prevent great drinking, which might ensue if the full pot stood always at the elbow. But this order was not used in noblemen's halls, nor in any order under the degree of knight or squire of great revenue. It was a world to see how the nobles preferred to gold and silver, which abounded, the new Venice glass, whence a great trade sprung up with Murano that made many rich. The poorest even would have glass, but home-made, — a foolish expense, for the glass soon went to bits, and the pieces turned to no profit. Harrison wanted the philosopher's stone to mix with this molten glass and toughen it.

There were multitudes of dependents fed at the great houses, and everywhere, according to means, a wide-open hospitality was maintained. Froude gives a notion of the style of living in earlier times by citing the details of a feast given when George Neville, brother of Warwick the king-maker, was made archbishop of York. There were present, including servants, thirty-five hundred persons. These are a few of the things used at the banquet: three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred and four tuns of wine, eighty oxen, three thousand

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geese, two thousand pigs, four thousand conies, four thousand heronshaws, four thousand venison pasties cold and five hundred hot, four thousand cold tarts, four thousand cold custards, eight seals, four porpoises, and so on.

The merchants and gentlemen kept much the same tables as the nobles, especially at feasts, but when alone were content with a few dishes. They also desired the dearest food, and would have no meat from the butcher's but the most delicate, while their list of fruits, cakes, cates, and outlandish confections is as long as that at any modern banquet. Wine ran in excess. There were used fifty-six kinds of light wines, like the French, and thirty of the strong sorts, like the Italian and Eastern. The stronger the wine, the better it was liked. The strongest and best was in old times called *theologicum*, because it was had from the clergy and religious men, to whose houses the laity sent their bottles to be filled, sure that the religious would neither drink nor be served with the worst; for the merchant would have thought his soul should have gone straightway to the devil if he had sent them any but the best. The beer served at noblemen's tables was commonly a year old, and sometimes two, but this age was not usual. In households generally it was not under a month old, for beer was liked stale if it were not sour, while bread was desired as new as possible so that it was not hot.

The husbandman and artificer ate such meat as they could easiest come by and have most quickly ready; yet the banquets of the trades in London were not inferior to those of the nobility. The husbandmen, however, exceed in profusion, and it is incredible to tell what meat is consumed at bridals, purifications, and such like odd meetings; but each guest brought his own provision, so that the master of the house had only to provide bread, drink, house-room, and fire. These lower classes Harrison found very friendly at their tables, — merry without malice, plain without Italian or French subtlety, — so that it would do a man good to be in company among them; but if they happen to stumble upon a piece of venison or a cup of wine or very strong beer, they do not stick to compare themselves with the lord-mayor, — and there is no public man in any city of Europe that may compare with him in port and countenance during the term of his office.

Harrison commends the great silence used at the tables of the wiser sort, and generally throughout the realm, and likewise the moderate eating and drinking. But the poorer countrymen do babble somewhat at table, and mistake ribaldry and loquacity for wit and wisdom, and occasionally are cup-shotten; and what wonder, when they who have hard diet and small drink at home come to such opportunities at a banquet! The wealthier sort in the country entertain their visitors from afar, however long they stay, with as hearty a welcome the last day as the first; and the countrymen contrast this hospitality with that of their London cousins, who joyfully receive them the first day, tolerate them the second, weary of them the third, and wish 'em at the devil after four days.

The gentry usually ate wheat bread, of which there were four kinds; and the poor generally bread made of rye, barley, and even oats and acorns. Corn was getting so dear, owing to the forestallers and middle-men, that, says the historian, "if the world last a while after this rate, wheat and rye will be no grain for poor men to feed on; and some catterpillers [two-legged speculators] there are that can say so much already."

The great drink of the realm was of course beer (and it is to be noted that a great access of drunkenness came into England with the importation much later of Holland gin) made from barley, hops, and water, and upon the brewing of it Harrison dwells lovingly, and devotes many pages to a description of the process, especially as "once in a month practiced by my wife and her maid servants." They ground eight bushels of malt, added half a bushel of wheat meal, half a bushel of oat meal, poured in eighty gallons of water, then eighty gallons more,

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and a third eighty gallons, and boiled with a couple of pounds of hops. This, with a few spices thrown in, made three hogsheads of good beer, meet for a poor man who had only forty pounds a year. This two hundred gallons of beer cost altogether twenty shillings; but although he says his wife brewed it "once in a month," whether it lasted a whole month the parson does not say. He was particular about the water used: the Thames is best, the marsh worst, and clear spring water next worst; "the fattest standing water is always the best." Cider and perry were made in some parts of England, and a delicate sort of drink in Wales, called metheglin; but there was a kind of "swish-swash" made in Essex from honey-combs and water, called mead, which differed from the metheglin as chalk from cheese.

In Shakespeare's day much less time was spent in eating and drinking than formerly, when, besides breakfast in the forenoon and dinners, there were "beverages" or "nuntion" after dinner, and supper before going to bed, — "a toie brought in by hardie Canutus," who was a gross feeder. Generally, there were, except for the young who could not fast till dinner time, only two meals daily, dinner and supper. Yet the Normans had brought in the habit of sitting long at the table, — a custom not yet altogether abated, since the great people, especially at banquets, sit till two or three o'clock in the afternoon; so that it is a hard matter to rise and go to evening prayers and return in time for supper.

Harrison does not make much account of the early meal called "breakfast;" but Froude says that in Elizabeth's time the common hour of rising, in the country, was four o'clock, summer and winter, and that breakfast was at five, after which the laborers went to work and the gentlemen to business. The Earl and Countess of Northumberland breakfasted together and alone at seven. The meal consisted of a quart of ale, a quart of wine, and a chine of beef; a loaf of bread is not mentioned, but we hope (says Froude) it may be presumed. The gentry dined at eleven and supped at five. The merchants took dinner at noon, and, in London, supped at six. The university scholars out of term ate dinner at ten. The husbandmen dined at high noon, and took supper at seven or eight. As for the poorer sort, it is needless to talk of their order of repast, for they dined and supped when they could. The English usually began meals with the grossest food, and ended with the most delicate, taking first the mild wines and ending with the hottest; but the prudent Scot did otherwise, making his entrance with the best, so that he might leave the worse to the menials.

I will close this portion of our sketch of English manners with an extract from the travels of Hentzner, who visited England in 1598, and saw the great queen go in state to chapel at Greenwich, and afterwards witnessed the laying of the table for her dinner. It was on Sunday. The queen was then in her sixty-fifth year, and "very majestic," as she walked in the splendid procession of barons, earls, and knights of the garter: "her face, oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to from their great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither small nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, and the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels." As she swept on in this magnificence, she spoke graciously first to one, then to another, and

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always in the language of any foreigner she addressed; whoever spoke to her kneeled, and wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on his knees. When she pulled off her glove to give her hand to be kissed, it was seen to be sparkling with rings and jewels. The ladies of the court, handsome and well shaped, followed, dressed for the most part in white; and on either side she was guarded by fifty gentlemen pensioners, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, where she graciously received petitions, there was an acclaim of "LONG LIVE QUEEN ELIZABETH!" to which she answered, "I THANK YOU, MY GOOD PEOPLE." The music in the chapel was excellent, and the whole service was over in half an hour. This is Hentzner's description of the setting out of her table: —

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a table-cloth, which after they had both kneeled three times, he spread upon the table; and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; and when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they two retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the Yeomen of the Guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the Lady Taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the Ladies of the court."

The queen dined and supped alone, with very few attendants.

Charles Dudley Warner.

BUYING A HORSE.

IF one has money enough, there seems no reason why one should not go and buy such a horse as he wants. This is the commonly accepted theory, on which the whole commerce in horses is founded, and on which my friend proceeded.

He was about removing from Charlesbridge, where he had lived many happy years without a horse, further into the country, where there were charming drives and inconvenient distances, and where a horse would be very desirable, if not quite necessary. But as a horse seemed at first an extravagant if not sinful desire, he began by talking vaguely round, and rather hinting than declaring that he thought somewhat of buying. The professor to whom he first intimated his purpose flung himself from his horse's back to the grassy border of the sidewalk where my friend stood, and said he would give him a few points.

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"In the first place, don't buy a horse that shows much daylight under him, unless you buy a horse-doctor *with* him; get a short-legged horse; and he ought to be short and thick in the barrel," — or words to that effect. "Don't get a horse with a narrow forehead: there are horse-fools as well as the other kind, and you want a horse with room for brains. And look out that he 's *all right forward.*"

"What 's that?" asked my friend, hearing this phrase for the first time.

"That he is n't tender in his forefeet, — that the hoof is n't contracted," said the professor, pointing out the well-planted foot of his own animal.

"What ought I to pay for a horse?" pursued my friend, struggling to fix the points given by the professor in a mind hitherto unused to points of the kind.

"Well, horses are cheap, now; and you ought to get a fair family horse — You want a family horse?"

"Yes."

"Something you can ride and drive both? Something your children can drive?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, you ought to get such a horse as that for a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

This was the figure my friend had thought of; he drew a breath of relief. "Where did you buy your horse?"

"*Oh, I always get my horses*" — the plural abashed my friend — "at the Chevaliers'. If you throw yourself on their mercy, they 'll treat you well. I 'll send you a note to them."

"Do!" cried my friend, as the professor sprang upon his horse, and galloped away.

My friend walked home encouraged; his purpose of buying a horse had not seemed so monstrous, at least to this hardened offender. He now began to announce it more boldly; he said right and left that he wished to buy a horse, but that he would not go above a hundred. This was not true, but he wished to act prudently, and to pay a hundred and twenty-five only in extremity. He carried the professor's note to the Chevaliers', who duly honored it, understood at once what my friend wanted, and said they would look out for him. They were sorry he had not happened in a little sooner, — they had just sold the very horse he wanted. I may as well say here that they were not able to find him a horse, but that they used him with the strictest honor, and that short of supplying his want they were perfect.

In the mean time the irregular dealers began to descend upon him, as well as amateurs to whom he had mentioned his wish for a horse, and his premises at certain hours of the morning presented the effect of a horse-fair, or say rather a museum of equine bricabrac. At first he blushed at the spectacle, but he soon became hardened to it, and liked the excitement of driving one horse after another round the block, and deciding upon him. To a horse, they had none of the qualities commended by the professor, but they had many others which the dealers praised. These persons were not discouraged when he refused to buy, but cheerfully returned the next day with others differently ruinous. They were men of a spirit more obliging than my friend has found in other walks. One of them, who paid him a prefatory visit in his library, in five minutes augmented from six to seven hundred and fifty pounds the weight of a pony-horse, which he wished to sell. ("What you want," said the Chevaliers, "*is a pony-horse,*" and my friend, gratefully catching at the phrase, had gone about saying he wanted a pony-horse. After that, hulking brutes of from eleven to thirteen hundred pounds were every day brought to him as pony-horses.) The same dealer came another day with a mustang, in whom was no fault, and who had every appearance of speed, but who was only marking time, as it is called in military drill, I believe, when he seemed to be getting swiftly over the ground; he showed a sociable preference for the curb-stone in turning corners, and was condemned, to be replaced the next evening by a pony-horse that a child might ride or drive, and that especially would not shy. Upon experiment, he shied

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half across the road, and the fact was reported to the dealer. He smiled compassionately. "What did he shy *at?*"

"A wheelbarrow."

"Well! I never see the hoss *yet* that *would n't* shy at a wheelbarrow."

My friend owned that a wheelbarrow was of an alarming presence, but he had his reserves respecting the self-control and intelligence of this pony-horse. The dealer amiably withdrew him, and said that he would bring next day a horse — if he could get the owner to part with a family pet — that *would* suit; but upon investigation it appeared that this treasure was what is called a calico-horse, and my friend, who was without the ambition to figure in the popular eye as a stray circus-rider, declined to see him.

These adventurous spirits were not squeamish. They thrust their hands into the lathery mouths of their brutes to show the state of their teeth, and wiped their fingers on their trousers or grass afterwards, without a tremor, though my friend could never forbear a shudder at the sight. If sometimes they came with a desirable animal, the price was far beyond his modest figure; but generally they seemed to think that he did not want a desirable animal. In most cases, the pony-horse pronounced sentence upon himself by some gross and ridiculous blemish; but sometimes my friend failed to hit upon any tenable excuse for refusing him. In such an event, he would say, with an air of easy and candid comradery, "Well, now, what 's the matter with him?" And then the dealer, passing his hand down one of the pony-horse's fore-legs, would respond, with an upward glance of searching inquiry at my friend, "Well, he 's a leetle mite tender for'a'd."

I am afraid my friend grew to have a cruel pleasure in forcing them to this exposure of the truth; but he excused himself upon the ground that they never expected him to be alarmed at this tenderness forward, and that their truth was not a tribute to virtue, but was contempt of his ignorance. Nevertheless, it was truth; and he felt that it must be his part thereafter to confute the common belief that there is no truth in horse-trades.

These people were not usually the owners of the horses they brought, but the emissaries or agents of the owners. Often they came merely to show a horse, and were not at all sure that his owner would part with him on any terms, as he was a favorite with the ladies of the family. An impenetrable mystery hung about the owner, through which he sometimes dimly loomed as a gentleman in failing health, who had to give up his daily drives, and had no use for the horse. There were cases in which the dealer came secretly, from pure zeal, to show a horse whose owner supposed him still in the stable, and who must be taken back before his absence was noticed. If my friend insisted upon knowing the owner and conferring with him, in any of these instances, it was darkly admitted that he was a gentleman in the livery business over in Somerville or down in the Lower Port. Truth, it seemed, might be absent or present in a horse-trade, but mystery was essential.

The dealers had a jargon of their own, in which my friend became an expert. They did not say that a horse weighed a thousand pounds, but ten hundred; he was not worth a hundred and twenty-five dollars, but one and a quarter; he was not going on seven years old, but was coming seven. There are curious facts, by the way, in regard to the age of horses which are not generally known. A horse is never of an even age: that is, he is not six, or eight, or ten, but five, or seven, or nine years old; he is sometimes, but not often, eleven; he is *never* thirteen; his favorite time of life is seven, and he rarely gets beyond it, if on sale. My friend found the number of horses brought into the world in 1871 quite beyond computation. He also found that most hard-working horses were sick or ailing, as most hard-working men and women are; that perfectly sound horses are as rare as perfectly sound human beings, and are apt, like the latter, to be vicious.

He began to have a quick eye for the

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characteristics of horses, and could walk round a proffered animal and scan his points with the best. "What," he would ask, of a given beast, "makes him let his lower lip hang down in that imbecile manner?"

"Oh, he 's got a parrot-mouth. Some folks like 'em." Here the dealer would pull open the creature's flabby lips, and discover a beak like that of a polyp; and the cleansing process on the grass or trousers would take place.

Of another, "What makes him trot in that spread-out, squatty way, behind?" he demanded, after the usual tour of the block.

"He travels wide. Horse men prefer that."

They preferred any ugliness or awkwardness in a horse to the opposite grace or charm, and all that my friend could urge, in meek withdrawal from negotiation, was that he was not of an educated taste. In the course of long talks, which frequently took the form of warnings, he became wise in the tricks practiced by all dealers except his interlocutor. One of these, a device for restoring youth to an animal nearing the dangerous limit of eleven, struck him as peculiarly ingenious. You pierce the forehead, and blow into it with a quill; this gives an agreeable fullness, and erects the drooping ears in a spirited and mettlesome manner, so that a horse coming eleven will look for a time as if he were coming five.

After a thorough course of the volunteer dealers, and after haunting the Chevaliers' stables for several weeks, my friend found that not money alone was needed to buy a horse. The affair began to wear a sinister aspect. He had an uneasy fear that in several cases he had refused the very horse he wanted with the *aplomb* he had acquired in dismissing undesirable beasts. The fact was he knew less about horses than when he began to buy, while he had indefinitely enlarged his idle knowledge of men, of their fatuity and hollowness. He learned that men whom he had always envied their brilliant omniscience in regard to horses, as they drove him out behind their dashing trotters, were quite ignorant and helpless in the art of buying; they always got somebody else to buy their horses for them. "Find a man you can trust," they said, "and then put yourself in his hands. And *never* trust anybody about the health of a horse. Take him to a veterinary surgeon, and have him go all over him."

My friend grew sardonic; then he grew melancholy and haggard. There was something very strange in the fact that a person unattainted of crime, and not morally disabled in any known way, could not take his money and buy such a horse as he wanted with it. His acquaintance began to recommend men to him. "If you want a horse, Captain Jenks is your man." "Why don't you go to Major Snaffle? He 'd take a pleasure in it." But my friend, naturally reluctant to trouble others, and sickened by long failure, as well as maddened by the absurdity that if you wanted a horse you must first get a man, neglected this really good advice. He lost his interest in the business, and dismissed with lack-lustre indifference the horses which continued to be brought to his gate. He felt that his position before the community was becoming notorious and ridiculous. He slept badly; his long endeavor for a horse ended in nightmares.

One day he said to a gentleman whose turn-out he had long admired, "I wonder if you could n't find me a horse!"

"Want a horse?"

"Want a horse! I thought my need was known beyond the sun. I thought my want of a horse was branded on my forehead."

This gentleman laughed, and then he said, "I 've just seen a mare that would suit you. I thought of buying her, but I want a match, and this mare is too small. She 'll be round here in fifteen minutes, and I 'll take you out with her. Can you wait?"

"Wait!" My friend laughed in his turn.

The mare dashed up before the fifteen minutes had passed. She was beautiful, black as a coal; and kind as a kitten, said her driver. My friend thought her

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head was rather big. "Why, yes, she 's a *pony*-horse; that 's what I like about her."

She trotted off wonderfully, and my friend felt that the thing was now done.

The gentleman, who was driving, laid his head on one side, and listened. "Clicks, don't she?"

"She *does* click," said my friend obligingly.

"Hear it?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, if you ask me," said my friend, "I *don't* hear it. What *is* clicking?"

"Oh, striking the heel of her fore-foot with the toe of her hind-foot. Sometimes it comes from bad shoeing. Some people like it. I don't, myself." After a while he added, "If you can get this mare for a hundred and twenty-five, you 'd better buy her."

"Well, I will," said my friend. He would have bought her, in fact, if she had clicked like a noiseless sewing-machine. But the owner, remote as Medford, and invisibly dealing, as usual, through a third person, would not sell her for one and a quarter; he wanted one and a half. Besides, another Party was trying to get her; and now ensued a negotiation which for intricacy and mystery surpassed all the others. It was conducted in my friend's interest by one who had the difficult task of keeping the owner's imagination in check and his demands within bounds, for it soon appeared that he wanted even more than one and a half for her. Unseen and inaccessible, he grew every day more unmanageable. He entered into relations with the other Party, and it all ended in his sending her out one day after my friend had gone into the country, and requiring him to say at once that he would give one and a half. He was not at home, and he never saw the little mare again. This confirmed him in the belief that she was the very horse he ought to have had.

People had now begun to say to him, "Why don't you advertise? Advertise for a gentleman's pony-horse and phaeton and harness complete. You 'll have a perfect procession of them before night." This proved true. His advertisement, mystically worded after the fashion of those things, found abundant response. But the establishments which he would have taken he could not get at the figure he had set, and those which his money would buy he would not have. They came at all hours of the day; and he never returned home after an absence without meeting the reproach that *now* the very horse he wanted had just been driven away, and would not be brought back, as his owner lived in Billerica, and only happened to be down. A few equipages really appeared desirable, but in regard to these his jaded faculties refused to work: he could decide nothing; his volition was extinct; he let them come and go.

It was at this period that people who had at first been surprised that he wished to buy a horse came to believe that he had bought one, and were astonished to learn that he had not. He felt the pressure of public opinion.

He began to haunt the different sale-stables in town, and to look at horses with a view to buying at private sale. Every facility for testing them was offered him, but he could not make up his mind. In feeble wantonness he gave appointments which he knew he should not keep, and, passing his days in an agony of multitudinous indecision, he added to the lies in the world the hideous sum of his broken engagements. From time to time he forlornly appeared at the Chevaliers', and refreshed his corrupted nature by contact with their sterling integrity. Once he ventured into their establishment just before an auction began, and remained dazzled by the splendor of a spectacle which I fancy can be paralleled only by some dream of a mediæval tournament. The horses, brilliantly harnessed, accurately shod, and standing tall on burnished hooves, their necks curved by the check rein and their black and blonde manes flowing over the proud arch, lustrous and wrinkled like satin, were ranged in a glittering hemicycle. They affected my friend like the youth and beauty of his earliest evening parties; he experienced a sense of bashfulness, of

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sickening personal demerit. He could not have had the audacity to bid on one of those superb creatures, if all the Chevaliers together had whispered him that here at last was the very horse.

I pass over an unprofitable interval in which he abandoned himself to despair, and really gave up the hope of being able ever to buy a horse. During this interval he removed from Charlesbridge to the country, and found himself, to his self-scorn and self-pity, actually reduced to hiring a livery horse by the day. But relief was at hand. The carpenter who had remained to finish up the new house after my friend had gone into it bethought himself of a firm in his place who brought on horses from the West, and had the practice of selling a horse on trial, and constantly replacing it with other horses till the purchaser was suited. This seemed an ideal arrangement, and the carpenter said that he *thought* they had the very horse my friend wanted.

The next day he drove him up, and upon the plan of successive exchanges till the perfect horse was reached my friend bought him for one and a quarter, the figure which he had kept in mind from the first. He bought a phaeton and harness from the same people, and when the whole equipage stood at his door he felt the long-delayed thrill of pride and satisfaction. The horse was of the Morgan breed, a bright bay, small and round and neat, with a little head tossed high, and a gentle yet alert movement. He was in the prime of youth, of the age of which every horse desires to be, and was just coming seven. My friend had already taken him to a horse-doctor, who for one dollar had gone all over him, and pronounced him sound as a fish, and complimented his new owner upon his acquisition. It all seemed too good to be true. As Billy turned his soft eye on the admiring family group, and suffered one of the children to smooth his nose while another held a lump of sugar to his dainty lips, his amiable behavior restored my friend to his peace of mind and his long-lost faith in a world of reason.

The ridiculous planet, wavering batlike through space, on which it had been impossible for an innocent man to buy a suitable horse, was a dream of the past, and he had the solid, sensible old earth under his feet once more. He mounted into the phaeton and drove off with his wife; he returned and gave each of the children a drive in succession. He told them that any of them could drive Billy as much as they liked, and he quieted a clamor for exclusive ownership on the part of each by declaring that Billy belonged to the whole family. To this day he cannot look back to those moments without tenderness. If Billy had any apparent fault, it was an amiable indolence. But this made him all the safer for the children, and it did not really amount to laziness. While on sale he had been driven in a provision cart, and had therefore the habit of standing unhitched. One had merely to fling the reins into the bottom of the phaeton and leave Billy to his own custody. His other habit of drawing up at kitchen gates was not confirmed, and the fact that he stumbled on his way to the doctor who pronounced him blameless was reasonably attributed to a loose stone at the foot of the hill; the misstep resulted in a barked shin, but a little wheel-grease, in a horse of Billy's complexion, easily removed the evidence of this.

It was natural that after Billy was bought and paid for several extremely desirable horses should be offered to my friend by their owners, who came in person, stripped of all the adventitious mystery of agents and middle-men. They were gentlemen, and they spoke the English habitual with persons not corrupted by horses. My friend saw them come and go with grief; for he did not like to be shaken in his belief that Billy was the only horse in the world for him, and he would have liked to purchase their animals, if only to show his appreciation of honor and frankness and sane language. Yet he was consoled by the possession of Billy, whom he found increasingly excellent and trustworthy. Any of the family drove him about; he stood unhitched; he was not afraid of cars; he was as kind as a kitten; he had not, as the neighboring

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coachman said, a voice, though he seemed a little loively in coming out of the stable sometimes. He went well under the saddle; he was a beauty, and if he had a voice it was too great satisfaction in his personal appearance.

One evening after tea, the young gentleman who was about to drive Billy out, stung by the reflection that he had not taken blackberries and cream twice, ran into the house to repair the omission, and left Billy, as usual, unhitched at the door. During his absence, Billy caught sight of his stable, and involuntarily moved towards it. Finding himself unchecked, he gently increased his pace; and when my friend, looking up from the melon-patch which he was admiring, called out, "Ho, Billy! Whoa, Billy!" and headed him off from the gap, Billy profited by the circumstance to turn into the pear orchard. The elastic turf under his unguided hoof seemed to exhilarate him; his pace became a trot, a canter, a gallop, a tornado; the reins fluttered like ribbons in the air; the phaeton flew ruining after. In a terrible cyclone the equipage swept round the neighbor's house, vanished, reappeared, swooped down his lawn, and vanished again. It was incredible.

My friend stood transfixed among his melons. He knew that his neighbor's children played under the porte-cochère on the other side of the house which Billy had just surrounded in his flight, and probably . . . My friend's first impulse was not to go and see, but to walk into his own house, and ignore the whole affair. But you cannot really ignore an affair of that kind. You must face it, and commonly it stares you out of countenance. Commonly, too, it knows how to choose its time so as to disgrace as well as crush its victim. His neighbor had people to tea, and long before my friend reached the house the host and his guests were all out on the lawn, having taken the precaution to bring their napkins with them.

"The children!" gasped my friend.

"Oh, they were all in bed," said the neighbor, and he began to laugh. That was right; my friend would have mocked at the calamity if it had been his neighbor's. "Let us go and look up your phaeton." He put his hand on the naked flank of a fine young elm, from which the bark had just been stripped. "Billy seems to have passed this way."

At the foot of a stone-wall four feet high lay the phaeton, with three wheels in the air, and the fourth crushed flat against the axle; the willow back was broken, the shafts were pulled out, and Billy was gone.

"Good thing there was nobody in it," said the neighbor.

"Good thing it did n't run down some Irish family, and get you in for damages," said a guest.

It appeared, then, that there were two good things about this disaster. My friend had not thought there were so many, but while he rejoiced in this fact, he rebelled at the notion that a sorrow like that rendered the sufferer in any event liable for damages, and he resolved that he never would have paid them. But probably he would.

Some half-grown boys got the phaeton right-side up, and restored its shafts and cushions, and it limped away with them towards the carriage-house. Presently another half-grown boy came riding Billy up the hill. Billy showed an inflated nostril and an excited eye, but physically he was unharmed, save for a slight scratch on what was described as the off hind-leg; the reader may choose which leg this was.

"The worst of it is," said the guest, "that you never can trust 'em after they 've run off once."

"Have some tea?" said the host to my friend.

"No, thank you," said my friend, in whose heart the worst of it rankled; and he walked home embittered by his guilty consciousness that Billy ought never to have been left untied. But it was not this self-reproach; it was not the mutilated phaeton; it was not the loss of Billy, who must now be sold; it was the wreck of settled hopes, the renewed suspense of faith, the repetition of the tragical farce of buying another horse, that most grieved my friend.

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Billy's former owners made a feint of supplying other horses in his place, but the only horse supplied was an aged veteran with the scratches, who must have come seven early in our era, and who, from his habit of getting about on tip-toe, must have been tender for'a'd beyond anything of my friend's previous experience. Probably if he could have waited they might have replaced Billy in time, but their next installment from the West produced nothing suited to his wants but a horse with the presence and carriage of a pig, and he preferred to let them sell Billy for what he would bring, and to trust his fate elsewhere. Billy had fallen nearly one half in value, and he brought very little — to his owner; though the new purchaser was afterwards reported to value him at much more than what my friend had paid for him. These things are really mysteries; you cannot fathom them; it is idle to try. My friend remained grieving over his own folly and carelessness, with a fond hankering for the poor little horse he had lost, and the belief that he should never find such another. Yet he was not without a philanthropist's consolation. He had added to the stock of harmless pleasures in a degree of which he could not have dreamed. All his acquaintance knew that he had bought a horse, and they all seemed now to conspire in asking him how he got on with it. He was forced to confess the truth. On hearing it, his friends burst into shouts of laughter, and smote their persons, and stayed themselves against lamp-posts and house-walls. They begged his pardon, and then they began again, and shouted and roared anew. Since the gale which blew down the poet ——'s chimneys and put him to the expense of rebuilding them, no joke so generally satisfactory had been offered to the community. My friend had, in his time, achieved the reputation of a wit by going about and saying, "Did you know ——'s chimneys had blown down?" and he had now himself the pleasure of causing the like quality of wit in others.

Having abandoned the hope of getting anything out of the people who had sold him Billy, he was for a time the prey of an inert despair, in which he had not even spirit to repine at the disorder of a universe in which he could not find a horse. No horses were now offered to him, for it had become known throughout the trade that he had bought a horse. He had therefore to set about counteracting this impression with what feeble powers were left him. Of the facts of that period he remembers with confusion and remorse the trouble to which he put the owner of the pony-horse Pansy, whom he visited repeatedly in a neighboring town, at a loss of time and money to himself, and with no result but to embarrass Pansy's owner in his relations with people who had hired him and did not wish him sold. Something of the old baffling mystery hung over Pansy's whereabouts; he was with difficulty produced, and when *en evidence* he was not the Pansy my friend had expected. He paltered with his regrets; he covered his disappointment with what pretenses he could; and he waited till he could telegraph back his adverse decision. His conclusion was that, next to proposing marriage, there was no transaction of life that involved so many delicate and complex relations as buying a horse, and that the rupture of a horse-trade was little less embarrassing and distressing to all concerned than a broken engagement. There was a terrible intimacy in the affair; it was alarmingly personal. He went about sorrowing for the pain and disappointment he had inflicted on many amiable people of all degrees who had tried to supply him with a horse.

"Look here," said his neighbor, finding him in this low state, "why don't you get a horse of the gentleman who furnishes mine?" This had been suggested before, and my friend explained that he had disliked to make trouble. His scruples were lightly set aside, and he suffered himself to be entreated. The fact was he was so discouraged with his attempt to buy a horse that if any one had now given him such a horse as he wanted he would have taken it.

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One sunny, breezy morning his neighbor drove my friend over to the beautiful farm of the good genius on whose kindly offices he had now fixed his languid hopes. I need not say what the landscape was in mid-August, or how, as they drew near the farm, the air was enriched with the breath of vast orchards of early apples, — apples that no forced fingers rude shatter from their stems, but that ripen and mellow untouched, till they drop into the straw with which the orchard aisles are bedded; it is the poetry of horticulture; it is Art practicing the wise and gracious patience of Nature, and offering to the Market a Summer Sweeting of the Hesperides.

The possessor of this luscious realm at once took my friend's case into consideration; he listened, the owner of a hundred horses, with gentle indulgence to the shapeless desires of a man whose wildest dream was *one* horse. At the end he said, "I see; you want a horse that can take care of himself."

"No," replied my friend, with the inspiration of despair. "I want a horse that can take care of me."

The good genius laughed, and turned the conversation. Neither he nor my friend's neighbor was a man of many words, and like taciturn people they talked in low tones. The three moved about the room and looked at the Hispano-Roman pictures; they had a glass of sherry; from time to time something was casually murmured about Frank. My friend felt that he was in good hands, and left the affair to them. It ended in a visit to the stable, where it appeared that this gentleman had no horse to sell among his hundred which exactly met my friend's want, but that he proposed to lend him Frank while a certain other animal was put in training for the difficult office he required of a horse. One of the men was sent for Frank, and in the mean time my friend was shown some gaunt and graceful thoroughbreds, and taught to see the difference between them and the plebeian horse. But Frank, though no thoroughbred, eclipsed these patricians when he came. He had a little head, and a neck gallantly arched; he was black and plump and smooth, and though he carried himself with a petted air, and was a dandy to the tips of his hooves, his knowing eye was kindly. He turned it upon my friend with the effect of understanding *his* case at a glance.

It was in this way that for the rest of the long, lovely summer peace was reestablished in his heart. There was no question of buying or selling Frank; there were associations that endeared him beyond money to his owner; but my friend could take him without price. The situation had its humiliation for a man who had been arrogantly trying to buy a horse, but he submitted with grateful meekness, and with what grace Heaven granted him; and Frank gayly entered upon the peculiar duties of his position. His first duty was to upset all preconceived notions of the advantage of youth in a horse. Frank was not merely not coming seven or nine, but his age was an even number, — he was sixteen; and it was his owner's theory, which Frank supported, that if a horse was well used he was a good horse till twenty-five.

The truth is that Frank looked like a young horse; he was a dandy without any of the ghastliness which attends the preservation of youth in old beaux of another species. When my friend drove him in the rehabilitated phaeton he felt that the turn-out was stylish, and he learned to consult certain eccentricities of Frank's in the satisfaction of his pride. One of these was a high reluctance to be passed on the road. Frank was as lazy a horse — but lazy in a self-respectful, æsthetic way — as ever was; yet if he heard a vehicle at no matter how great distance behind him (and he always heard it before his driver), he brightened with resolution and defiance, and struck out with speed that made competition difficult. If my friend found that the horse behind was likely to pass Frank, he made a merit of holding him in. If they met a team, he lay back in his phaeton, and affected not to care to be going faster than a walk, any way.

One of the things for which he chiefly

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prized Frank was his skill in backing and turning. He is one of those men who become greatly perturbed when required to back and turn a vehicle; he cannot tell (till too late) whether he ought to pull the right rein in order to back to the left, or *vice versa;* he knows, indeed, the principle, but he becomes paralyzed in its application. Frank never was embarrassed, never confused. My friend had but to say, "Back, Frank!" and Frank knew from the nature of the ground how far to back and which way to turn. He has thus extricated my friend from positions in which it appeared to him that no earthly power could relieve him.

In going up hill Frank knew just when to give himself a rest, and at what moment to join the party in looking about and enjoying the prospect. He was also an adept in scratching off flies, and had a precision in reaching an insect anywhere in his van with one of his rear hooves which few of us attain in slapping mosquitoes. This action sometimes disquieted persons in the phaeton, but Frank knew perfectly well what he was about, and if harm had happened to the people under his charge my friend was sure that Frank could have done anything short of applying arnica and telegraphing to their friends. His varied knowledge of life and his long experience had satisfied him that there were very few things to be afraid of in this world. Such womanish weaknesses as shying and starting were far from him, and he regarded the boisterous behavior of locomotives with indifference. He had not, indeed, the virtue of one horse offered to my friend's purchase, of standing, unmoved, with his nose against a passing express train; but he was certainly not afraid of the cars.

Frank was by no means what Mr. Emerson calls a mush of concession; he was not merely amiable; he had his moments of self-assertion, his touches of asperity. It was not safe to pat his nose, like the erring Billy's; he was apt to bring his handsome teeth together in proximity to the caressing hand with a sharp click and a sarcastic grin. Not that he ever did, or ever would really bite. So, too, when left to stand long under fly-haunted cover, he would start off afterwards with alarming vehemence; and he objected to the saddle. On the only occasion when any of my friend's family mounted him, he trotted gayly over the grass towards the house, with the young gentleman on his back; then, without warning, he stopped short, a slight tremor appeared to pass over him, and his rider continued the excursion some ten feet further, alighting lumpwise on a bunch of soft turf which Frank had selected for his reception.

The summer passed, and in the comfort of Frank's possession my friend had almost abandoned the idea of ever returning him to his owner. He had thoughts of making the loan permanent, as something on the whole preferable to a purchase. The drives continued quite into December, over roads as smooth and hard as any in June, and the air was delicious. The first snow brought the suggestion of sleighing; but that cold weather about Christmas dispersed these gay thoughts, and restored my friend to virtue. Word came from the stable that Frank's legs were swelling from standing so long without going out, and my friend resolved to part with an animal for which he had no use. I do not praise him for this; it was no more than his duty; but I record his action in order to account for the fact that he is again without a horse, and now, with the opening of the fine weather, is beginning once more to think of buying one.

But he is in no mood of arrogant confidence. He has satisfied himself that neither love nor money is alone adequate to the acquisition: the fates also must favor it. The horse which Frank's owner has had in training may or may not be just the horse he wants. He does not know; he humbly waits; and he trembles at the alternative of horses, mystically summoned from space, and multitudinously advancing upon him, parrot-mouthed, pony-gaited, tender for'a'd, and traveling wide behind.

W. D. Howells.

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RECENT AMERICAN NOVELS.

To return from Egdon Heath and the Hebrides to the familiar places pervaded by that still prolific species, the native American novel, is not enlivening, but to be ashamed of one's kinsfolk, and overlook them when one has been in the company of finer people is not manly. Let us therefore give our respectful and, if possible, affectionate attention to As it May Happen, The Virginians in Texas, The Bohemian, Tritons, Captain Nelson, and a few more which may be supposed fairly to exemplify "the beautiful all around us lying."

As it May Happen[1] first challenges attention by the claim, clearly put forth in large gilt letters upon the cover, to be a novel of American life and character. It is a novel of rather low life and generally worthless character; and it is to be hoped that this does not make it more distinctively American, though the author evidently thinks it does. He affects rapidity, brevity, and a business-like bluntness to such a degree that he omits altogether some of the most important links in his narrative. He has a propensity also for duplicating his characters, which makes his tale confusing: there are two misers in the book, for example, bearing the appropriate names of Nicholas Grundle and Seth Gagger, who both hoard their gains and abuse their families; and the hero has two mothers, whom it requires the closest attention to distinguish from each other. There is an abundance of disagreeable incident in the story, and no lack, from the outset, of action; but toward its close, surprises come tumbling down; the author breaks into a kind of war-dance, and there is something so broadly farcical in his distribution of princely fortunes and assignment of brown-stone fronts to the (comparatively) virtuous upon the last page that one wonders if, after all, he may not have written this book upon a wager as to how preposterous a farrago the public would accept in the way of domestic fiction. There are certain involuntary vulgarisms in the style, however, — like the incessant use of *transpire* for occur, — which forbid the supposition of deliberate mockery.

It is particularly hard to take a book of this sort seriously and consider it with patience. Yet, concluding it to have been written in good faith, we are resolved to dwell on it for a little, because, curiously bad as much of the present performance is, it is yet haunted by a strange kind of amorphous possibility of merit. In the first place, it has the indubitable advantage of a scene laid in the Middle States. The very quietude and indifference of that region, its neutrality amid the stress of effort and the storms of faction which have raged on either side of it for a hundred years, have allowed the deposit of a soil, the exhalation of a certain dreamy atmosphere, favorable, or at least possible, for romance. It is a mistake to suppose that the life which is most exciting to live will always be the most interesting to portray. Do not our more entertaining letters come frequently from the deadliest country places, our more hurried and vapid from the great centres affected by the great world? It would seem that a deep perspective, a striking composition, can hardly be achieved without the canceling and concealment of long spaces of actual *ennui*. Pennsylvania, the paradise of the lazy and the byword of the progressive, whose long-drawn name, even, is compounded of Quaker phlegm and rustic monotony and ends in a yawn, — Pennsylvania furnished scenery for all those intense and original studies of Mrs. Harding Davis which appear to have come prematurely to an end, and for the lamented Mr. Taylor's most powerful and symmetrical novel, the Story of Kennett; and, thanks

[1] *As it May Happen.* A Novel of American Life and Character. By TREBOR. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates. 1879.

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to the fact that its antic action passes precisely there, even As it May Happen is thoroughly invested with an atmosphere and equipped with a landscape. It is also — what is yet more unusual — equipped with a plot, which the author is somewhat too impatient to unravel, but which is ingenious if not new; and there is real humor — a little overstrained, perhaps — in the sketch of the aspiring young bar-man at the Red Lion, who made the country lawyer his bright example, practiced his gestures in secret, and studied his florid phraseology by the help of a dictionary and book of synonyms, and then, when he had given a triumphant representation to that worthy himself, and surprised him, by virtue of the novel flattery, into the condescending offer of a place in his office, drew himself up and replied with dignity that he looked higher after his late success, and proposed to go into politics.

The rule that a career of wild adventure does not furnish the very best plot for a novel is cheerfully disregarded by our contributor, Mr. William M. Baker, who is a kind of self-constituted prophet of pioneer life, and who gives us in The Virginians in Texas[1] an animated chronicle of frontier experience, with a running accompaniment of rattlesnakes, Indians, and prairie-fires. The same vigor of description, rude effectiveness of characterization, bluff superiority to all finical refinements of speech (Chapter II. is entitled Getting a little Fixed), and occasional spasms of evangelical piety which characterize Mr. Baker's other books are to be found in The Virginians in Texas, along with much valuable information about the resources of that unwieldy State, accursed of army officers forevermore.

The Bohemian[2] recalls us to what is presumed to be civilization. It is a tiny book, with a jaunty air, despite the fierce tragic mask upon the cover, and its hundred odd pages are rather cleverly and pointedly written; but the atmosphere we are forced to breathe, as we slip hurriedly through them, is so nauseous and exhausted of vitality that we are ready to cry out for Mr. Baker's grammar and a ranch in Texas. This is the plot: A handsome young Southerner, of good but impoverished family, is serving as clerk in a large dry-goods shop in New York. He is elected to a literary club, — the Expressionists, — where he lends his ideas to the president or master, a vulgar fraud, self-styled a poet, whom he innocently admires, and his money to a prowling broker who is there to fleece the unwary. Both the president and the broker are rejected suitors of a certain notorious belle of ten seasons, who has long ago declared herself independent of the proprieties, and who, roving abroad as a lady-errant in search of adventures, discovers the hero behind his desk, likes his looks, lays her toils for him, and soon brings him to the point of accepting, with dazed delight, her playful offer of marriage. He loves his liege lady truly and blindly, and is a very happy fellow until one day when he finds her in the grounds of her own villa lending an ear to the cynical blandishments of one of the rejected suitors aforesaid; whereupon he hastily goes mad, and flings himself in front of a railroad train. This is the tragedy of modern life. "So he died, and she very imprudently married the broker." The classic tale from which we quote is better worth an effort of memory, for it has more merit and much more logic than The Bohemian. There is a sinister and equivocal air about some portions of the latter, as though it were but a thin disguise of actual events, an insolence in its curtness, as though the author were too careless of the general reader to waste any unnecessary work on him, which reduce that reader's self-respect so rapidly that he has hardly spirit enough left at the end to speak out all his indignation against author and publisher for conniving to put to so base a use a few clear grains of satiric and dramatic talent.

[1] *The Virginians in Texas.* A Story for Old Young Folks and Young Old Folks. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. New York: Harper's Library of American Fiction. 1879.

[2] *The Bohemian.* A Tragedy of Modern Life. By CHARLES DE KAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879

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A much more wholesome and good-humored tale of New York life than The Bohemian is Mr. Bynner's Tritons.[1] We would have liked to find it an advance, as well, upon Nimport, the author's maiden effort of last year, but how very seldom is such a hope thoroughly gratified! Both stories are above the average, and impress one as being the facile work of a clever and agreeable man. There is real humor in each, especially in the too rare appearances of the gentleman in Tritons with a mania for china and interior decoration. "Our drawing-room," he remarks casually at breakfast, "is commonplace and inartistic. My design is to have the floor laid in *marqueterie* of different varieties of Irish oak; to have the walls covered with Japanese stamped leather, with a dado of ebonized cherry carved in cameo, after a mediæval design of hunting scenes and insignia for which I have drawings. The ceiling I shall have painted in panels and cross-hatched with ebonized moldings, while for the frieze I am going to have a fac-simile cast of the Parthenon frieze actually set in the wall. What do you think of that, my dear?"

"I think it will be a jumble of an Anglo-Saxon castle, a Japanese palace, and a Grecian temple, all shaken up and poured into a Yankee parlor; and it will be frightful; but then you know I have no *intuitive perception*."

It is the legitimate function of Mr. Bynner's raillery to touch off the follies of respectable society. When he essays to irradiate with a glare of unnatural cheerfulness the lodgings of a crippled fireman, and to reduce to a series of jingling rhymes the "short and simple annals of the poor," he fails, as did even his master in fiction. How can so clever and discerning a person help seeing that the fame which Dickens got by the sentimentalization of squalor and want and other of life's hardest conditions was the most fleeting and meretricious part of his great reputation! What a distance from this false note to the dignity of Dante, *driven from shore to shore, whichever way the dry wind of poverty blew!*

It must be noted, also, that the freak of maternal *finesse* on which the plot of Tritons is made to hang is really too flimsy for even so slight a weight. It is as childish as the screen business usually is upon the stage. And the *dramatis personæ*, excepting always the china-maniac and perhaps the heroine, are names rather than characters. Nevertheless, this novel is morally sound and mentally lively.

Madame Gréville has the same order of mental gifts plus an essentially French lightness and precision; and then *she has well studied and fully mastered her art*. We are reminded to say of the amusing last novel of this delightful lady, Philomène's Marriages,[2] that it has been translated not into English, but into that quaint compromise between two tongues, first invented, we believe, by Thackeray for the correspondence between Colonel Newcome and Madame de Florac, — "Behold me of return, my friend," etc. There is something to be said for such a dialect, perhaps, on the ground of international deference. Otherwise, it would seem to argue an excessive and, so to speak, morbid acquaintance with French, and a corresponding haziness about the mother-tongue, to employ idioms like the following: "reparations in an apartment;" "the captain's *souvenir* returned of itself in presence of the basket, and his widow accorded him an honorable mention in her memory;" "the hostess *unfrowned;*" "a small house *preceded by* a little pasture;" "*since* a long while;" and "*to* one of these days," by way of a farewell.

To pass from The Bohemian by way of Tritons to Cousin Polly's Gold Mine[3] is equivalent to going from opera bouffe on Friday night to Barnum's moral show on Saturday afternoon, and thence

[1] *Tritons.* A Novel. By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

[2] *Philomène's Marriages.* Translated from the French of Madame Henri Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1879.

[3] *Cousin Polly's Gold Mine.* A Novel. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. New York: Harper's Library of American Fiction. 1879.

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to the Sunday service in an Orthodox church in rural New England, — not, perhaps, a quite untraveled way. Allow this yellow-covered *brochure* its right to preach you a sermon, and you will find that the sermon has its share of pathos and power. And if monotony of experience and fixity of condition do indeed make a good ground tint for a novel, then the sea-looking downs and pasture-lands of Essex County ought to compare favorably with the Pennsylvania grain-fields and coal-pits in their scenic possibilities. They have certainly their own peculiar fitness to be the theatre of certain stern and dreary developments of human destiny. Whether it be that a curse was entailed upon them by the grisly spiritual tragedy they witnessed nigh two hundred years ago, or that the conditions of that tragedy were permanent and are even now exhaled continually by the cold, salt surges and the poor, difficult, storm-beset soil, it is certain that one who would fathom and interpret the indigenous life of that country from age to age must have entered, and that deeply, into the mood of men and women who "scorn delights" without well knowing what they mean, and "live laborious days" in no fresh ecstasy of self-devotion, but with automatic patience and an enforced and often surly resignation.

The author of Cousin Polly seems to understand this, and to have studied her depressing subject faithfully, with the result of giving us a half dozen or more strictly characteristic types, clearly conceived and passably well developed. Of these Cousin Polly herself is the most picturesque and peculiar. Who has not at some time seen her mocking a summer's day? She is the companion of the *crotalus*, and clear consequent of the witches' Sabbath. Her foot is always on her native huckleberry heath; her attire is "withered and wild" as that of her first cousins of Fife, bleached into a "protective resemblance" to the pale rocks and thin grasses amid which she moves; her speech is an infrequent elementary croak; her sole passion, a greed for money, which she gathers, dime by dime, and hides in the vault of the village savings-bank, oblivious of even the least and lowest of its direct uses. The Polly of the book sold her berries and deposited her grim gains in the good old town of Newburyport, and the fulfillment of her one sordid dream — that of finding a mine on her own land — is matter of contemporary history. Equally truthful is the sketch of the two fine farmer's boys, one of whom has to be sacrificed — so narrow are their circumstances — that the other may have a career, and it is quite natural that the voluntary victim should have had a little the nobler nature of the two. The brothers loved the same sweet girl, Alice Leigh, and the more favored won her; but the fortune which she brought her husband melted away, as so many of those marine-made fortunes in our seaboard cities have done. Their orphaned children became the wards of their patient and large-hearted uncle; and there is admirable poetic justice and a really artistic convergence of different lines of destiny in the end, where poor, miserly Polly finds death in her fulfilled desires by falling into the pit excavated by the first miners on her old farm, and the wealth which she had clutched so blindly comes by natural inheritance to Alice's children and their adoptive father, and comes just in time to lift from the brave shoulders of the true hero of the tale the burden which must soon have crushed them.

It must be confessed, however, that this plot looks better in outline than with the author's filling. There is absolutely no action in the book, and the conversations, especially of the more refined characters, are as priggish and impossible as the situations are simple and veracious. It was perhaps the chilly spell of the locality which weighted the writer's pen and rendered an essentially touching conception in effect so flat and pale. Why should the one Essex County woman of exotic genius who might have informed such a plot with fire and sweetness and the fullest and warmest poetry, — why need Mrs. Prescott Spofford have fatigued herself over costly

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trifles, and then stopped writing fiction while her powers were yet unripe and she was evidently so far from having produced her best? Looking back fifteen years, and shocked to find it so many, to the date of In a Cellar, we are ready to echo from our hearts Mr. Ruskin's rueful exclamation, "I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I do wonder at what they lose!"

It is almost the same length of time since any serious effort has been made to reproduce in story the rather impracticable life of colonial New England. A reverent unwillingness to tread too close upon the footsteps of a great master and invade a region which we all feel to be somehow sacred to Hawthorne may account, and not ignobly, for this reserve. But Samuel Adams Drake is in season with his Captain Nelson,[1] and the interesting local researches in which he has been so long and enthusiastically engaged are a sufficient guaranty at the outset for the perfection of his *mise en scène*. Accordingly, we have in the first chapter of this romance of colonial days a rapid but complete and exceedingly graphic picture of Boston in 1689, when Sir Edmund Andros, as the viceroy of James II., held the consolidated governorship of a half dozen colonies, and administered injustice at the old town-house on King Street, hard by the site of the present city hall. In Chapter II. we are still in the sombre overture to the drama, being invited to be present at a February funeral in King's Chapel burying-ground, where the morose and yet wide-awake Puritan mourners mob the rector of the chapel, Master Ratcliffe, for attempting to read the Church of England service over their deceased brother, and come within one of burying him alive in the convenient retreat of the corpse. At this juncture the hero leaps effectively upon the scene, rescues the dishonored ecclesiastic, mediates between the enraged parties with prompt address, succeeds in dispersing the rabble before the military have time to come up and make heroes of them, and averts the most unfortunate consequences by his admirable tact and pluck.

Formal history has little to say of this Captain John Nelson, save that he was a well-connected gentleman, young, brave, and, as it would seem, singularly independent in character; for, though himself an Episcopalian and an aristocrat, he sympathized with the harried and exasperated dissenters, and served with unflinching loyalty the most advanced party in the intractable little State. We meet him next two months later in the same year, in that third week in April which has always been so fateful in our history. While the members of Sir Edmund Andros's council were being seized and carried into custody, and a stentorian patriot was reading aloud from the rickety little balcony of the town hall the famous "Declaration of the *Gentlemen, Merchants, and Inhabitants* of Boston and the adjacent country," supposed to be the "very quick and sudden composure" of the irrepressible Mr. Cotton Mather, Nelson was leading, with admirable generalship, the attack of the armed insurrectionists upon the forts in the harbor. How successful the whole movement was, and how greatly the insurgents were favored of fortune in the simultaneous but of course unknown triumph of the Prince of Orange in England, are matters of general history; and it is equally certain that the real Nelson, despite his gallant services upon the critical day, was coldly regarded by his more fanatical and interested associates, and wholly omitted in the distribution of honors when the government was re-arranged. It is fortunate for the reader, however, that Mr. Drake is not let from making his hero the leader of an unlucky expedition against Port Royal, and thus removing him from the iron constraints of the Massachusetts colony to those provinces which, thanks to the genius of Mr. Parkman, we now know to have been the true fairy-land of our continent. From the time when Nelson meets and fights, off the coast of Maine, the mythical Castine and his Abenaquis, the story becomes highly dramatic, moves with un-

[1] *Captain Nelson.* A Romance of Colonial Days. By Samuel Adams Drake. Harper's Library of American Fiction: New York. 1879.

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flagging spirit, is full of unexpected turns and a genuine romantic fascination. The hero proves himself a hero of the first water, chivalrous, incorruptible, adroit, indomitable; all the more credit to Mr. Drake, if he be chiefly his invention. Certain antique affectations in speech, like "certes," "peace, knave," and "hark ye, master," which the novelist had put on at the outset of his story, and worn for a while consciously and uncomfortably, as one might wear a ruffled shirt and knee-breeches, drop off at this animated stage of the performance, and the diction becomes natural and nervous to a remarkable degree. The picture of the able and crafty Comte de Frontenac, the governor and, as he was then styled, the saviour of French Canada, is very strong and life-like, and the smooth and skillful word-duels between him and his prisoner Nelson, whom he likes for his good manners and daring soldiership, and tries in a thousand ways to corrupt, furnish unusually gratifying reading. Here is a fragment from their first encounter: —

"Having scanned the young man closely for a few seconds, the governor took up a paper, glanced rapidly at its contents, and, turning to the Franciscan at his side, demanded if this was the person named in the dispatch which he held in his hand.

"'Yes, your excellency,' replied the ecclesiastic, with an inclination.

"'And whom M. de Villebon tells us is a most inveterate enemy of Canada?'

"'The same, your excellency.'

"Nelson took a step toward the table, and said in good French, 'I ought to notify your excellency that I understand the language you are speaking perfectly well.'

"'H'm,' muttered Frontenac, 'he is at least a man of honor.' Then, elevating his voice, 'So much the better; we may then talk at our ease. This paper describes you as John Nelson, of Boston.'

"Nelson acknowledged his identity by a bow.

"'You have been in Quebec before?'

"'Yes, your excellency.'

"'More than once?'

"'Twice, M. le Comte.'

"'With what object?'

"'Once to negotiate the release of some captives; once for my own proper account.'

"'Without doubt you have acquaintances in the city.'

"'Perhaps; I cannot say yes or no.'

"'Why did the governor of Boston send you to Arcadia?'

"'Because of my knowledge of the country.'

"'Speak to the question. What end was that knowledge to subserve?'

"'The interests of those who sent me.'

"'What interests?'

"'Your excellency will excuse my answering.'

"'Eh! You will not answer?'

"'No.'

"'How if I have the means to compel you to speak?'

"Nelson's lip curled. 'You have not the means,' he answered quietly.

"'Nous verrons. Your occupation?' demanded the count, continuing his interrogation.

"'I am a merchant.'

"'A merchant who leads a revolution,' pursued Frontenac, with a touch of irony. 'We have heard of you, sir.'

"Not knowing what to reply the young man contented himself with guarding a prudent silence. The count continued with considerable vivacity: 'A most disloyal, a most unrighteous act, sir, to dethrone your legitimate sovereign! But you *Bostonnais* are of the old parliamentary leaven, and account the divine right of princes a thing of little value. *Ma foi!* it must be confessed your Cromwell knew that royal heads should never be touched except with the axe, while this William of Nassau' — here Frontenac elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders expressively — 'comes like a thief in the night and robs his father-in-law of his crown.'

"'I beg your excellency's pardon,' rejoined Nelson, 'King William did not

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steal the crown; he received it from the nobles and commons of England.'

"'A nice distinction, truly! Is not the receiver as bad as the thief?'

"'By your excellency's leave,' said Nelson, nettled, 'Englishmen hold it neither theft nor sacrilege; and when a great nation resolves to defend the title it has given'—

"'Yes, yes,' interrupted the governor, 'the multitude of offenders is their safeguard. But how should noble and chivalric sentiments be expected where there is no *noblesse* to maintain the sound principles of the throne? Faugh! one might as well look for attar of roses in a dunghill!'

"'Monsieur le Comte,' retorted Nelson, pointing to the woman's scalp, 'that is a school of chivalry in which Englishmen do not wish to learn.'"

Nelson's loyalty to his ungrateful compatriots continues proof against all sorts of attacks, both insidious and direct. He manages to send warning to the New England coast of an attack so well concerted as to have threatened the very life of the colonies at a single blow, and makes manful and simple preparation to die a felon's death when his agency is discovered. His valor is yet more severely tested by transportation and the long imprisonment in a French fortress which is substituted at the very last for the death penalty; but even this he gallantly supports, and we leave him unwillingly at the end, with chastened yet unbroken spirit, free and ready to begin a new life in England in his middle age, — one of the most virile, consistent, and honorable characters in all recent fiction.

We have conscientiously refrained from saying anything of Captain Nelson's love-story, which is a likely and touching one enough, but not quite as warmly told, we think, as the tale of his adventures, and which has the merit or demerit, as the reader may decide, of ending exactly as was *not* expected.

The name of Robert Lowell is one which ought always to bespeak respectful attention, if only on account of the conscientious excellence and permanent value of his first work, The New Priest in Conception Bay. In the Stories from an Old Dutch Town[1] we have explored, and possibly not exhausted, by a practiced writer the resources of one of those obscure nooks where a sort of eddy in the headlong course of American living has allowed deep quiet to continue for more than one of the units of earthly time. The old Dutch town is Westervliet on the Hudson, and Westervliet is presumably Schenectady, where the persistence of the Knickerbocker element may perhaps account for Daisy Miller's breeding. A good many quaintnesses of custom and idiom are chronicled in this little book, and the principal sketch, Mr. Schermerhorn's Marriage and Widowhood, has entirely the air of an old family history, and is both novel in the type of character which it portrays and extremely touching. One feels, however, that Mr. Lowell knows a good story better than he can tell it, and his pet vices of narration, his allusive and enigmatical manner, and the various ways he has of pausing, recurring, digressing, correcting, and generally involving his tale, are such as usually beset a *viva voce* historian rather than a writer.

The author of Signing the Contract,[2] Miss (or Mrs.?) Finley, takes us a turn about the wide West, and gives us a turn by the unnecessary ghastliness of some of her incidents. Yet her novel is fairly well written and constructed, — the moral unexceptionable, the incidents possible. It is, as one may say, "poor but honest;" praiseworthy in performance, deplorable in material. In the South and by the Atlantic and by the Pacific, in the Middle States and along the Hudson and in Canada, a few seeds of romance, by more or less anxious cultivation, have been made to germinate, but upon the prairies, we believe, thus far, not one. Singing birds have been "let loose" from time to time under those unfeatured skies, and have "hastened fondly" and swiftly to their trans-

[1] *Stories from an Old Dutch Town.* By ROBERT LOWELL. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

[2] *Signing the Contract and What it Cost.* By MARTHA FINLEY. New York: Dodd and Mead. 1879.

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Atlantic home, saving thus, by desperate flight, the life of their dreams and fancies. Great is the granary of the continent, and Colonel Sellers is its prophet, but its pre-poetic and histrionic æons are not yet done. We say this well remembering Roxy and the Hoosier Schoolmaster, and we dare say the same of Russia, though confronted by Tolstoy and the titanic Tourgénieff.

In the International Episode[1] Mr. Henry James, Jr., has given us some of his daintiest workmanship. His style is more than ever, in this elegant trifle, like a transparent vase, which lets perfectly be seen the swift, but seemingly aimless dartings of his brilliant mockery through the limpid medium of an intelligence absolutely uncolored by preference or sympathy. The light satire of the present sketch is softly announced in its polysyllabic title. Mr. James is still, as in The American, The Europeans, and Daisy Miller, playing with the contrasts between New World and Old World types of character and codes of conduct; accumulating delightfully clever studies, and assorting or rearranging them in new combinations. It is the turn of his countrymen to be specially pleased with his last performance, because in it he has drawn, with his customary precision, the very best kind of American girl, — gentle, proud, high-minded, beautifully brought up, and fair to see, as a matter of course, — who cannot for her life love a British peer because he is a peer, though most amiably disposed toward himself, and keenly susceptible with regard to the picturesque accessories and historic dignity of his position. The comedy has two acts, the first of which takes place in New York and Newport, where the Marquis of Lambeth and his cousin, Mr. Percy Beaumont, arrive in August, "the season for watermelons and Englishmen," and are received and entertained with a lavish hospitality which is also uncalculating, although the noble visitors cannot believe it so. How admirable is the first conversation recorded of these two after their arrival in New York!

"The young men had exchanged few observations, but in crossing Union Square in front of the Monument to Washington — in the very shadow, indeed, projected by the image of the *pater patriæ* — one of them remarked to the other, 'It seems a rum-looking place.'

"'Ah, very odd, very odd,' said the other, who was the clever man of the two.

"'Pity it 's so beastly hot,' resumed the first speaker, after a pause.

"'You know we 're in a low latitude,' said his friend.

"'I dare say,' remarked the other.

"'I wonder,' said the second speaker, presently, 'if they can give one a bath?'

"'I dare say not,' rejoined the other.

"'Oh, I say!' cried his comrade."

Later, Mr. James appends to another dialogue, of the same sparkling order, the following ingenious commentary: —

"The young Englishmen tried American cigars, — those of Mr. Westgate (their host), — and talked together as they usually talked, with many odd silences, lapses of logic, and incongruities of transition; like people who have grown old together, and learned to supply each other's missing phrases; or, more especially, like people thoroughly conscious of a common point of view, so that a style of conversation superficially lacking in finish might suffice for reference to a fund of associations in the light of which everything was all right."

Some such bland apology seems equally requisite for the style of conversation of the ladies at Newport, with whom the Englishmen are presently domesticated. The lamentations of Mrs. Westgate over the fact that "we have no leisure class in America" cover more pages with their vapid prolixity than any but the most reckless realist would have dared assign to them; and even Bessie Alden, destined to come out so nobly in England, does not so much more than vindicate her Boston training by making the inquiry of Lord Lambeth, "Are you a hereditary legislator?" To which he replies, naturally and appropriately, "Oh,

[1] *An International Episode.* Half Hour Series. By Henry James, Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

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I say! — don't make me call myself such names as that."

At the end of the first act of the International Episode, we confess to having thought, with Mr. James's premature admirers in England, that he meant his two countrywomen for delightful fools, but the event has proved that we did not know them nor their author. When the curtain rises upon them in England, they have undergone the most striking transformation: Mrs. Westgate has dropped her twaddle, and is full of spirit, *finesse*, epigram; Miss Bessie has developed into a model of maidenly dignity, capable of leading the story to the *dénoûment* foreshadowed above. And we heartily forgive our author this lack of artistic continuity in his female characters for the sake of the refined practical joke which he is thereby enabled to play upon his English readers.

In the pause between the two parts of the drama, when it seemed even to ourselves as if the balance of the laugh were to be against America, plaudits loud and long resounded the other side the water. We read in the Saturday Review of "a careful, clear, and subtle sketch of the American woman as she lives and flirts in the works of Mr. Henry James;" in the Academy of "a piece of work so capable and original, so vigorous and to a certain point so telling, as to be worthy of equal praise and study," etc. But when the tables were turned, — and turned with what noiseless rapidity and smiling grace! — there was one moment of vacant bewilderment, and then a burst of something very different from applause. The Cornhill Magazine pronounces the episode "thin, flimsy, and unsatisfactory," graciously adding that it would not withdraw its praise of the first part (how could it, by the way?), but that the conclusion is not equal to the prelude. The Academy protests, as it were with tears of wrath, that young English lords do *not* say "filth" and "beastly" to ladies. The British grandmother is ever slow to perceive herself smiled at, but by the time she had adjusted her reading-glass and slowly perused the account of the Duchess of Bayswater's call on the American adventurers, and the reflections and comments of the latter ("She won't even know how well I am dressed," was Mrs. Westgate's rueful observation), that abominable supposition had taken shape in her august mind. The British lion does not lightly own himself pervious to a thorn, but even so tiny and polished a one as Mr. James has insinuated into his paw is enough to make him shake that member in a terrible manner, and lift up howlings audible throughout two continents, — howlings however, which when heard at a certain distance are harmless and even entertaining.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

X.

Dr. Macklin continued surly over Irene's expedition to the housetop, and was indeed about to set off glumly for his own lodgings, when the chance of a mountain war was mentioned.

"I shall go to Hasbeya myself," he broke out. "I shall take a musket and fight for our people."

Then, as his nature was very bellicose, and as the elder men really feared lest he might so do, there ensued an argument on the impropriety of such a method of conducting missionary operations. In the midst of it DeVries returned from a properly brief sojourn aloft, merely stepping into the parlor, however, long enough to say good evening, and then departing in a quiet, graceful fash-

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ion, which somehow confirmed Macklin's evil impressions of him.

"I don't like such smooth-spoken people," he declared, bluntly. "A man as young as that, who has that kind of oily self-possession, always makes me think of a gambler. As far as my observation extends, polish and corruption go together. Look at the Italians and Levantines! They are a set of sweet-spoken reprobates."

"I saw Adolphe Monod, the great Huguenot preacher and saint, when I was in Paris," said Kirkwood. "He had the manners of a — well, I should say a perfect lady. We have no such gentlemen."

"Mr. DeVries is very nice, doctor," added Miss Grant, warmly. "He seems to be as good as he is pleasant."

"Oh, I suppose you must believe in him, or you would n't walk with him," answered Macklin, not at all aware that he was hard upon the young lady.

Irene, who was not accustomed to combat, colored, and dropped into an embarrassed silence. Mr. Kirkwood turned the conversation by asking about the doctor's patients in Abeih. Next there was some further talk on the prospect of war in the mountain. But the mind of Macklin, who was really a most tender-hearted creature, was all this time dwelling on Irene, and on the pain which he at last perceived that he had given her.

"Miss Grant," he said, "would you like to take a ride with me to-morrow to Ras el Beirut?"

"Oh, thank you, doctor," answered the surprised Irene. "But not to-morrow. We have got to move into our own house, and I must help Mrs. Payson."

So sensitive was the doctor that he looked disconcerted over this refusal, proper and even unavoidable as it obviously was. While he was meditating whether he should extend his invitation to some other day, Mrs. Payson entered, and began to talk about the new residence.

"I have been there with Saada and Rufka," she said. "The rooms are all ready, I suppose, though they don't look furnished. It 's a nice little stone house, with a great arched alcove in the front which looks very pretty, though I really should like to take it in and make a room of it. Our one guest chamber seems dreadfully small for a rich young gentleman like Mr. DeVries."

Here was pretty news for the suspicious and, one may already say, jealous doctor. He cast a glance of indignant amazement at the unconscious Payson, and was so stirred up concerning Irene that he could not trust himself to look at her. The headlong, fervent man felt quite sure that "that young dandy" was no fit inmate for a mission circle, and no fit companion for the lovely but over-confiding girl who had come to brighten missionary existence. After sitting for five minutes in surly or sorrowful silence, he started up with the air of a person who needs to brood undisturbed, and went off to his lonely little box in the gardens.

In order to understand his aversion to wealthy and delicately mannered people, it must be made known that he was the child of profound poverty, and that he had won his subsistence and education only through hard labor and bread-and-water frugality. He was not of that temperament which asks favors, or wins them without the asking. No solid man or lady of means had ever been moved to found a scholarship for him, or to lend him a dollar. In college and in the medical school rich students had unconsciously ignored him, as one who could not share in their amusements, and who probably disapproved them. His comprehension of it was that these children of luxury held him in contempt because of his empty purse and threadbare clothing. Of course he studied them, and that with no kindly eye. He noted the vices to which they were tempted, and passionately inferred that all gilded lives are alike, although he knew to the contrary. It was a case of a naturally sweet heart embittered by undeserved severity of fortune, and no doubt also by a pretty strong dose of pride. There has seldom been a more sensitive man,

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or one who oftener wounded the feelings of others, or who more fervently repented of such wounding.

In the morning, all good humor and zeal to oblige, he appeared at the Mission House, and worked like a tiger to get the Paysons into their home. He brought his own horse for Miss Grant's use, and put the Kirkwood side-saddle on to it with his own hands, alleging loudly that Arab servants knew nothing about side-saddles. Then, in his fear lest she should catch a fall, he walked by her side through the deep sand and strong sunshine, though the heavy sweat of ague was rolling from his forehead. She saw that he was ill, and begged him not to weary himself on her account; but he would persist in offering her his toils and sufferings; he was, as it were, doing penance.

It was curious to note how unconscious he was that his appearance did not favor him. His skin had been burnt scarlet by his ride from Abeih, and little flakes of scorched epidermis were peeling from his nose, and the whole face was streaked with dust and moisture. But he kept close by Irene, and lifted up his inflamed countenance to her without disguise, and looked quite happy through all his distress and disfigurement.

It is very seldom that a woman is not touched and favorably impressed by suffering devotion. Irene thought that he was very ugly, at least for the moment, and for the moment very attractive. She was almost glad when he broke down with a chill at the Payson house, so that she could help roll him up in blankets on a sofa, and furthermore show gratitude in the way of capsicum tea.

"It does n't matter about me," he said, shaking the while like an aspen leaf. "I hate to have you give yourself the slightest trouble on my account. It will pass off in a couple of hours. Do your own work, and let me quake it out."

"But why do you run such risks? How could you tire yourself so, and then take that hot walk?"

He came near confessing that he had done it all to make amends for his rudeness of the previous evening, but was checked by a vague feeling that that would be setting up a claim for especial consideration and tenderness.

"It is my reckless way," he chattered out. "I have broken my health by unnecessary exposure. I never think. You must be warned by me. This climate is a Delilah. Promise me that you will be careful of our Syrian nights and noontides."

"I will promise, if you will."

Then, seeing that it wearied him to talk, she unwillingly left him to his malady. In two hours the fit was over, and the victim of recklessness was about again, tottering on his legs occasionally, but as restless and helpful as ever.

"Oh, I feel quite encouraged," he said, when remonstrated with for his pulling and hauling. "If my dumb-ague will only change permanently into chills, I can handle it. Besides, a doctor who grunts and lies up for a shake is no man at all, and deserves to be exterminated."

"A doctor who violates the laws of health is pretty sure to be exterminated," smiled Payson. "Besides, consider the evil example of the thing, and the scorn it heaps on your precepts. You are like a preacher who points out the narrow way, but walks in the broad one."

"Where is that lazy Habeeb?" shouted the doctor. "I want him to give me a lift with this box. I was made to like work, my good friends, and I can't help working."

It was all well with him, physically and morally, during the rest of the day. He lunched and dined with the Paysons, taking his seat where he could best look at Irene, and hardly able to stop speech with her while the host said grace.

"This is lovely," he declared. "It is as jolly as a picnic. By the way, I never went on a picnic in my life, except a Sabbath-school one."

"Do you disapprove of them?" stared Irene.

"My pocket disapproved," returned the doctor, scowling back at his youthful poverty. "Miss Grant, I have known what it is, when I was a senior in col-

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lege, not to be able to send a letter to my mother until I could get a job at sawing wood."

"I know quite enough about that sort of thing," said Irene.

The doctor rejoiced to hear it; it made a companion of her.

"This is lovely," he repeated. "It is better than a picnic. I think our mission is now complete," he continued, staring full at Irene. "We don't want another helper of any sort, man or woman."

Mrs. Payson tittered a little, and Miss Grant could not help blushing. She had never been so claimed, or rather so taken possession of, before. Whether the man looked upon her in a brotherly way, or as a lover, she could not say; but in some fashion or other he seemed to feel that she belonged to him; he fairly chuckled over his ownership. Then came a vague feeling upon her that she should have to give up to him and let him make good his preëmption, no matter what might be its nature. Not knowing how to behave under his appropriating smile, she was relieved when Mr. Payson entered into the conversation with one of his characteristic solemnities.

"I fear we have one gap in our synagogue. I think we could squeeze up and make room, with advantage, for St. Paul."

"I sometimes think we have one," replied Macklin, glancing at the clergyman with such affection and reverence that Irene almost loved him for it.

"No! nor the whole earth, either!" said Payson, evidently understanding the allusion, and as evidently shocked by it. "Does the man live who could make that speech to King Agrippa? Does the man live who could write the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews? Besides all the sanctity and the martydom, what an orator he was!"

For a few seconds the doctor's burnt face had an air of humility; then his animal spirits and boyish loving-heartedness broke out again.

"I *must* do something for our young friend here," he declared. "I can't take her to picnics, and she doesn't want to be bled. Why should n't I see her through the first steps in Arabic? Mr. Payson can't be spared from preaching, and Butrus is busy with his translations, and the rest all have plenty of work, except me. Miss Irene Grant, I 'll teach *you*."

Miss Grant colored again, and secretly desired to object, being already vaguely fearful of courtship, and not quite knowing what to do with such a lover. Payson looked at her with an air of fatherly inquiry, which seemed to say that she was free to decline, if she so preferred. But Mrs. Payson, the usually shy and submissive lady, broke out with a delighted giggle, "Why, certainly! I think it is just the best thing to do. I think it is very kind of you, doctor."

Irene felt that she was being directed for a purpose, but she did not see how she could kindly evade the plan, and she smiled assent to it with the best grace possible. The sanguine Macklin was so boisterously elated that he made himself a discomfort to his pupil. He began at once to make her say *Ya subhac bel khiar*, and other common Arabic phrases. He ordered her to hold up her head, open her mouth wide, and speak out loud. In short, he bullied her considerably, and filled her cheeks with a flush of embarrassment. Meantime, he did not mean to bully her, and could not see that she was worried. He was happy to think of those coming lessons, and quite made himself dreadful with his spirits.

But things greatly changed with the doctor about sundown. He was on the roof of the little house with Irene, — yes, actually alone on the housetop with a young lady; it was altogether proper in a missionary. The sun was sinking in the great blaze of the Mediterranean, and sending its iridescent glories up the mighty slopes of Lebanon. He was pointing everything out to his pupil, his monopolized and preëmpted daughter of Zion, when, looking down into the cactus-hedged lane below him, he saw De-Vries ride up on horseback, followed by a donkey laden with baggage. The tall young man sat his steed finely, and

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made a handsome appearance. The doctor could perceive that Irene watched him eagerly and was anxious to hasten down and greet him. He tried to make her go on admiring the sunset, but it was clearly a job against nature, and he gave it up.

"Well, Lebanon must wait, I see," he said, sulkily.

"It will be there, to-morrow," replied Irene, gayly gathering her dress to descend the stone stairway.

"And he will be here," muttered Macklin, with a face of undisguisable discontent and despondency.

The behavior of DeVries increased his annoyance. The young fellow looked glad to be with the Paysons, and greeted Irene with special cordiality. Moreover, he shook hands cordially with the doctor, and said he remembered him with pleasure.

"Thank you," replied Macklin, but he bowed in a stiff and antagonistic style, much like an iron-clad bowing to a seductive billow. The man did n't know him, and had no right to be glad to see him, and was n't glad. He considered that polite speech mere fashionable hypocrisy, and disapproved of it from the bottom of his rude, honest nature.

Indeed, DeVries's catholic urbanity of manner was sincerely displeasing to the doctor, and in more ways than one. It reminded him so vividly of certain rich college classmates, scions of the New York aristocracy, that he felt as if he were once more in the presence of their civil indifference, understood by him as scorn. He could not talk, and drifted away from the sociable group in the comandaloon, sitting gloomily by himself in a rocking-chair and rocking nervously. It was rather a warm evening for the season, and Irene bustled about and brought a fan to DeVries.

"Who would think," said the doctor to himself, "that that is the same girl who made me my red-pepper tea? They are all alike."

Unable to bear the scene any longer, he made his despondent adieux, and moodily went his way.

XI.

About nine o'clock next morning the doctor was boisterously on hand, full of forgiveness and good humor and goodwill, to give his lesson in Arabic.

What was his astonishment and indignation when he learned that his pupil had gone off with DeVries and Saada to make a call on the blonde lady of the House of Keneasy!

"I call that outrageous!" he broke out. "Here I got up at daylight to clear off my sick-list, so as to give this young person a lesson in Arabic, and I find her flying about on a round of fashionable visiting."

"She did n't expect you so early," pleaded Mrs. Payson. "Why, doctor, I supposed myself that you would come later. Mr. Payson said you were generally busy with your patients till lunch time."

The good lady had that liking for physicians which is so common with the sex of guardian angels. Moreover, she had noted his undisguisable fancy for Irene, and, again like a woman, wanted to see such preferences rewarded. Finally, she knew that her husband not only loved but admired the bright, fatherless girl, and looked forward to her being one of the most useful personages in the mission. For all these reasons she fervently desired to keep up a good understanding between the two young missionaries.

"I thought she would wait for me," grumbled the doctor so surlily that Mrs. Payson feared lest Mr. DeVries would yet be too much for him. "She ought to consider that her Arabic is of far more importance than the small duty of amusing that young lounger."

"He won't be with us long, and Mr. Payson wanted him to see all he could," said the lady, laying much stress and responsibility on her husband, as is perhaps usual with newly-wedded wives. "Of course we want to interest him in the field" —

"Well — of course," assented Macklin, remembering that Madame DeVries *mère* had the repute of being generous

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to missions. "But is this the way? Must our young ladies use their charms to interest men? Is that the best way?"

Mrs. Payson could hardly help smiling at his innocence. She had been not an active, but a watchful member of society, and had sometimes seen feminine charms more potent than male demonstration and appeal.

"Well, I 'm sorry, — I 'm exceedingly sorry," the doctor continued to fret. "I had hoped to commence those lessons to-day. I am exceedingly disappointed."

He hurried out of the house, and in the next minute hurried in again, all with the same air of final decision.

"I 'll wait for her," he said. "I won't be balked in this style. Can you give me a snack, Mrs. Payson? I feel a bit like a chill. I should have one, for certain, if I had n't had one yesterday."

Full of admiration for his manly endurance of physical ills, she joyfully got him an overflowing regale, including a goblet of the beverage of capsicum. Before he had finished the meal Irene came in alone, and received his reproof while sharing his figs and raisins. She treated him with that wondrous patience which some young ladies can accord to exacting gentlemen, on the supposition, possibly, that their exactingness is a symptom of fervent preference, and so to be received as a compliment. And when she made known that Mr. DeVries had gone off alone to the Nahr el Kelb, and proceeded to repeat with a pretty accent three or four Syrian salutations which she had learned at the Beit Keneasy, the doctor not only forgave her escapade, but approved of it. Then the lesson was administered, and the novice showed much talent for linguistic study, or her teacher grossly flattered her.

The habitation of DeVries with the Paysons was not so incessantly harrowing to Macklin as he had expected. The "young dandy" had his antiquarian sense of duty, and labored diligently in the barren field of local discovery. He made two or three equestrian excursions, with note-book and measuring tape about his person, and with a kawass galloping fiercely behind him. He was apt to come in late of evenings, disappointed as to Phœnician inscriptions, but always urbane and chatty. The doctor, although still suspicious of his suavity, had to concede some points in his favor.

"Employs his time better than many young fellows," he said. "I respect this passion for ruins and ethnic riddles. College did him more good than it does some rich fellows."

"I wish he cared as much about his own future as he does about the world's past," sighed Payson. "He is a lovely young man; but it is an awful snare to have great possessions, and I fear he finds earth too satisfying. Yet I will not despair for him. His mother is one of those who can claim the promise. To some are accorded both the treasures of this life and of the next."

"It almost seems unfair, does n't it?" said the doctor. "By the way, that was rather mean, — that thought. I certainly ought not to grumble. Poor as I am, I am happy enough."

Indeed, he would have been ashamed to confess how happy he was in these days, and especially to state exactly what it was that produced his content. He saw a great deal of Miss Grant, and trusted that she received him gladly. He gave her a lesson every morning, rode with her nearly every afternoon, and called on her every evening. It seemed to him that he was having everything his own way. That he was the only young man who ever saw her alone he believed with unsuspecting faith, and of course with great satisfaction.

Yet not a day dawned that Irene and DeVries did not rise with the lark to enjoy in each other's company the morning freshness and glory.

"It is such a fascinating sight, the sun coming over Lebanon!" said this young lady of the housetop.

"I am so glad you think so," replied Mr. DeVries, looking down on her with a quizzical smile.

"Of course I do," insisted Irene. "Don't you like to see the sun rise?"

"I like it in good company."

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Irene tried not to smile, and failed; the result was that she burst out laughing.

"I suppose that means me," she said. "I do hope that all this getting up betimes is not on my account. You ought to be ashamed of such a reason for such a virtue."

"I'll promise not to be ashamed of you, if you won't be ashamed of me."

"What nonsense! I don't understand it a bit."

"I wish you would think of it a great deal, and do your best to understand it."

"I don't mean to think of it at all. What a way you have of spinning cobwebs around my poor intellects! I won't take any notice of them. What was it you said?"

"I said I would n't be ashamed of you as a reason for doing anything, if you would n't be ashamed of me as a reason."

"As a reason for getting up at sunrise? Do you mean to hint that I got up to see you? Conceited, saucy man!"

"I meant that I hoped we were pleased to meet each other here. Is n't it so?"

"I won't answer you," laughed Irene, blushing as much as a brunette could.

"I think it is your duty."

"I consider that a misuse of a great word. There are some words which are sacred to me."

"Please get the dictionary, and let us look them out together. I want to learn them by heart."

Then Irene, after glancing sidelong at his pleasant face, had to break out laughing again, and so of course had to forgive him.

There was much of this kind of discourse. Now and then a little shock came to the young lady in the thought that it was wrong thus to prattle on mission ground and in the house of her dear, grave friend Mr. Payson. But it was impossible to get away from the charm of DeVries when he chose to prattle. He did it so easily; it was mere familiar college-flirting with him; he might be said to flirt and prattle automatically.

Once there was a dialogue between them of a much more serious nature than the above.

"I shall stay at home to-day," DeVries said. "I want to see exactly how you pass your time from morning to night."

"Ah, but I don't know that I want you to. I shall be nervous to have you listening to my stutterings in Arabic."

"Suppose I stutter Arabic myself? Would n't the doctor be glad of another linguistic patient?"

"Perhaps he would," hesitated Irene, who had already noted that her teacher was somewhat given to jealousy.

"Oh, I won't sponge on him for a recitation," said DeVries, noting her misgiving. "But I should really like to follow out one of your Arabian days' entertainments."

"There is n't so very much to it; in fact, there is shamefully little. I help Mrs. Payson a bit about sewing and housekeeping. Then I pick up my Arabic grammar, say over the alphabet and my sentences aloud, and try to commit a verb. When the doctor comes I go through it all again, with him correcting and scolding, — I mean reproving. Next we have lunch. If visitors come in, — lady visitors, — I try hard to talk Arabic with them. In the afternoon I call on some of the families of the native Protestants and talk more Arabic. Or, I go to the Beit Keneasy and stammer Arabic there. Or, perhaps I am taken to ride. Then comes dinner, and then visits to the mission families, or visits from them. But you know all about that. I go to sleep repeating Arabic. In short, the day is one long fight with that dreadful language; and I see already that it will be months before I shall learn much of it; I sometimes think that I ought to give up moiling at it so constantly, and take a class of English in the girls' school."

"Well, are you contented?"

"*Yes*, Mr. DeVries."

"Are you satisfied with what you are doing? Is it all you expected?"

"Oh, dear! I thought I should accomplish something right away. I thought

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I should see a gate of usefulness open, and should tear right in."

"Do you like being here?"

"*Yes*, Mr. DeVries. I have told you so a dozen times. I am resolved to like it. I do like it very much."

"I had thought and hoped that by this time you might want to go back to America."

"Oh! how could you?"

"Look!" said DeVries, pointing to the vast mountain, whitening and glistening now under the full sunrise. "It is very fine, but it is very strange. Would n't you like to see the low green hills and the long green forests again?"

"Please don't try to make me homesick."

"I want to make you homesick."

"But it is unkind. I don't believe you know what homesickness is, or you would n't thrust it upon me. If I give way to it I can be really unwell. And what is the use? My duty is here, and here I have volunteered to live, and here, if I have any character, I *shall* live. Why should you want to break down my sense of duty?"

"How about the duties at home? There is your mother, and your sisters."

"Please don't, Mr. DeVries! Oh, I found it so hard to leave them! But I gave them up, and I must not turn back. Besides, they are taken care of, and if I go home I must be taken care of. I should perhaps be a burden to somebody."

"When you want to turn back, let me know."

"What? Why" — asked Irene eagerly. "Oh, I wish you would n't puzzle me and make me uneasy. I *can't* turn back."

"I shall bring this up from time to time. When I see that you want to go home I will tell you how it can be done."

He was thinking that he could afford to settle an income upon her, and that it would be a romantically satisfactory thing to do. Through the medium of the missionary board, or some other churchly corporation, the money could be placed in her hands without her knowing whence it came. It would support her as well as her present meagre salary, and would restore a bright, handsome girl to appreciating society.

"Oh, you are a very tempter," exclaimed Irene, after a moment of tumultuous thought. "I ought not to listen to you. Why, if there were nothing else to keep me here, how could I desert Mr. Payson? I not only love him, — the dear, sweet, perfectly excellent man, — but I am bound in honor to him. We might all have starved but for his help. And I am obliged to him otherwise, — I am obliged to him for guidance and comfort; you can hardly understand what I owe him. And I have promised myself that I would show honor and gratitude."

"I don't believe he wants a bit of gratitude."

"But my own self-respect?"

"Ah, yes; that of course. Shall I suggest to him a way of getting you home and making it pleasant for you there?"

Then it occurred to Irene (for what else could she make of it?) that he was hinting at marriage. Such a mighty throb went through her heart, and through all her blood down to her very feet, that it seemed as if she would quite stop breathing. For a moment she was as helpless before this young man as if she already loved him to devotion, and had loved him for a long time. Next she remembered that there was a part of her life which he could not share, and that there was a text which warned against "yoking with unbelievers." She was in great perplexity of mind and in great turmoil of emotion.

"No — no," she said in a whisper, for her voice would not obey her. "I don't think I could let you. I must n't let you. I must n't want to go home."

There was a dreadful suspicion in her mind that he had meant to offer himself, and that she had practically refused him, and so given him pain. Of a sudden she sat down, and put both her hands to her face, for the tears were coming. DeVries stepped forward quickly and seated himself by her side, and there is no telling what he might not have said in his desire to comfort her; but just then they heard the singsong

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voice of Habeeb below, calling them to breakfast.

"There — go!" gasped Irene, quite regardless of the golden chance she was missing. "Do go! I will come as quick as I can."

He hesitated, but Habeeb's shrill Arabic call resounded again, and Irene, springing to her feet, hurried down the stairway to her room. Then, drawing a long sigh, and thrusting his hands into his pockets by way of composing his mind, DeVries slowly stalked after her, and appeared tranquilly at the breakfast table.

XII.

It was surely very imprudent in our missionary girl to give way to her feelings on the housetops.

Of course Mount Lebanon would be silent on the subject; and the grunting muleteers who were kicking their patient beasts onward toward Beirut, were not likely to mention it in any circles whose comments were of importance to her; and the staring of some composed, long-robed, red-capped children in the next garden was of no more consequence than the gaze of two equally tranquil storks who seemed to belong to the same family.

But it so happened that Dr. Macklin was out early that morning on a medicating tour, and that it pleased his fancy to pass along the cactus-hedged road near which stood the Payson dwelling. He had not the least idea that his attractive pupil would be up, but he wanted to look at the shuttered window which he knew to be hers. To his amazement and wrath, he saw her on the terrace, her hands clasped to her face, as if she were weeping uncontrollably, while "that dandy," "that rich worldling," was leaning over her in an attitude of tender consolation.

The doctor had a frightful impulse to shout at him, as he would have shouted at a boy robbing a bird's-nest. Then came a spasmodic fear that all was lost, and a sickening desire to creep away from the field of defeat. Meanwhile, his horse ambled quietly along the deep, dumb sand, and soon carried him under cover of a gigantic line of prickly-pears, where he could neither see nor be seen. We will not try to analyze the dreadful anarchy of his thoughts, nor the various anguish of his feelings, except so far as to note that they were compounded in equal parts of grief, wrath, love, and jealousy, making a very obnoxious dose indeed.

That forenoon Irene had no lesson in Arabic. Instead of the glowing, turbulent, good-hearted doctor, there came a lean and bronzed horse-boy named Moosa, who explained that the hakeem had a chill.

"A bad chill?" asked Irene, very sorry for her teacher, though she had been thinking much of DeVries. "Can't we do something for him?"

"Many blessings," returned Moosa, in Arabic. "Peace be upon the lady's fingers. The hakeem charged me to bring blessings many (which was a polite Syrian fib). He trusts in God that he will shortly recover, and bids me kiss your fingers, O my lady."

Which last duty (surely not imposed upon him by the angry hakeem) he went at immediately with an air of keen satisfaction, and then strode away in his broad slippers with a withered grin like that of a monkey.

During the forenoon Mrs. Payson sent some arrowroot and a dose of her superior red-pepper tea to the invalid. But these restorative luxuries did not find him until he no longer stood in need of them. The moment the vehemence of his chill had passed by, he mounted his horse and rode off to the city. His idea was that Irene's happiness, earthly and spiritual, was in peril, and that he would be justified in taking almost any measures to save her. She had been beguiled into meeting that artful worldling alone, and had perhaps met him thus more times than it was endurable to think of. The worldling had troubled her; he had obtained some tormenting influence over her; he had made her weep in the sight of earth and heaven. The dear, innocent young creature must

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be delivered; yes, and smartly lectured, too, the doctor added to himself. He, her best friend, would make inquiries about DeVries, would unveil his true character, or want of character, and would lay all before the mission fraternity. Then, armed with a flaming sword of exposures, he would drive Satan forth from Eden.

This he would do himself. In his boisterously confident way, he said it over and over, "I will do it myself." He was an extraordinary fellow for laying his hands on a business without asking the help of others, much less their advice. In his opinion energy is the chief of virtues, especially that kind of energy which shuts its eyes and catches a firm hold, though it be upon the hottest end of the poker.

His noble purpose was (for he had not a doubt that he was doing the duty of a Christian gentleman) to pump the landlord of the Hotel d'Europa, and also the American consul, as to DeVries's behavior during his short stay in the city. In all his quivering and inflamed being, heated with indignation as much as with fever, he felt sure that he should uncover a sink of iniquity. The young dandy had undoubtedly drunk wine, played at cards, inquired for almeh (dancing girls), and used "bad language."

The first onset of this roaring lion in a fox's skin was made upon the French hotel-keeper.

"You 've had a man here by the name of DeVries," he said in a loud, angry voice. "What sort of a fellow was he?"

Now the landlord had his own view of humanity: he held that guests who ran up large bills and paid them without murmuring were the salt of the earth; and by this opinion he was willing to stand, even when bawled at.

"DeVries?" he repeated. "Ah, yass. I ramaymbre 'im. Beau jeune blond cendré. I ramaymbre 'im. A parfait gentleman. Mos' quiet, nice yong man dat ayver is come to my hotel. A parfait gentleman."

The doctor was astonished and confounded. It was not what he had expected, nor, I am afraid, what he wanted to hear. Moreover, the scene was embarrassing from the fact that the Frenchman had inferred from his loud voice that he was deaf, and had answered him in a high-pitched Gallic shout. So, after pondering a moment, he answered, in a very low tone, "Are you sure?"

"Sure?" cried the other, still at the top of his voice. "He is living now with the missionarees. That show vat sort of young man he be."

The doctor thought not, but he was disgusted with the interview, and marched off without further words. On his way to the consulate, it occurred to him that perhaps the landlord had a different notion from himself as to what elements of character go to make up a gentleman. He decided that he ought not to have been so blunt and brief, and so easily satisfied. He would be more artful with the consul, hateful as artifice was to his honest soul, and wrong as it was except in the cause of virtue.

In his interview with Mr. Brassey he certainly did conduct himself with more of the wisdom of this world than he had shown hitherto. Furthermore, he was helped by a favoring circumstance, of which he took advantage almost without meaning it. In the Beirut custom-house at that time there were several cases of Arabic Bibles, printed in Malta and forwarded for the use of the mission. The customs officers had demanded the duty, and as this was a new thing on their part, and was considered a piece of Moslem discourtesy, the missionaries desired to argue them into withdrawing the claim. To the doctor, who was the factotum as well as the physician of the station, had been confided the labor of managing the affair.

"I must begin about the Bibles," he said to himself. "It would seem strange to mention mission business last."

The result was that the consul failed to suspect that his visitor had come with the purpose of inquiring into the deportment of DeVries, and that the doctor was able eventually to lead the conver-

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sation up to that subject in quite an unostentatious and sly fashion.

"Have you had any decision about our Bibles from those numskulls?" he began, meaning the customs officers.

"They hang to the duty, doctor," replied Mr. Brassey, poking a six-foot chibouk toward his caller, who declined it with a disapproving shake of the head. "My interpreter told me a long lockrum of their talk. The gist of it is that this is the law, and they 're bound to execute it, and ought to done so before."

"Well, have we got to pay that scoundrelly imposition? A mere piece of Turkish insolence!"

"I reckon not," drawled the consul, stroking his long, tan-colored beard. "I reckon a hundred piastres will clear out all their scruples. So the interpreter says. 'T ain't much."

"I call it a good deal!" shouted the doctor.

"Look here; tell you what I 'll do," said Mr. Brassey, kindly. "You 're a lot of people whom I respect, and I 'd like to stand treat to your cause. Suppose I hand over the money out of my own pocket?"

"You don't understand me," returned Macklin, almost angry. "I mean that any bribe, no matter how small, is a good deal. We can't pay — can't afford to pay — one piastre as a bribe."

"Oh, exactly," grinned the politician, highly approving of the moral point, now that he saw it. "Bribery ain't right, is it? Well, there 's another way, and a neater one."

Here he laughed outright over the fun that there evidently was at the far end of this other way.

"Would you mind," he giggled, — "would you sternly object to sparing a few Bibles for the family reading of the Grand Signor and his intimate friends?"

The doctor was disgusted with this uncultivated joking, and scorned to reply.

"And did n't you know it?" continued Mr. Brassey, still laughing. "Did n't you think of this little game?"

"I don't understand what you mean."

"You can pay in *kind!*" shouted the consul, bringing down his shovel of a hand on his bony knee, and sending forth a war-whoop of merriment. "Yes, *sir*, that 's the *law;* you can pay in *kind*. Offer the Mahometans ten Bibles on a hundred, and you can wagon off the rest of your cargo. I 'll bet you what you please they 'll be satisfied with one on a hundred. I 'll bet you they 'll let the whole consignment through for nothing."

It did seem a first-rate joke upon the grasping enemies of the faith, and even the conscientious Macklin could not help assenting to it with a smile. So it was settled that the turbaned excisemen should be paid in Bibles, and that the consular dragoman should attend to their evangelization.

"They won't take a volume," said the doctor. Then, remembering that he had further important business with Mr. Brassey, he added, "We are very much obliged to you."

"Not a bit," nodded the official. "Delighted to do anything for gentlemen of your character and objects in life. Delighted to do anything for anybody, if he 'll only show himself and speak English."

"Very few travelers from our country, I suppose."

"Nary one since DeVries and Wingate."

"You liked those gentlemen, I believe?" inquired Macklin, with the wisdom of the serpent.

"Liked them!" exclaimed Mr. Brassey, his lonely heart warming as he remembered that breakfast, that dinner, and those consecrated hours of draw-poker. "The two most genial, gentlemanly, high-toned, true-blue young Americans that I 've seen in many a day! I was prouder than ever of my country to see that it could produce such fellows. And they were not only good, they were smart. They could crack a good joke, and sing a good song, and speak languages, and ride. But" — and here the consul smiled superior — "they could n't play poker. No, sir, they could n't play poker," he repeat-

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ed, his smile softening into something like pity.

The doctor was throbbingly interested, and also completely puzzled. He did not understand whether DeVries played poker badly, or whether he could not play it at all. He was very anxious to get at the exact facts, and his honest countenance was injudiciously expressive.

Of a sudden it occurred to the functionary that a repute for even the most unskillful poker-playing might hurt his admired young friend with a set of men who could think it wrong to bribe a custom-house officer. It also occurred to him that Dr. Macklin there, a man who had never been inside politics, was trying to pump him, Porter Brassey, an old war-horse and ward-manager.

"No, they did n't know anything about cards," he continued, with an imperturbable countenance. "I got 'em to try an innocent little game, just to while away an hour, you know, and I positively had to give it up. They could n't handle the papers. DeVries acted as though he 'd never had 'em in his fist before."

He paused, and looked his visitor tranquilly in the eye. The doctor's countenance fell, and his gaze wandered. The consul said to himself that he would make a mighty poor politician. It amused him to delude a missionary who was trying to play an artful game, just as it amuses a jockey to swindle a deacon who endeavors to be sharp in horse-flesh. In an easy tone, with a faint sparkle of fun in his brown eyes, he went on to magnify the asceticism of DeVries.

"Pretty stiff against strong drink, too. I got him to taste a drop of Cyprus wine, just as a curiosity, you understand, a sort of Greek antiquity. But" — and here he wanted to laugh aloud as he remembered the youngster's strength of head — "but I saw that he soon had enough of it."

"Oh, indeed," returned the doctor, completely deceived by the consul's humorous equivocation, and visibly cast down by what he understood. Then, somewhat ashamed of himself because of this feeling, he added, "It is a pleasure to hear so much good of him."

"Give him my regards when you see him," said Mr. Brassey, still suspecting that Macklin was unfriendly to DeVries, and willing to make him a little uncomfortable therefor. "Tell him he has n't returned my last call."

"I will," nodded the doctor, briefly, and with a slight frown, recollecting what a bone he had to pick with the young man.

"And my respects to Parson Payson. He *is* a trump, ain't he? I tell you that man will have his pick in the heavenly mansions, or the accounts we have of the other world ain't to be trusted."

Then the doctor said good morning, mounted his horse in deep thought, and rode swiftly homeward. Evidently there were no open scandals to be raked up against DeVries; and he did not at all know how to drive such a decorous serpent out of his Eden.

XIII.

The first thing that this strange doctor did on getting back to his own dwelling was to shut himself up and pray that his heart might be freed of all selfish feelings and aims with regard to this business which lay so near it, and that he might be guided to bring the same to a right issue, whatever that issue should be.

When he had finished this petition, and had brought himself, as he believed, to have no will of his own in the matter, he felt so much more composed in spirit, and also (alas for our human weakness!) so much surer of a happier issue, that he wondered why he had not prayed before. "I am like Christian in the dungeon of Giant Despair," he thought, "who forgot for days that he had a key to open the iron gate. How many times have I forgotten thus, and how soon shall I forget again!"

He was still in this gentle and hopeful mood when he went about midday to give Irene her lesson. It was something of a set-back, therefore, to find her

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talking with DeVries as though they had been at it ever since sunrise. They were not on the housetop, indeed, nor was she weeping with covered face. But she was alone in the comandaloon with him, the two being curled up on the same broad mukaad; and she was in the most comfortable state of mind, prattling and laughing as though she had never known tears. How could she be so inconsistent, — so almost sinfully irrational? How could she let the same man make her cry at sunrise, and make her giggle like a school-girl at noontide? How could a self-respecting young lady thus forgive a heartless tormentor, and continue to him the boon of her companionship, and even obviously make much of him?

This, then, was the result of that prayer which to him had seemed to penetrate the lofty abodes. He was in a state of solemn and, as he imagined, righteous indignation. Alas, my worthy, well-meaning brethren and sisters, for our finite egotism and impatience! We come down from Mount Sinai with the glory thereof, as we hope, on our countenances, and with the tablets of the law in our hands. But lo, our friend, whom we had expected to draw or convince at a glance, looks at us as indifferently as at other mortals, and tranquilly goes on worshiping his or her golden calf, or perhaps wants us to fall down before it also. Then it is that our conceited sinship puts on an air of divine anger, and proceeds to break in pieces all the commandments.

"I have no time to listen now," said the doctor sternly, when Irene told him that Mr. DeVries had a very funny story to relate. "I don't myself find so many humorous things on mission ground," he added, stalking toward the table on which lay the lesson books.

Glum as he was, he was weak. When he differed with other fellow-mortals he stared them straight in the eyes, and had his say out like a piece of artillery, which looks where it fires. But it was impossible for him now to gaze at this girl while he scolded her. He must get behind his own back, as it were, and deliver his volley from under cover.

Irene rose promptly, with a flush of surprise and humiliation, and followed him to the study table. Then the doctor's heart bled over the thought of his own roughness, and, after a glance heavenward, he began the lesson in his gentlest tone. No doubt, if Irene had been left alone with him, her obedience and sweetness would have melted him to apology.

But DeVries did not go away. This urbane young gentleman was at bottom a high-feeling, pugnacious creature, who blazed inwardly under the first discourtesy, and would rather fight than endure a second. He now said to himself that Macklin was an unmannerly fellow who ought to be made to respect his superiors. Rising from the mukaad, he came quietly forward with his hands in his pockets and took a chair near the table. For a minute or two the conjugation of Semitic verbs proceeded, but in a stammering fashion. Irene, who felt that there was wrath between the two men, and feared lest she herself were the cause of it, was nervous and recited badly. At last Macklin decided that he could not, and as a gentleman should not, endure this annoyance any longer.

"Do you propose to qualify yourself as a missionary?" he said, looking up sharply at the listener.

"My dear doctor, how do I disturb you?" replied DeVries, with his usual suavity of manner. "Please consider that your copious Arabic won't suffer any diminution if I catch a few phrases in passing."

The mellifluous utterance and the elaborate civility of diction only increased the irritation of Macklin, who hated everything that savored of what he called artificial society.

"You don't disturb me at all," he retorted, which was an unmeant fib, spoken in haste. "You disturb Miss Grant here."

"Oh, not a bit," pleaded Irene, not knowing what else to say, and at once fearful lest she had said the unwisest thing.

But her face was uncomfortably flushed, and DeVries saw that she was worried. Moreover, she gave him an un-

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intended glance of appeal, which flattered him as a confidence, while it moved him by its pathos.

"I see," he said, smiling at her and turning his back on Macklin. "I don't perceive your slips, but you think I do. Excuse me for making things awkward. I 'll take a gallop among the pines."

"Good-by, — a pleasant ride," Irene called after him, very grateful, and desiring that he might feel content with her.

The doctor uttered no word, not because he was still in angry mood, but because he was pleading mentally that he might be forgiven for his petulance. When they were left alone he put his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand, and said, "I would give ten years of my life to have Mr. Payson's temper and manner."

Irene glanced sidelong at his face, now full of compunction and tenderness, and thought for the first time that he was handsome. He was certainly a very different man in appearance from what he was at his entrance into this story. His baggy, seedy, slop-shop raiment had made place for a new suit of gray, which fitted well and did justice to his stoutly-built but well-proportioned frame. The scarlet of sun-scorch, which then disfigured him from chin to forehead, had vanished and left him a fair, high-colored complexion, quite wholesome as yet, in spite of malaria. His hazel eyes, generally too combative in expression, were now very sweet and attractive with humility.

"Doctor, you are never well," said Irene, pityingly. "You are fretted by this ague. I don't mean," she added hastily, "that you are cross."

"It is the ague, in part," he replied. "I know when I am going to be outrageous. I know it when I get up with a pain in the back of my head, and a tremor like quicksilver in every fibre of my body. But that is n't all; wrath is my besetting sin. I know it and hate it. I would give ten years of my life to be like Payson."

To a modest and even shy young lady, who is not accustomed to masculine unbosoming, it is an awkward thing to play the part of confessor to a bachelor. Irene murmured something about every one having his weakness, and turned her face somewhat wistfully toward the Arabic grammar.

"I can't go on with the lesson," said the doctor, in answer to the look. "I can't go on with it till I have said something."

What he meant was — the inexperienced, headlong suitor — to ask her to be his wife. He had known her little more than a week; he had paid her scarcely any obvious, unmistakable courtship; he had just made exhibition of a temper which was surely not alluring; and yet he purposed to propose.

But as he looked up at her astonished face, another swift change fell upon his most changeable spirit. A vague surprise and anxiety in her gaze made him fear that she was not prepared for his message, and might not receive it as a voice from heaven. The idea paralyzed his powers of speech, and there ensued a moment of most distressing silence. Irene, meanwhile, was querying in great perturbation whether he was going to scold again about Mr. DeVries's attempt to join in the lesson.

"What is it?" she finally asked, unable to bear this suspense and the fixed stare of his anxious eyes.

"I saw you on the terrace early this morning," blurted out the doctor, driven to say something, and not daring to say what he wanted. Quarreling is sometimes marvelously near to love-making.

"We were up there to see the sunset, — I mean the sunrise," replied Irene in great confusion.

The doctor thought she looked guilty, and feared lest she were in some awful peril, and blundered on through his catechism.

"Was it the sunrise," he asked in a sepulchral voice, "which made you weep?"

Irene did not stop to consider that he had no business to put the question. She was so overawed, she was so exactly in the spirit of a docile child who is being reproved, that she answered with the frankness and eagerness of a child.

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"We were talking of America. We were talking of my mother and sisters. Oh, I was so homesick!"

And here, like a truly homesick young woman, she suddenly laid her head down on the table, between her hands, and cried anew. Then the doctor felt that he had been a stupid, heartless brute ever since he entered the house, and would have found it comforting to abase his own noddle and soak the dictionary with his tears.

"Ah, those ties!" he said. "What have I been about! It was all none of my business. My dear friend, I beg your pardon. I wish you would forgive me. I never shall forgive myself."

His penitent voice was very sweet and consolatory, and he was obviously sorrier for her than DeVries had been. She regained her self-control in a half minute or so, and astonished him by raising her head with a smile. Unaccustomed to groping among the various and alert emotions of womankind, he could not understand such a swift leap to cheerfulness, and inferred that she had not been much affected, after all.

"I did n't think of homesickness," he resumed, rallying again to duty. "I was afraid that this young man, — in whom, by the way, I have very little confidence, — I was afraid that he — had hurt your feelings."

"And have n't *you?*" asked Irene, with a touch of feminine roguishness.

"I did n't mean to," gasped the doctor.

He seemed to be beaten, and in spirit was beaten; but at the last moment an accidental phrase gave him the victory; by mere chance he blundered into the bottom facts of the case.

"And so it was mere homesickness," he said. "I am glad to know it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Irene, with an air of sudden remembrance. She had called to mind the proposition to send her to America, and the agitating suspicions or queries to which it had given rise. As for the idea that DeVries had intended to suggest marriage, it should be said that she had, after some reflection, given that up. His talk since the terrace scene had all been light and jovial, without a hint of serious sentiment or purpose. What he meant, she now tranquilly supposed, was to procure her a place as a teacher, or perhaps as a companion to his mother.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you this," Irene went on. "But it would n't be right to give you the impression that we only talked in a vague way about home. What agitated me was — well, Mr. DeVries had some plan — I don't know what exactly — I did n't ask him about it — some plan by which I can go back."

The doctor slammed the dictionary on the table, and stamped about the room like a wild bull, half angry with the matting for smothering his footsteps.

"The — the fellow!" he raved. "I knew he was capable of anything. He shan't stay here. I won't have him in the houses of the mission. I 'll bundle him out myself."

"He wants to send me to my mother!" cried Irene, raising her voice desperately, to make him hear.

"He does n't! What if he does!" shouted Macklin. "He has no business to interfere with our families. He has no business to push his dandified advice upon a young lady who is under our care."

"But I told him I would n't go. I told him I could n't leave my work and my friend Mr. Payson."

"Oh, did you?" said the doctor, suddenly dropping his voice and giving her a sweet smile. "I am so glad! I thank you, Miss Grant, with all my heart. But the brethren must know this," he added, turning solemn again. "You must excuse me for advising; but I do think you ought to mention it to Payson and Kirkwood; I think it is your duty."

"I don't want to trouble dear Mr. Payson. Why should I worry him about a thing which is not to be? I am sorry I told you."

"Ah!" returned Macklin suspiciously. "Mr. DeVries asked you not to mention it."

"He wanted me to mention it. Doctor, what are you imagining all this

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while? Mr. DeVries is as frank as he is kind. He asked my permission to speak to Mr. Payson about the plan. I think he wanted to explain it to him."

Macklin stared at her eagerly, and then suddenly sat down like a man who feels dizzy. He had inferred that this proposal to lay all before Payson covered an intent to ask Miss Grant's hand in marriage. If so, and if the offer should still make its way to her ear, would she not be likely to accept a young fellow who was certainly pleasing to the superficial eye, and who could rescue her and her kin from poverty?

Irene remained for a few seconds as silent as the doctor. She was not angry with her obstreperous friend for charging into her affairs and driving her to surrender a cherished and consolatory secret. I believe that a young woman seldom does feel keenly irritated against a man who is on confidential terms with her, and whose every word and deed, however rampageous, breathes a strong interest in herself. Irene was simply puzzled by Macklin's quick change of demeanor, and waited for him to bring forth some dreadful recommendation or reprimand.

"Do you think," she finally asked, "that I had better let Mr. DeVries speak to Mr. Payson?"

The doctor, with a most wretched sinking at the heart, seeming to see her already going off as a bride, mustered all the nobility and strength of his soul, and gasped out, "Do as you judge best for your own welfare and happiness."

"I want to do my duty," returned Irene. "There is no use in troubling Mr. Payson. I propose to stay in Syria."

Macklin gave her a glance which amazed her, — a glance of inexpressible admiration, joy and gratitude, — and then, with a shaking voice, resumed the lesson.

DOBSON'S PROVERBS IN PORCELAIN.

Mr. Austin Dobson is more or less known in this country as a writer of *vers de société*, — that is to say, he is not known at all. A man's grade should be fixed by his highest, not his lowest. That Mr. Dobson has been so unworthily labeled is somewhat his own fault; for on the title-page of his first volume he modestly designated his poems as vers de société, and the reviewers of his native island accepted him at his own valuation. But Mr. Dobson is something more than a maker of boudoir ballads: he is a young English poet with special gifts, a writer of winged lyrics. I say winged lyrics, to intimate that they fly far above the average verse of the English magazines; there are even very pretty lyrics which only crawl. He has been classed with Praed and Locker, but he has a greater mastery of rhythm than the one, a wider range than the other, and at his best he rises into an atmosphere which neither of these writers has frequently breathed.

Mr. Dobson has published two volumes of miscellaneous verse. The first collection is entitled Vignettes in Rhyme, and the second, now under consideration, takes its fanciful title from a cluster of rhymed proverbs in dramatic form, — a species of airy poem quite novel in English literature. The finest of these six little comedies are The Cap that Fits and Good-Night, Babette, though they all have point, wit, and a certain high-bred precision that is harder to describe than to like. I fancy, however, that the Proverbs in Porcelain, in spite of their idiomatic neatness, will be passed over as trifles, except by those readers who have been bewitched by

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such things as George Sand's *Un Bienfait n'est jamais perdu* and De Musset's *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée.* On second thought, perhaps it is to some of the pieces in the Saynètes and Monologues, published by Tresse of Paris, that Mr. Dobson's sketches bear the closer affinity. I find his work in this kind delightful, though these are not the poems that give him the rank as a poet to which I think him entitled. In the Elizabethan era he would have laid at Gloriana's pointed shoe-tips that same Loyall Ballade of the Armada which, with its stiff archaic turns, seems so forlornly out of place in the modern typography of Mr. John C. Wilkins, of Castle Street, Chancery Lane; or, later, Mr. Dobson would have caused Waller and the other court poets to turn green with jealousy, for our singer has the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily the master of both in metrical art.

I do not intend that wholly as praise. A man may be much too ingenious with his anapests and dactyls. It is difficult to write the *pantoum*, — an intricate Maylan arrangement of rhyme; it is also difficult to keep three balls in the air; but neither feat is likely to stir the spectator's envy. (Why not object, then, to the Italian form of the sonnet, which is even more difficult than the pantoum? asks one. Because the sonnet is capable of an infinite variety of music, and has dignity. The pantoum lacks compass and is monotonous; it is like a tiresome old person who all the time repeats himself.) Mr. Dobson's triolets, rondels, rondeaus, and other imitations of obsolete fashions of French verse are examples of his exceeding skill; but for my part, I confess I hold that even the lowest slope on Parnassus is too good a site for a gymnasium.

Mr. Dobson's facility sometimes lures him into being merely artificial. The group of poems called A Case of Cameos is an instance in point. The poet audibly says to himself: I will write ten verses on the agate cameo, ten on the carnelian, ten on the sardonyx, and so on, until a certain number of carved gems is exhausted. I will do this, he says, and — what is worse — does it very cleverly. But no poem, not even a couplet really worth the writing, was ever written on so mechanical an impulse.

One would have to be a captious critic to find many serious flaws in Mr. Dobson's graceful workmanship. Here and there he recalls the manner of other writers, but never offensively. In trifles like Cupid's Alley and Dora versus Rose, he displays a commendable appreciation of Mr. Locker's delicate melody. The stanzaic form used in the prologue and epilogue to the Proverbs pleasantly suggests The Daisy of Tennyson and the quatrain of Omar Khayyám; but the strongest quality in all is the poet's individuality: —

> "Flaccus, you write us charming songs:
> No bard we know possesses
> In such perfection what belongs
> To brief and bright addresses."

It is in such poems as The Idyl of the Carp, The Prayer of the Swine to Circe (a poem of subtile beauty), and To a Greek Girl that Mr. Dobson is thoroughly his best self. Though the Vignettes in Rhyme is not here in question, I must cite with the above-named pieces The Death of Procris, The Sun-Dial, The Sick Man and the Birds, and The Story of Rosina. I copy the lines To a Greek Girl, not because they illustrate the rarest mood of the author, but because they come within the limits of quotation: —

TO A GREEK GIRL.

(AFTER A WEEK OF LANDOR'S HELLENICS.)

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come, —
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoë!

Where'er you pass, where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go, where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass;
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread, —
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead, —
Not wholly dead! — Autonoë!

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How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreathe the rustic garden-god!
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket-braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy-twinkling fingers flee;
To woo you in soft woodland words,
With woodland pipe, Autonoë!

In vain, — in vain! The years divide:
Where Thamis rolls a murky tide,
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams;
A vision, like Alcestis, brought
From under-lands of Memory,
A dream of Form in days of Thought, —
A dream, a dream, Autonoë!

This, to be sure, is not the kind of song men shout going to battle; but when young Agamemnon gets home from the wars and lies dreaming under the trees, with his helmet tumbled among the myrtles, he need not affect to scorn such light strains. But Mr. Dobson has soberer measures. There is a fine sonorous music, like martial sounds blown through metal, in some verses beginning, —

"Princes! — and you, most valorous,
Nobles and barons of all degrees."

It is a lot of gray prodigals lamenting lost opportunity and begging for yesterday: —

"Give us, — ah, give us, — but yesterday!" —

a ballad quite in the manner of Villon. "Enter a Song singing" is the quaint stage direction now and then met with in old English masques. Many of Mr. Dobson's lyrics seem the very personifications of songs singing themselves. The interludes in Good Night, Babette, for example: —

"Once at the Angelus
(Ere I was dead),
Angels all glorious
Came to my Bed, —
Angels in blue and white,
Crowned on the Head.

'One was the Friend I left
Stark in the Snow;
One was the Wife that died
Long, long ago;
One was the Love I lost . . .
How could she know?

"One had my Mother's eyes,
Wistful and mild;
One had my Father's face,
One was a Child:
All of them bent to me, —
Bent down and smiled!"

This loses somewhat by separation from the context. The half-mystical chant is indescribably effective in its proper place. A vein of pure pathos runs through several of Mr. Dobson's briefer pieces, and makes us regret that he is so often content to be merely witty and elegant.

These three stanzas are very simple, natural, and touching: —

THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she 'd worked at it!
How lovingly had drest
With all her would-be-mother's wit
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she 'd hung on it!
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere black December fled;
That rosy nest he never prest . . .
Her coffin was his bed.

With one more extract, — from Ars Victrix, an admirable paraphrase of the concluding poem in Gautier's Émaux et Camées, — I commend Mr. Dobson and his book to the reader's good graces: —

"Leave to the tyro's hand
The limp and shapeless style;
See that thy form demand
The labor of the file.

"Sculptor, do thou discard
The yielding clay; consign
To Paros marble hard
The beauty of thy line;

"Model thy Satyr's face
In bronze of Syracuse;
In the veined agate trace
The profile of thy Muse.

"Painter, that still must mix
But transient tints anew,
Thou in the furnace fix
The firm enamel's hue;

"Let the smooth tile receive
Thy dove-drawn Erycine,
Thy Sirens blue at eve
Coiled in a wash of wine.

"All passes. ART alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,
The Coin Tiberius."

Théophile Gautier himself was not more thoroughly an artist than Mr. Dobson. It will be gathered from what has been said and quoted that he is not one

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of the deep organ-voices of England. He is a very fresh, polished, and graceful poet, whose right to a seat in the choir is as incontestable as that of the leading singer. All the same, I am afraid it will go hard with Mr. Dobson when he is dragged before those austere judges who always demand of the poetical culprit: Did you have a mighty Purpose? I hope Mr. Dobson will be Yankee enough to answer the question by asking another: What purpose had Keats in writing Hyperion, or The Eve of St. Agnes, or the Ode to a Grecian Vase? Of course that will not save Mr. Dobson.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE TWO NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS.

I.

THE time has been when the kind of talent that insisted on doing the most repugnant things it could think of to the public taste expected to keep its works in its studio in an unbroken series, to lead a life of obscurity and painful vicissitudes, and wait for its triumphant vindication till twenty years after death. This plan, with such advantages as it had, is certainly at an end. The extreme eccentric elbows the regular practitioner on equal terms. He appears to see no reason why he should not sell his picture on the opening night, and demands his posthumous fame on the spot.

The Society of American Artists is chiefly responsible for the outburst of aggressive singularity of which there is reason to complain. It was not to its discredit at first, as a fresh and independent movement, that it should have been induced to extend its protection to some specimens whose only merit proved to be their strangeness. This year the tolerance reaches the point of an appearance of positive bias in their favor, and to a weakening of the society's influence.

There is nothing American art needs so little at the present time as eccentricity. This ought to be written up in a prominent place, and constantly referred to. It will be strange indeed if the new impulse, from which so much was looked for, is to fall into the decrepitude of morbidness and affectation the moment it is born.

The American public never has had anything like enough of straightforward work of the best kind; the time for eccentricity comes later. It only vaguely knows of the capabilities of artistic skill as developed abroad. What it needs more than anything else is splendid, accurate drawing, rich coloring, and scholarly composition of the most perfected kind. It will respect eccentricity in men who can do all this, and, because of human discontent and unsteadiness, feel that they have got beyond it and are searching for new ways; but it can hardly do less than despise it where it suspects it as a cover for gross incapacity.

The aberrations paraded for inspection this year present, generally all at once, execrable drawing, obscurity of subject, and a kind of ghoulish delight in unnatural juxtapositions of color. Great store is set by frigid crimson streaks in the midst of sulphurous and mineral greens. The mind reverts from what should be a smiling landscape to the interior of Vesuvius and deadly acids.

Two eccentricities of principle have been the means of creating in the metropolis a really considerable excitement, beginning with the appearance of Mr. Currier's sketches in the Water-Color Exhibition in January. The first

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is the view that a picture is to be considered finished when the artist feels that he can do nothing more to improve it. The second may be called the five-minute principle in art. These result in the abandonment of work in very elementary stages, like the portraits by Russel and Miss Kibbe at the Kurtz gallery, — both quite nice as far as they go, — and the production of pictures in which only such merits are preserved as are consistent with lightning-like celerity.

A very obvious reply to the first proposition is that it depends altogether on the kind of artist. If he be one of little skill, and know not how to carry his picture farther without spoiling it, it is clearly his duty to go to somebody who does and can tell him, and not set up his incompetence as a new and superior order of art. As to the second, it may confidently be said that nowhere in the world, and here less than elsewhere, is the demand for pictures so extreme that such economy of time in their production is called for.

The disinterested outsider is half tempted to regard Currier as a purely mythical personage, like Mrs. Harris. He sends over from Munich, at long intervals, a few sketches bearing the impress of extreme haste. He has the air of saying, "Now, here is a rather neat thing I knocked off while waiting for a train," and, "How are these for half a dozen landscapes while crossing the country on a steeple-chase?" They are carefully framed and set up for the admiration of a distracted public with a complacency that — inasmuch as no sterling work has ever been sent or heard of, and the reverence cannot attach to them that belongs to the trivial doings of the great — begins, by repetition, to border on the offensive. What does he *do*, the query occurs, — if indeed he be not a mere cover made use of by certain persons to indulge themselves in vagaries, — with the remainder of his time in all these long years of study under the most advantageous circumstances?

There are certain qualities, possibly not all accidental, in these sketches, and were they put forward for what they are worth, and accompanied with the explanations that may be heard in an inner, knowing circle, they might be the occasion of useful reflections instead of wonder and alarm. The maker of them is described as an investigator. He is said to be experimenting at present in the exclusive direction of Force.

His contributions to the display of the Society of American Artists are the portraits of a man and a boy. The former is a bony head of a goblin-like, haunting type, colored in burnt sienna, and immersed in a sticky, bituminous ground. The other is conceded to be a "frowning boy," but he is much more than frowning. He ought, by his age, to be a chubby, pouting little fellow, but he has purple patches in his cadaverous complexion, and looks alarmingly ill. It strikes one as a Force allied to that of the man-eating African monarch, whose

> . . . "sigh was a hullabaloo,
> And his whisper a horrible yell, —
> Yes, a horrible, horrible yell."

But let us turn to pleasanter things. There are eccentrics, to call them so, of an agreeable kind. Wyant, Thayer, Inness, LaFarge, Bunce, Saint Gaudens in sculpture, are odd enough, but their oddity is a form of originality. It consists in an attempt to find new ways of looking at material which all admit to be beautiful and worthy of interest, instead of filling its place with monstrosities.

The little portrait heads of Saint Gaudens, in low relief, are exquisite. They are cast on thin bronze plates, to which a quaint character is given by leaving the ground rough and darkened, while the faces are brought clearly off it, and by the use of some horizontal lines of decorative lettering, above and below. O'Donovan and Warner, both of whom do very good work, might learn of him, the one distinctness, the other softness, so exactly does he realize the happy medium.

The sculpture of the year, for the rest, is Hartley's well-composed life-size group of a young mother and her child,

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— a subject likely to be more popular, perhaps, but nothing like so original as his striking Whirlwind of last year, — Kemy's wolves and buffalo, and Kelly's Sheridan's Ride, all at the Academy. The wolves and buffalo as here treated seem too woolly for sculpture, in which any considerable quantity of that kind of texture is offensive, and very much better adapted for painting. Kelly, a fresh man, known heretofore only by his dashing drawings in the illustrated magazines, continues the same traditions in a horse and rider, showing, besides great spirit, careful modeling and conscientious study of equine anatomy in headlong movement. The general's mouth is open with a cry, as he swings his hat. The horse has the peculiarity of being wholly clear of the ground, held up, not by the customary clumsy impalement, but by supports at one side, — it is doubtful, of course, how it would work on a larger scale, — contrived in the scattering foliage past which he seems to be hastily brushing.

Duveneck has given a sufficient taste of his quality in times gone by to have a warrant for singularity. He avails himself of it copiously. For the purpose of a comparison, he and Chase may be looked upon as men of equal ability. But how different are the courses these two compeers of Munich have marked out for themselves! The one, touched with some fatal lack of sentiment, — a perfected Currier he might be called, — can gain but a few adherents, of jaundiced vision. The other appeals to a wide, cultivated circle who love the beautiful part of life. He seems likely to gain from their sincere approbation both fame and fortune. Duveneck has a half-length portrait-like figure, and another of three-quarters length. The first is a stout, short-haired lady, called Gertrude. It is very much of the Rubens manner and type. The second, Lady with a Fan, might be, by the mode of her dress, a German princess of 1830 from some grand-ducal gallery. Jet-black ringlets, uniting indistinguishably with a background of the same depth, cut off her face so sharply that it looks like a mask. The features, and particularly a clear, intelligent, hazel eye, to which it has been thought worth while to give attention, are excellently painted, and the leaving of certain other parts, as the hands, merely blocked in is not uninteresting, since it shows his manner of work, — and we know very well what he could have done if he would. What we remain curious about is whether it is the deliberate judgment of a painter of this rank that such are the most desirable selections and arrangements, and whether a fair face is the better for being thus chopped off at the side, like a mask. His third piece, a Munich apprentice boy, is not open to the same animadversions. Strong, however, and good, it is not at all as successfully treated as was the same subject by Chase.

Chase's principal work is a great full-length portrait of Duveneck himself. It represents him as a man in gray, including a wide gray hat with the flap somewhat impudently turned up in front, sitting sideways on a high-backed chair and holding a long-stemmed clay pipe, like a good-humored Dutch burgher in an ale-house of the time of Van Ostade and Jan Steen. It can hardly help seeming puritanical and starved in color from its peculiar scale of drab and brown tones, the face forming the only spot of genuine warmth, and will not be so well liked as the Preparing for the Ride of last year, though equally good in its way. His warm color comes in the bit of the sacristy of St. Mark's. The not well-shaven old sacristan polishing his utensils of gold, silver, and bronze; the greenish bronze door at the top of the well-stained marble steps; the undulating, tessellated pavement, are so softly natural that an illusion that it is Baedeker one's neighbor reads instead of a catalogue, and hangers-on are waiting to annoy you about the ducal palace when you step without, is half created. There is a notable, free, and splendid Venetian quay close by it, by Zwachtman. The effect is got, strangely enough, without any of the usual conventional Venice stock in trade. It is a tangle of

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entirely modern shipping. The rich spot of scarlet and orange in the midst is found to be merely something connected with the painting of an ordinary boat drawn up on the stocks.

Shirlaw comes finely to the front. His Gooseherd may be counted perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory piece of work he has done. A trifle more of detail in the middle distance might have done it no harm, but it is doubtful if even this is a flaw. Rich, deep, and golden in tone, it is yet not cloying. The gooseherd is a smiling, stout peasant girl with a long stick grasped, with a slightly diffident, ingratiating air, behind her. Some stranger is approaching. She is smiling, and the six agitated geese in front of her screaming at him. One of their raised white wings cuts sharply against her dark skirt, below which shows an honest, broad-soled shoe. The rustic grace of the attitude, the delicate humor and rendition of character, the rich and harmonious coloring, the accentuation of interest by the increasing finish of the different planes up to the front, make up a work quite inimitable.

Many of the strong names of last year are absent, and others, like Bridgeman, represented by less important works. The tame nude of Wyatt Eaton, an insipid woman reclining on rounded, expressionless drapery without a single crisp angle in it, goes but little way towards replacing the vigorous Last Plague of Egypt of Pearce, and the dancing group of Miss Dodson. It happens that Mrs. Cassatt's good portrait of an elderly lady in starched muslin reading a sharply-creased newspaper hangs just above it, and contributes to its peculiar floridness and lack of vigor.

Beckwith's Jeanne, — a baby girl, — Humphrey Moore's aged Spanish Beggar, and Dewing's Slave and Young Sorcerer help to save the day. The latter two, a studio female model and a fillet-bound Greek stripling performing with reeds over a small censer some such incantations as went on in the eclogues of Virgil, are strong and agreeable small figures, real flesh and blood, lighted by real daylight.

The Spanish Beggar is notable for the artistic disposition of the light, which falls white upon him from above, and throws deep shades under his grizzled beard, gaunt ribs, and doubled-up limbs. Its undoubted power and success point to a very much higher field of activity for its author than the second-hand Fortunyism and Orientalism with which he has so much pleased himself.

Hoesslin is the new acquisition upon whom the society has the best reason to congratulate itself. He sends from Munich a Flemish Beauty of the Seventeenth Century, on a life-size scale. She is in black, with point-lace cuffs and an enormous ruff, in a high-backed chair against a black ground. It is like the Flemish masters, of course, and one is a little prejudiced, perhaps, thereby at first. But when it is seen how charmingly it is done, and yet with what force; what delicate, human expression there is in the sweet face, isolated in its formal paraphernalia; how the high light touches on the great crinkled ruff only in a single spot, and all the rest is in skillfully managed shade; how a quite phenomenal finish, for the time and place, is made to consist with the most satisfactory breadth, he has a profound respect for a talent that could so arrange and portray a model, no matter what may be the tradition followed. A little shield, with red and blue quarterings, set in the upper right-hand corner, repeating the faint colors of the embroidered flowers in the lace cap, is one of those touches of nice feeling and craving for exact justness of harmony that indicate the stuff of which a colorist much out of the common is made.

Frank Fowler's Bacchus is good flesh-painting, character and color combined. It shows a wine-flushed, untrustworthy, handsome face against a rich wine-colored ground, the head crowned carelessly with vine leaves and purple clusters. This artist goes on to make an ideal study of Mrs. Frank Fowler in blue silk and roses. Mrs. Frank Fowler in turn, in a pleasing kind of artistic family duet, presents an excellent portrait of

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Mr. Frank Fowler, — dark on a ground of Naples yellow, not altogether unlike some religious effects.

Sargent justifies the good opinions he won for himself on his first appearance. A white-waisted, pink-skirted, brown girl of Capri meditates in an olive orchard, leaning against a crooked stem across which her arms are nonchalantly thrown back, disclosing a crease between the slender shoulder-blades. There are usually masters to whom the strongest of the new men can be traced. This one recalls Michetti, a charming, quaint bright-colorist whom some want of appreciation has kept thus far from being much imitated. This is not cited in depreciation, but to aid those knowing the greater to comprehend the less, if by chance there be any prevented from falling in with him. The resemblance extends to a striking of the same kind of note. It is in the olive orchard, the kind of a peasant girl, the — what an English equivalent should be found for as soon as convenient — *chic* of the whole.

Before Sargent's other picture, at the Academy, Neapolitan Children Bathing, Michetti's very singular Springtime and Love, at the Paris Exposition, cannot fail to be remembered. This is not at all so full of figures, and they are boys instead of girls, but the same bluish and violet shadows are scattered about among them, and it is the same vivid blue sea against which the rosy flesh tints are projected. Such groups are seen of a blazing July day from the window of a train to Castellamare. The chubby little fellows, and one particularly who has two bladders, shining with water and giving out shell-like reflections, attached to his shoulders, are made to look like young cupids.

Thayer does not equal his down-hill procession of cattle last year, exceptionally good as a subject, but he surpasses it much in other qualities. He may well be recommended to show to tyros how the dreamy, mysterious effects at which they aim are consistent with knowledge and painstaking accuracy. A soft white cow of large size, repeated by others at a distance, stands knee-deep in a pool of the river Moselle. The surface is so glassy still that none of them can have stirred for a long time. The absence of a single curving ripple indicates absolute calm. A heavy atmosphere clings about the principal figure, but does not make a ghost of it. It emerges with a delicate clearness when scrutinized. The colors are demure and unusual, hardly more than some drabs, white, and pale green. The animal is of a homely type, or else it is the fault of the point of view that the serrated backbone and hollow hips, from which the barrel-like body is swung, appear with such prominence. Cut off at the knees, too, by the opaque water, it has an awkward shortness, which the reflection thrown below has not counteracted, although evidently relied upon to do so.

What was considered settled by the first display of this society was that the new men coming from abroad were possessed of excellent technical ability, — that they knew how to paint. A natural form of succeeding curiosity was as to what they would do with it when they got home. J. A. Weir is the principal one who attempts to find something here on which to exercise it. His large picture is attractive, and has a Courbet kind of air across the room. What is the American subject that an artist who knows how to paint has selected — for Eakins's life-size Clinic, being a commission for a medical college, cannot be considered a deliberate choice — as the best thing he knew of for a six-feet canvas? It is a crowd about a bench in one of the paths of, apparently, Washington Square. The intention evidently is to take a group from every-day life and show what can be made of it. Now this is the kind of theme that requires the talent for the hitting off of character, and Mr. Weir does not show here that he possesses it strongly. It does not seem an American group. The loafer leaning on the back of the seat is like a Teniers' boor; the flower-girl is of the conventional pallor that hardly occurs out of Sunday-school literature; the tall young lady in blue looks very German. Nor is it at all probable that the gen-

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tlemanly person in the cloak in front would ever be found sitting cheek by jowl with the squalid, blind beggar and the rest except for the purposes of this very exhibition. But there are more elementary faults. The composition is without climax or agreeable balance, and the drawing is so obscure that the people appear to be marching in procession. Only after a long while is it realized that they are sitting on the bench. The best point is decidedly the head of the young workingwoman listening to the loafer. She is a jolly, bold girl, with a scrap of crimson scarf around the neck, over her black dress. She is shown to even better advantage in a special study close by. That is capital. She laughs, and her teeth show. Done in creamy smears of paint, with a high light on the round near cheek, she is as fresh and cheerful as a polished apple.

Eakins, who has shown heretofore a considerable talent for making a naturally attractive subject disagreeable, — like his woodeny Philadelphia belle of last year, supposed to be standing as a model for the sculptor William Rush, — has in a ghastly scene in a dissecting-room a subject to his mind. It is a swarm of surgeons and assistants performing an amputation in a lecture-room, the surrounding air of which is faintly full of student heads, like attendant spirits. It is powerful work, and there is a fine seriousness in the principal figure, lifting a silvered, intellectual head momentarily from the grim labor. For its purpose and from its point of view, it is doubtless right, but for any less special destination the realistic dwelling on the raw, quivering limb, the gory hands that hold the scalpels, the blood spurted in jets over the white wristbands, would be horrid and inexcusable. The subject is but too impressive in itself, with these details withdrawn as much as possible from notice.

II.

The Academy exhibition, the fifty-fourth in the annual series, opens as the other closes. It cannot be recommended to the public to attend an exhibition on varnishing day, because it is not, as it were, expected; but if it has happened, it is interesting for once to have been there. It is the time of final adjustment, set for a day or two before the opening. Contributors arrive in the morning. They note how they have been treated, and what adaptations, if any, the work needs to its new quarters.

It would hardly take a profound student of human nature to separate from the throng on varnishing day the benign and generally interested artist whose picture is found to have been set upon "the line." Yonder darkling man, on the contrary, is one who clearly divines whose personal malice it was that caused his cherished work to be placed so high above the ordinary range of vision.

It is the custom to hang the pictures at the Academy about three rows deep, in a belt of perhaps twelve feet wide, beginning at the top of the wainscot, two feet and a half from the floor. On the magic line there is no flicker on the varnish. The texture of the work, as well as its effect, can be examined at leisure. The next zone is not unfavorable. The topmost, though many a good picture goes there, and they are sloped at an angle to counteract the distance, it must be agreed is not well seen by the middle-aged eyes that buy. It is not strange, therefore, that the line, or something as near to it as may be, is an object of solicitude. The hanging is conceded to be good at the Academy this year. It may not be unimproving to make a section of it — the principal wall of the south (main) room — the object of a little special study. It would hardly be thought that so much symmetry could be secured with so heterogeneous a collection of materials.

Supposing the four hundred rejected contributions eliminated, and the six hundred and fifteen accepted ranged about the receiving rooms, face outward, what does an enlightened hanging committee proceed to do? It makes a selection from the largest pictures, — a large picture of a certain merit has an advantage from brute size alone, — and places them

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in the centres, the secondary centres, and the cut-off corners of the rooms, the positions of honor. Points of departure thus given, the intervals are filled up in keeping.

If the work be very large it must have an end wall, since the width of the room alone is not enough for a clear view. Thus Thomas Moran's Ponce de Leon, a band of small, gayly-caparisoned figures in a malarious-looking Florida everglade, is at one end of the long south room, and Inness's wide stretch of country from North Conway in Spring at the other. In the last a commonplace figure of the artist in a sketching attitude shows much too conspicuously in the otherwise rather vacant foreground. Both appear to better advantage in smaller works elsewhere.

For the side of the long gallery mentioned there were found, in the first place, two life-size, full-length portraits: Beckwith's, in the late French manner, in which a lady is effaced in a gorgeous crimson dress; and Huntington's, of a lady in black, in his well-known style. These, spaced a quarter of the distance each from the end of the room, were first set for two *nuclei*. A large landscape of McEntee's, a strange, melancholy scene, made up of absolutely nothing but a treeless and desert moor with rolling gray clouds dragging low down upon it, is set in the centre of the side. Over it a shrimp girl of the Normandy coast, pleasing in all but the rainy coldness of its color, by Edward Moran. The three figures constitute a kind of pyramidal structure when looked at together.

On one side of the landscape Fuller's Gypsy Girl offsets Porter's portrait of a lady. There is not absolute repetition, of course, since one is standing and the other sitting, but just the agreeable resemblance that gives balance. The frames are of about the same dimensions and the heads the same height. On each side, again, a pair of horizontal landscapes of the same size superposed, — Wyant and Bicknell against Minor and Tait, — and a pair of smaller ones on top. This brings us to the full-length portraits. It takes three pictures to go to the corner from Beckwith's against two from Huntington's, because the latter is the wider. The balance is less here, but by no means abandoned. A sitting old gentlemen in black in the upper row of the one is over against a sitting middle-aged gentleman in black in the other.

A considerable continuity of tone, rather gray and temperate on the whole, is also preserved through the side. Each piece, abandoning being an object in itself for the moment, plays a part in a general decorative scheme. Even Beckwith's crimson lady does not destroy it. How good it all is can be better appreciated by finding a corner where perhaps the effort has been given over in the haste of finishing. Heads, landscapes, still-life, and action, of all shapes and sizes, are thrown together helter-skelter.

The picture of Thomas Moran's which is better than his large one is a very luminous, pearly view towards New York across a surface of New Jersey shore, full of sparkling shallows. The commercial features of the scene, a looming pier of the Brooklyn bridge, and even a smoking locomotive and train, wrapped in a moisture-surcharged atmosphere, lend themselves to the picturesque purpose easily.

Inness is better in a hazy morning, over a quiet river winding up to distant woods touched with the first hues of autumn. A man of remarkable originality in the study of nature, he throws a strangeness into its more ordinary aspects. He particularly delights in it at moments of transition. The gleam which strikes between the rolling clouds, now in the foreground, now the middle distance, of his peculiar olive-green landscapes is to rest but a moment. He shows here a sunset entirely unlike anybody else's. It is one of those that change from instant to instant. The sun is a great ball going down behind impressive masses of foliage, and sending light, catching along the furze, to the front. There are half-defined rays, the sun "drawing water," as a common expression is. Small clouds against the

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light are purplish and crimson; others above it are orange. Through rifts some patches of sky are seen, clear green, suffused in radiance and immensely distant.

Miller's view at Wehawken is the landscape for which the highest price — it may be interesting to state it, two thousand dollars — is demanded. This is a sunset, too, but of the more regular kind. It is in the woods in autumn. The light is all reddish. Miller is adopted among the progressive men, and exhibits at the Kurtz gallery, too. His pictures are like both Dupré and the more remote Rousseau. There is a russetness, and a texture over them comparable to tree bark. The compositions are undoubtedly of merit, but labored and artificial. There is too little out-of-doors in them. His cows are conventional spots, whose only purpose is to allow the resting of desirable spots of illumination on their backs.

It will be hard to reconcile us to the slipshod treatment of the small figures, either animals or human beings, in landscapes, however long the practice may be continued. Elaboration to the injury of the purposes for which they are needed is not demanded, but examples like Macy's show that this is not necessary. His figures of this kind have all the requisite breadth and freedom, but each an individuality, as if studied from a living subject.

Such a one is the brownish-clad girl going along the path in the scattering shadows of the great tree which frames the prospect of his fresh and lovely Early Summer. There is a rather remarkable absence of blue to indicate distance. Its place is filled by drabs. The bold yet tender treatment of the young vegetation, which begins to be luxuriant and to envelop the two brown and white Bavarian cottages in its midst, the taste and sentiment of the scene, are admirable. Here again is a happy medium. It is a reproach to W. T. Richards, Fitch, and Hetzel on the one side, who model the forest interior and all the stratifications of the rocks as finely as if they were but reproductions to a microscopic scale, and yet leave us cold, as well as to all the tribe of feeble and disorderly on the other.

The two Harts continue their even work. James, who paints the larger cattle pieces, displays especially good draughtsmanship and extensive general knowledge. One concedes all that is claimed for them, but some tameness and formal respectability in these excellent pictures prevent the outburst of ill-regulated enthusiasm. A suspicion of something of the same kind hangs about Dana's fine sea-weed gatherers on the coast of Brittany. Perhaps it would please better were it less perfectly composed, — if there were a suggestion of something more angular in the forms, a hint of something transitory in the attitudes. The heavy cart horses seem too rounded and resignedly drooping. The sails of the fishing-boat droop, too, as though no breeze should ever blow again. One finds it enervating.

Next to it Clement Swift throws out three large figures of Breton wreckers crawling up a bank to watch the coming of a distressed craft in the offing, with a rugged simplicity and boldness that is an example of exactly the opposite feeling.

Boggs's Street Corner in Paris is a very attractive, dashing piece of work, one of the best of those into which art for art's sake enters for a legitimate share of enjoyment. It is in both the subject and the free, vigorous manner of handling. The corner is possibly one of those on the upper side of the Boulevard Clichy. Its wine shop, around which hangs a group of blouses taken out of the kind of life of Zola's Assommoir, — it might be the Assommoir itself, though it is lettered the Chariot d'Or, — is pale green; the end wall of the building rising above it is time-stained gray limestone and plaster. There are two vulgar little shops, a fruiterer's and a second-hand-furniture dealer's, in the low, yellow-washed block running off to the left, and a leafless tree sprouts from the curb-stone in front of it. A sewing-girl is crossing the street, an old fellow sweeping it, and the end of a loaded

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omnibus just disappearing out of the picture. There is nothing whatever that needs going to Paris for. The art is in the maker, who has the talent to put the old cavalry jacket depending from the line, the basket of lemons, the open joint in the paving-stones, just where it will do the most good, and to leave out as much more that does not consort with the agreeable patchwork he has a mind to frame of this every-day life.

It is the commonest of subjects. A hundred thousand as good or better will be found in New York. There are subjects in the transition state of the upper part of the island a French painter would give everything for. If the wild shanty life, the goats, the fragmentary forts, the cemeteries, and the colonial mansions among the great bowlders, the bold trace of the engineering improvements cutting through them, the market gardens, the gleams of color in isolated brick and red stone blocks rising in the midst, be allowed to pass away without some transmission into art, it will be one of the crimes of the age.

A much more unlikely subject has come into art in the person of no other than Jim Bludsoe, by A. W. Willard. We behold him in the attitude of keeping the nozzle of the steamboat Prairie Belle agin the bank, till the last galoot 's ashore. He is not pretty, in the coppery light which the conflagration is made to throw over him as he clings to the wheel, but the head looks like an excellent rendition of a type of about the probable kind, under circumstances of strong excitement.

Guy gives us this year the same serious little girl who was last year reading to herself a Sunday-school lesson, now seated on the side of their bed, in the evening, reading a story to two little children. If it be the object to put them to sleep, it does not seem in train to be accomplished. Two pairs of round little eyes peep above the coverlet, wide-open with wonder at the tale. The perfection of finish, the effort at illusion, are made to consist, as is not often the case, with higher qualities. If it were, the style would have less said in disparagement of it. The masses of light and shade are most agreeably distributed. Though the very threads of the textures are discerned, the illumination of the gas-light falls in a broad and mellow flood across them.

Gilbert Gaul's returned sailor lad showing some orphan-school boys his tattooed arm through a railing is scarcely worked out with the skill that befits so good a subject. Burns, in his young fisherman coming down the beach calling Halloo-o-o! well gives the action he intends. Magrath's Irish farmer smoking his pipe on a hill-side, contentedly overlooking his estate, is a graphic piece of character set into a landscape of a charming, temperate color. One feels inclined to a superlative at once, — to say that it is the best thing he has ever done. J. G. Brown repeats, in an accurately individualized strolling German band, a composition similar to the row of newsboys pointing at a passing show, so well received at Paris.

Homer is sure to have enough in anything he may send to save it, even if it be not successful. His Cotton-Pickers is thoroughly so. The shepherdess, of the Little Bo-Peep style, bearing up against a stiff breeze, and the girl in yellow sitting on the beach against a breaking wave, of the solid dark blue the sea takes on some lazy days after an agitation, are both nice; but the former and her landscape are frigid, and the purplish and leaden sky of the latter does not seem to consort with the afternoon light that throws so long a shadow from the girl's figure over the crest of the ridge. The field of tall cotton-plants, crossed and tangled in front, and spotted with the large, soft, white pods, with two women of the African race half shrouded in the midst, is very decorative; and there is made to be something mysterious and sphinx-like about the women against the sky.

The two Smillies are much to be congratulated on the odd and pleasing inspiration they have found, — the one in a simple hill-top crested with cedars, to which a goat path winds, the other in a snow-covered, climbing road, across

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which the bluish shadows of cedars are cast.

The flower painters appear with a whole odorous bank of blossoms, and almost all good. They have learned at last to replace the old stiffness with easy, "artistic" arrangement. As pleasing as any, in the peculiarly decorative way, were Helena DeKay's pansies and roses, at the Kurtz gallery, thrown flatly against a mottled canary-yellow ground. Quartley has apparently been browbeaten out of mingling rich color in the waves of his marines by being called Ziem-like. He had much better have brought the reflections of the scarlet band on the smoke-stack, the stripe on the waist of the yacht, the bright-shirted fishermen, in his view of Norfolk, scattering down among them, as before. Without it he loses one of his principal charms.

One wonders if the point of view for this kind of writing is sufficiently kept in mind. A false impression ought not to go out, from the difficulty of qualifying all one's qualifications. To use only a little praise while a great deal is meant is more common than to make a little fault-finding stand for all that is deserved. It is often the sole fault. The picture may be better described by it, while its merits are only covered in the same terms that are common to others.

Millet, artist and war correspondent, the American member of the fine art jury at the Paris Exhibition, is represented by a portrait which deservedly finds a place on the line. It seems a speaking likeness of the grizzled, middle-aged gentleman who forms its subject. The somewhat ruddy complexion is made an agreeable thing in itself. A faint smile hangs around the mustached mouth and the wrinkles of the keen, business-like eyes. This is a straightforward piece of work; the affair in hand is the portraiture, and little else.

Wyatt Eaton's No. 138, on the other hand, a young woman's head of a marked character, aims to be, and is, a beautiful study of light and shade. It is far better than his work at the other exhibition, and in part redeems it. The features, in almost profile, emerge out of soft shadow. The whole advance, from the gloom of the ground to the dot of light on the tip of the nose, is brought forward by a series of the more delicate and satisfying gradations.

Fuller's pictures have the continuance of attractiveness belonging to mystery, not to be found out at once, if ever. He is a painter about whom there is controversy. It appears that there could rightly be little controversy apart from a certain tone to which he is devoted. It is a peculiar yellowish-green, slightly sulphurous, extending to portraits and landscapes alike. This is one of those *de gustibus* matters, but for me his subtle and pensive conceits would be far more charming in an atmosphere of the pale, soft grays. We do not see our visions in such a florid light. He favors the hearts of lonesome woodlands, with a rustic girl walking mistily through them. His And She was a Witch is a young girl of the Puritan times entering, with a beautiful, terrified face, her cottage in such a wood. The bailiffs are leading away, at a distance, a feeble old woman, possibly her grandmother. The woman further in the background who appears to have denounced her stretches out her arm, with comments of the strident malignity that may be imagined. The nightmare horror of the fatal hallucination, in which the victim so often joined herself to the ranks of her accusers, is powerfully conveyed. Fuller's portraits fix one with a strangely intelligent expression through their mistiness. There was a young woman and a pretty boy at the Kurtz gallery, but the picture of chief importance is the Romany Girl at the Academy. She pauses in the yellowish wood, with a bunch of grasses in her hand, to glance out at us. In her dark eyes, lightened by beads of sparkle, a shy, wild character, fawn-like but savage too, is expressed, and enlists increasing interest. One who does not take to Fuller on the instant still feels that he might very easily be led to do so, and that then the taste, like that for certain condiments, might become a passion.

In Porter we have a portrait painter who falls short only by a tendency to

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over-prettiness at times of being great. He aims, like Guy, to reconcile great smoothness and reality with artistic qualities. The attempt is not unwarrantable in the hands of a master, but only with a tyro. His charming, clear-eyed child, recalling a little Reynolds and Gainsborough, is simply perfect. His larger portrait, of a beautiful matron, is easy and winning, too, in expression, attitude and color. She sits, with a rose in her lap, against an amberish-hued curtain. Her satin robe ripples over her knees like a pearly cascade. There is no conspicuous effort to be decorative, but an accomplishment of it, easy and natural like all the rest.

A portrait ought to be so good — would that it were borne in mind once in a thousand times! — that any other family would be as glad to buy it as the one it belongs to, and this is one of them.

A SUNDAY ON THE THAMES.

I DID not spend a whole Sunday on the Thames; but as I was going to morning service at the Abbey, and to evening service at St. Paul's, I chose to make the river my way from one to the other; and doing this it seemed to me good to go leisurely over the whole of it within what is called the metropolitan district. This one is enabled to do easily and pleasantly by the little steamers that ply back and forth constantly within those limits. The day was as beautiful as a summer sky, with its bright blue tempered by lazy clouds smiling with light and sailing upon a soft, gentle breeze, could make it; the sense of Sunday seemed to pervade the air; and even the great city sat in sweet solemnity at rest. When science has taken entire possession of mankind, and we no more find anything to worship, will the Sunday-less man possess, in virtue of his rule of pure reason, any element of happiness that will quite compensate him for that calm, sweet, elevating sense — so delicate as to be indefinable, and yet so strong and penetrating as to pervade his whole being and seem to him to pervade all nature — of divine serenity in the first day of the Christian week? It is passing from us, fading gradually away, not into the forgotten, — for it can never be forgotten by those who have once felt it, — but into the unknown. There are men now living who have never known it; their numbers will increase; and at last, in the long by and by, there will be a generation of civilized men who will say, that there should ever have been a difference between one day and another passes human understanding. This sense of Sunday is much stronger in the country than in the town, — strangely, for the current of life is there much less visibly interrupted; and it is always deepened by a sky at once bright and placid. And such a sky has its effect even in town: I felt it on this day, as I glided, through sunny hours and over gentle waters, past the solid stateliness and homely grandeur that are presented on the Thames side of London.

I walked across the lower end of St. James's Park, passing over much the same ground that King Charles trod on that 30th of January when, in the midst of a regiment of Cromwell's Ironsides, but attended personally by his own private guard and his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and with the Parliamentary colonel in command walking uncovered by his side, he went to lay down his handsome, weak, treacherous head upon the block before the outraged Commonwealth of England, — an event which, notwithstanding the Restoration and the subsequent two centuries of monarchy in England, is the greatest and most sig-

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nificant of modern times, and is also of all grand retributive public actions the most thoroughly and characteristically English. Tyrants have been put to death or driven from their thrones at other times and by other peoples; but then for the first time, and first by men of English blood and speech, was a tyrant solemnly and formally tried like an accused criminal, condemned as a criminal, and put to death in execution of a warrant issuing from a court constituted by the highest power in the land. Compared with this high-handed justice the assassination of a Cæsar is like a brawl among "high-toned" politicians, and the expulsion of the Bourbons the chance consequence of a great popular tumult. And in this was its endless worth and its significance, — that from that time there was a new tenure of kingship. Then for the first time the great law of government was written, — that it should be for the best interests of the governed; and it was written in the blood of a king. This was the one boon of that great act to England, to the English race, to all civilized Christendom; for politically the beheading of Charles was a blunder; and the Commonwealth, after living an artificial life for a few years, died an inevitable death, because it was born out of due time.

None the less because it was Sunday did I find the cows at the place towards the lower end of the park, whither I strolled, and where they and their predecessors have stood day after day for centuries, professing to give new milk to visitors thirsting for this rustic beverage, either for its own sake, or that it might by its associations enhance the rural effect of the meadows and the trees. I did not drink of the product of their maternal founts; but my experience leads me to the unhesitating conclusion that if those cows give milk instead of milk-and-water they must be of a breed which, or the product of which, cannot be found in Middlesex without St. James's Park. The milk of London is a little thicker, a little more opaque, and a little whiter than its fog. Whether or no it is more nourishing I shall not venture to say. Probably these cows do give milk-and-water, and produce intuitively, as becomes metropolitan British kine, their article of trade ready adulterated. For, many times as I passed the place where they stand, I never saw man, woman, or child drinking; and I am sure that if they gave real milk there would at least be a procession to them of mothers and nurses with their weanlings. They seemed to be of the homely variety known as the red cow, to which belonged she of the crumpled horn and she that jumped over the moon. And if this were so it is yet another witness to the perpetuity of things in England; for the facetious Tom Brown, who lived and wrote in the days of James II., tells of the intrusion of the milk-folks upon the strollers through the Green Walk with the cry, "A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!" I could not but think that if kine could communicate their thoughts there would be in that little knot of horned creatures a tradition of the looks of Charles I. and of Cromwell, and of Charles II. and of the Duchess of Cleveland, and of Nell Gwynne, and of dear, vain, close-fisted, kind-hearted Pepys, and of the beautiful Gunnings, and of the captivating, high-tempered Sarah Jennings, who could cut off her own auburn hair to spite the Duke of Marlborough, and fling it into his face, and of the Duchess of Devonshire, who kissed the butcher and wore the hat; and of all those noted beauties, wits, gallants, and heroes whose names and traits are the gilded flies in the amber of our literature. For there probably has been no time since the park ceased to be a royal chase when there was not at least some one of the herd, and probably more, that could have learned all these things in direct line of tradition from predecessors. So, to be sure, the same is true of the men and the women of London; but the directness of such a course of transmission was brought more home to me in considering these cattle, as they stood there, the representatives and perpetuators of a little custom, older than any commonwealth, in one of the richest, most populous, and most powerful nations of the earth.

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Chewing the cud of my fancies, I passed out of the park, and soon was at the Abbey door; but not soon was I much farther. I had not troubled myself upon the score of punctuality; and being a few minutes late I found the Abbey — that part of it which is used for service — full, even to the crowding of the aisles down to the very doors. I managed to squeeze myself in, but was obliged to stand, and moreover to be leaned against like a post, through service and through sermon. In these I found no noteworthy unlikeness, even of a minor sort, to what I had been accustomed to hear from my boyhood. The changes in the language of the Book of Common Prayer to adapt it to the political constitution and the social condition of "America" are so few and so slight that they must be closely watched for to be detected. The preacher was Canon Duckworth, canon in residence, who reminded me in voice, in accent, and in manner very much, and somewhat in person, although he was less ruddy, of a distinguished clergyman of the same church in New York, and whose sermon was the same sensible, gentleman-like, moderately high-church talk which may be heard from half a dozen pulpits in that city every Sunday. Not every one of those who preach them, however, or the like of them in England, has Canon Duckworth's rich, vibrating voice and fine, dignified presence. The long hood of colored silk that he wore (his was crimson), like all English clergymen that I saw within the chancel, was not, as I find many persons suppose it to be, an article of ecclesiastical costume. It was merely his master's hood, — that which belonged to him as Master of Arts. The different colors of the linings of these academic hoods indicate the degree of the wearer and the university by which it was bestowed. They are worn by university "clerks." on all formal occasions.

After the sermon there was an administration of the communion, and all persons who were not partakers were required to leave the church. The exodus was very slow. Even after the throng was thinned and movement was easy, many lingered, looking up into the mysterious beauty of that noble nave. These the vergers did not hesitate to hasten, addressing them in some cases very roughly, as I thought, and even putting their hands upon their shoulders; but on my telling one of them that although I did not mean to commune I should like to remain during the service, he with ready civility, and with no shilling-expectant expression of countenance, took me to a seat within a gate and very near the outer rails. In this service, too, I found nothing peculiar to the place or to the building, — indeed, how could there well be? — but I observed that certain of the communicants as they passed through the railing on their way to the table (which they, I suppose, would call the altar) and as they returned, carried their hands upright before them, holding the palms closely together and bowing their heads over them, with an air which conveyed the impression that they thought they were behaving like the saints in an altar-piece or in a missal. Perhaps I might have observed the same practice before if my church-going had been more frequent since the outbreak of "ritualism."

It was strange, as I came out from such a solemn service in that venerable and sacred pile, and strongly indicative of the political position of the church in England, to be met just outside the door by a man who carried under his arm a huge bundle of handbills, calling a meeting and making a protest about some municipal matter. These he distributed freely to the communicants, as they issued from the celebration of the mystery, who took them as a matter of course into the same hands which had been pressed together with such ascetic fervor only a few minutes before, and, glancing at them, put them for the most part carefully into their pockets. We know that the English Church is a part of the government of England; but its peculiar place is shown by practices which to us would seem highly indecorous. I saw posted on the doors of parish churches, in the rural counties, — beautiful with the beauty of a lost inspiration, and ven-

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erable with the historic associations of centuries thick with acts of import, — notices of those persons in the parish who had taken out licenses to keep dogs; the list being always led by the name of the lord of the manor. There this was no sacrilege. A parish in England is a political and legal entity, with material boundaries within which certain officers have power; and the parish church is its moral centre. Why, therefore, should not the licenses of dogs be announced upon its doors?

Soon after leaving the Abbey I was at the river-side; and in a minute or two along came a small black steamer, about twice as long as one of the little tug-boats that run puffing and bustling about New York harbor, and no wider. It seemed to me more than simple, indeed almost rude in its bare discomfort; and certainly it was as far from anything gay or festive in appearance as such a boat could be. The absence of bright paint and gilding, and of all that glare of decoration which it is thought necessary to make "Americans" pay for, commended the little craft to my favor; but I thought that without these it yet might have been made a little less coarse and much more comfortable. On the dingy deck were some benches or long settles of unmitigated wood; and that was all. There was not even an awning; but perhaps awnings would interfere with the vailing of the funnel as these boats pass under the bridges, and they might perhaps also be in danger of fire from the small cinders that then escape. The passengers, in number about a score, were all of what would be called in England the lower middle class, with one exception, a fine-looking man, manifestly a "gentleman," and with an unmistakable military air.

As I sat upon my hard seat, worn shiny by the sitting of countless predecessors, and looked around upon my fellow-passengers, I was impressed by the stolidity of their faces. The beauty of the sky, the soft, fresh breeze, the motion, the fact that it was a holiday, a fine Sunday, seemed to awaken no glow of feeling in their bosoms. And yet they were, most of them, plainly pleasure-seekers. As we moved swiftly on (I had taken an up boat) we soon passed over toward the Surrey side of the river. Erelong an elderly woman who sat near me turned to me, and, pointing out at some distance ahead on our left a square tower, the familiar outlines of which had attracted my attention some minutes before, asked, "Wot buildin 's that there?" "Lambeth, madam; the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace." "The Harchbishop o' Cantubbury! Well, well! deary me! A many times as I 've bin on the river, I never see that afore." To be asked such a question by a Londoner in my first half hour upon the Thames astonished me, and the confession that followed it was amazing; for Lambeth palace is almost opposite Westminster. This was within the first week after my arrival in England, and although I met with an exhibition of this kind of ignorance even before I set foot on English ground, I was not yet prepared for quite such an example. Before a fortnight had passed I had learned better.

As I turned to look at the questioner, I saw that she was a nicely-dressed, obese female, and that she was accompanied by a nicely-dressed, obese man who plainly was her husband. The couple had lived together a long while; they had grown old together; they had grown fat together; together they had sunk, year after year, deeper into a slough of stupidity; together they had, as they passed through the world and life, become more and more ignorant of the one, and more and more indifferent to all of the other, except eating and drinking and the little round of their daily duties that enabled them to eat and drink. Their faces had grown like each other, not only in expression but in form. The noses had become more shapeless; the chinless jaws had swelled and rounded imperceptibly into the short, thick neck. Those faces probably had once expressed some of the vivacity of youth; but this had passed away, and nothing, no trace of thought or feeling, had come into its place, — only fat; a greasy witness of content; and the result was two great sleepy moons of flabby flesh pierced here and

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there by orifices for animal uses. I made surreptitiously an outline sketch of their two faces, as they sat side by side staring stupidly before them; and it looked like two Bourbon heads on a medal. He was one of those long-bodied, short-legged Englishmen who are framed with facilities for a great development of paunch. Man and wife were about the same height; and at the next landing they got up and waddled off together. I laughed within myself, as I am laughing now; and yet why should I have sat there and scoffed at those good folk for being what nature and circumstances had made them?

Of a very different fabric in every way was the military-looking man whom I have already mentioned. He was tall and strong, although not stout, — a well-made, good-looking man, with a certain consciousness of good looks not uncommon among handsome Englishmen, and not unpleasant. His dress showed that union of sobriety with scrupulous neatness and snugness which is characteristic of the Englishmen of the upper classes.

He alone of all my male fellow-passengers kept me in countenance in my chimney-pot hat. The round-topped hat, called "wide awake," or what not, has become so common in London that a crowd looked down upon from window or from 'bus seems like a swarm of great black beetles. I walked toward this gentleman, thinking that I would speak to him if he appeared willing; but he dismissed my doubts by speaking first. Brief as my experience in England had been, this did not surprise me; for I had already learned that English folk — women as well as men — are free in their intercourse with strangers to a degree that made me wonder whence came their reputation for gruff reserve. I should say that the chances of a pleasant chat with a fellow-traveler in England compared with those in the United States were as seven to three. I have again and again traveled from New York to Boston, and from New York to Washington and back (both journeys being of about two hundred and thirty miles each way), without having one word spoken to me by a stranger, although my journeys have always been by daylight; but in England I never went a dozen miles in company with other people without pleasant talk with one or more of them. Nor is such intercourse limited to traveling; there is a freedom of intercourse there to which we are comparative strangers; this, notwithstanding the visible limitations and restraints of rank, — perhaps rather by reason of them.

We sat down and talked as the boat glided swiftly up the river, the banks of which became gradually more suburban in appearance. The Thames, wherever I saw it, whether below London bridge, or above that landmark and within the metropolitan district, or beyond, where it passes Kew and Isleworth and Twickenham and Richmond and Hampton, is remarkable for its character. It is nowhere common-looking; and the variety of its traits within a few miles surprises the eye at every stage with new delight. From the wide-expanding shores, the vast gloomy docks, the huge black hulls, and the strange, clumsy lighter craft of the Pool and Limehouse Reach, past the stately magnificence of the embankment and the Abbey, with the Houses of Parliament on one side, and Lambeth on the other, up to the enchanting rural scene at Richmond, is not farther than it is from one village to another just like it through miles of sameness upon even the Hudson. My talk with my temporary companion was the mere chat of fellow-travelers under a bright sky; but even he managed to illustrate that narrowness of knowledge of which I found so many examples. As we looked off toward the west end of the town, there were in sight three or four rows of new houses, all unfinished, and some not yet roofed. He spoke of "so much buildin' goin' on" and "sellin' houses," and wondered how it was and why gentlemen built houses and sold them. Thereupon I told him of the associations of builders, masons, carpenters, and the like, who built houses by a sort of club arrangement, and had their pay in an interest in the houses, which

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they sold at a good profit. Now this I merely remembered having read some two or three years before in the London Building News. It was nothing in me to know it; the remarkable thing was that a Yankee, not yet a week in England, should be called upon to tell it to an intelligent Englishman.

Our little boat soon reached her upper landing, and then turned back. I went down the river to London Bridge, and there, after visiting the Monument and looking at the plain and unpretending solidity of the warehouses, which had the look of holding untold wealth, and after loitering about the murky purlieus of Thames Street, I crossed the bridge and was in Southwark. But of course the bridge was like a short street across the river (it used to be a street with houses on either side), and one end of it was much the same as the other. In the people that I met, who were generally of the lower classes, there was a pleasant appearance of homogeneousness. They were all English people; and the speech that I heard, although it was not cultivated and was sometimes even rude, was English. I heard no brogue, or other transformation of my mother tongue. Little else attracted my attention, except the general inferiority of the men in height and weight to those we see in New England, and the rarity of good looks, not to say of beauty, in the women. They were all plainly in their Sunday clothes, which did not much become them, and in which they were at once much set up and ill at ease.

On my way to St. James's Park I had stopped at a little costermonger's stand and bought an apple, merely for the sake of a few words with the man and his wife, who were both in attendance. I took up an apple carelessly as I was going away, when the man said, "No, sir, don't take that; it 's no good. Let me get you a better;" and he picked out one of the best he could find. He appeared pleased when I thanked him and said that was a good one. Ungratefully, I gave the fruit to the first urchin I met; for although I might have been willing to walk down St. James's Street munching an apple on a Sunday morning, it was not for an English apple that I would have done so. But none the less I reflected that the like of that had never happened to me in my boyhood, when I did buy apples to eat them anywhere, *in casa* or *fuori di casa;* and I thought that most persons in trade would not have regarded that transaction as "business" on the part of my costermonger. If he could "work off" his poor stock first, at good prices, he should do so, and — *caveat emptor.* I do not mean to imply that all costermongers in England are like him; but, notwithstanding all that we hear about the tricks of British traders, adulteration, and the like, I will say that his was the spirit which seemed to me to prevail among the retail dealers with whom I dealt in England. The seller seemed to be willing to take some trouble to please me, and without making any fuss about it, — to be pleased when I was pleased.

Not far from the Southwark end of London Bridge I passed a little fruiter's stall. It was plainly a temporary affair set up for the Sunday trade; but in it were hanging some bunches of very fine white grapes, and I bought some that I might take them down to the river-side and eat them. They were only eight pence a pound. Down to the river-side I went, and, finding an old deserted boat or scow, I seated myself upon it, and ate my grapes and flung the skins into the water, as it ebbed swiftly past me, but softly and almost without a ripple. As I lay there the beauty of the day began to sink into my soul. The air had a softness that was new to me, and which yet I felt that I was born to breathe. The light in the low, swelling, slowly moving clouds seemed to come from a heaven that I once believed was beyond the sky, and they did not dazzle my eyes as I looked up at them. The stillness in such a place impressed me, and took possession of me. There was not a sound, except the distant plash of the wheels of one of the little steamers, or a faint laugh borne down to me from the parapet of the bridge. And there lay before me, stretching

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either way beyond my sight, the great, silent city, — London, the metropolis of my race; the typical city of my boyhood's dreams and my manhood's musings; the port from which my forefather had set sail two hundred and fifty years ago, to help to make a new England beyond the sea; the place whose name was upon all the books that I had loved to read; the scene of all the great historical events by which I had been most deeply moved. It was worth the Atlantic voyage to enjoy that vision, that silent hour. Within my range of sight, as I turned my head, were the square turrets of the Tower and the pinnacles of Westminster; and I must have been made of duller stuff than most of that which either came from or remained in England between 1620 and 1645 not to be stirred by the thoughts of what had passed, of mighty moment to my people, at those two places, or between them. Many of those events flitted through my mind; but that which settled in it and took possession of it was the return of Hampden and Pym and the other Five Members who had fled from Westminster to London before King Charles and his halberdiers. From where I sat, had I sat there on the 11th of January, 1642, I might have seen that now silent and almost empty stretch of water swarming with wherries and decorated barges outside two lines of armed vessels that began at London Bridge and ended at Westminster, while up the river, between this guard of honor, sailed to Westminster a ship bearing the five men whose safety was the pledge of English liberty; and along that opposite bank, now silent and almost empty (not indeed the embankment, but the Strand, then the river street, as its name indicates), marched the trained-bands of London, with the sheriffs and all the city magnates and the shouting citizens, amid the booming of guns, the roll of drums, and the clang of trumpets. It was London that received and sheltered the Five Members; it was London that protected them against the king; it was London that carried them back in triumph past Whitehall, then emptied of its royal tyrant, to resume their seats at Westminster, at the command of the outraged but undaunted House of Commons. That was the brightest, greatest day in London's history; that the most memorable pageant of the many memorable seen upon the bosom of old Thames. I should not have enjoyed this vision and these thoughts if I had not lusted for those grapes, and for the pleasure of eating them to the music of the rippling water.

Again I took a steamer and went up the river and returned, that I might mark well the bulwarks and the palaces of this royal city, and see it all from the outside by daylight; and also that I might enjoy the day, which was beautiful with a rich, soft, cool beauty unknown to the land from which we are driving the Sitting Bulls and Squatting Bears, to whose coarse constitutions and rude perceptions the fierce glories of its skies are best adapted. On the return trip the few passengers thinned rapidly away, so that at Charing Cross (I believe it was) every one but myself went ashore; and as no one came on board I was left actually alone upon the deck, like Casabianca. This did not suit me, for I wanted to see the people as well as the place; and I too, just in time, went hastily ashore to wait for another steamer. The landings are made at long, floating piers or platforms; and upon one of these I walked up and down, after having bought another ticket. Erelong another steamer came, well loaded, and I watched the people as they came ashore. Thoughtlessly I turned and walked with the last of them toward the stairs by which they made their exit to the city. It was my first day on the Thames, and I had not observed how very brief the stoppages of the boats were: they touch and go. I was startled by the plash of the wheels, and, turning, I saw the boat in motion. Instinctively I made for her, and taking the length of the platform as the start for a running jump, I easily cleared the widening distance and the taffrail, and landed lightly on the deck. But it was a wonder that I was not frightened out of my jump and into the

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water, for there was sensation and commotion on the boat, and cries; two of the deck hands sprang forward, and stretched out their arms to catch me as if I had been a flying cricket-ball; and when I was seen safely on the deck there were cheers, — decorous cheers, after the English fashion. Indeed, I was sitting comfortably down and opening a newspaper before the little stir that I had caused was over. I did not, read my paper; for I was in the condition in which Montaigne supposed his cat might be when he played with her. The action of the people interested me quite as much as mine interested them. These English folk, whom I had been taught were phlegmatic and impassible, had been roused to visible and audible manifestation of excitement by an act that would not have caused an "American" to turn his head. The passengers on our crowded ferry-boats saw men jump on board them after they were under way day after day without moving a muscle, until, too many having jumped into the water, and too many of these having been drowned, we put up gates and chains, not long ago, to stop the performance. I should not take that jump again, nor should I have taken it then if I had stopped to think about it; but I was glad that I did take it then, not for the saving of the five or ten minutes that I did not know what to do with, but for the revelation that it made to me of English character.

I landed again at London Bridge, and went to evening service at St. Paul's. I have said before that this great cathedral church has no attractions for my eye externally, except in its dome, that heaves itself heavily up into the dim atmosphere; nor has its interior any grand or even religious aspect to me. The service there, too, as we sat on settles under the dome, seemed to me entirely lacking in the impressiveness of that at Westminster. The voices of the clergymen were indistinct, almost inaudible; the singing sounded comparatively feeble, like the wailing of forlorn and doleful creatures in a great cave. The introit, although the dean was there with a stronger array of assisting clergymen, and choir boys in surplices, and vergers than I had seen before, seemed a comparatively ragged, childish performance. I took a distaste to the whole thing, and managed to slip away between the service and the sermon, in which movement I found myself kept in countenance by others.

I strolled for a little while about the silent city, meeting not more people than I should have met in Wall Street or the lower part of Broadway on a Sunday afternoon. Moreover, during service the bright skies had darkened, and it had begun to rain, after the English fashion; but it soon stopped, and the black clouds were white again, also after the English fashion. Feeling hungry, I began to look about for a place where I could get luncheon. I soon found one, but the door was closed; and this was the case with another, and yet another. The reason of this, as I learned, was that during the hours of divine service all public-houses are required to be closed in England, another witness to the political position of the Established Church. I had been startled in the morning, while at breakfast, by hearing street cries, and looking from my window had seen peripatetic costermongers uttering the inarticulate and incomprehensible noises by which they allure people to buy their wares. This seemed to me very strange on a Sunday morning in England; but I found that everything of this kind is allowed, except during the hours of morning and evening service. This brought up to me the religious discipline of New York in my boyhood, or rather my infancy; for I remember that when I, not yet five years old, was taken to St. George's Church, in Beekman Street, there were chains stretched across the street above and below the church, to prevent the passing of vehicles, and also to keep away the carriages of those who did not let their beasts and their servants rest on Sunday. And I remember in the summer time, when the church doors were open, the faint, distant stamp of the waiting horses mingling drowsily with the monotonous sing-song of the

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worthy clergyman (who read the service and preached in black silk gloves with the forefinger and thumb cut open that he might turn the leaves), and lulling my little wearied brain to sleep that was broken only by the burst of the great organ. Think how the liberty-loving people of a city which has produced a Tweed for its chief manager and a Fernando Wood for its mayor and its representative would now endure chains across a street to prevent them from disturbing the devotions of others! The right to obstruct and mar our streets is now only to be had by great corporations who are rich enough to pay (but not us) handsomely for the privilege.

Erelong the prescribed hour had gone by, and the doors of the churches and of the eating-houses and the tap-rooms were opened, and more people appeared in the streets. I went to two or three of the latter, but did not go in. They repelled me; they were in such out-of-the-way places, they were so small, so unsightly, so rude and dirty; and, moreover, there was an uncanny air about them that took away my appetite. At last, however, I saw an entrance that attracted me, and I went in, expecting to find myself on the threshold or in the porch, at least, of an eating-house. But I was only at the street end of a long, narrow passage, which was like an alley. This I followed to a place where it gave upon certain doors; and by the exercise of some ingenuity I discovered the public-house, which, like so many public places in English cities, seemed to shrink into the remotest recesses of privacy. It was a very queer-looking place. The room was very small. In the open space a table for six people could not have been set conveniently. On one side was a small, semicircular bar, — so small that the stout publican behind it seemed to be standing in the barrel out of which he produced his liquors. On another side, nearly at right angles, was a large window opening into a room, half tap-room, half kitchen, where two bar-maids waited. On the broad ledge of this window were two or three cold joints. Into the room, on another side, a singular structure projected itself. It had three or four sides, and was sashed, and in fact was an in-door bay-window. Its floor was about three feet above that of the principal room, and it was about eight feet across. It was entered by steps along-side the bar, and also by a door on its own level. It was carpeted, and furnished with a table with two chairs; in one of the chairs sat a woman who was evidently the hostess. She was a large woman, red as to her face, round as to her figure; but indeed as to figure she had long ceased to be of any particular shape. As to the dress of her she was very imposing. She wore a gown of pale lilac-purple *moiré antique*, and her every movement betrayed a consciousness that it was very moiré and, although quite fresh, very antique. She was right. I never before saw such an obtrusive garment. It invaded all the senses; for it was so stiff that the *frou-frou* of it was like the crackling of stout wrapping paper. She wore a lace cap (real, O female reader!), and a lace collar confined by an enormous and brilliant brooch. Around her neck was a thick, dull gold chain, by which hung a locket that would have served a fop of George II.'s time for a snuff-box; in her shapeless ears were glaring, jingling pendants; and her fat fingers flashed with rings. She spoke familiarly with the man in the bar, who came out of his pen once in a while and stumped about the place; but whether he was her husband, or she intended him to be so at some future time, I could not quite make out. But I suspected, from a certain subdued air about him, that his case was the former; and besides, how otherwise such a gorgeous creature could look with favor upon a little semi-bald-headed, paunchy fellow in his shirt sleeves was quite incomprehensible.

I asked for some beef and a glass of Burton ale, which were soon cheerily placed before me by one of the bar-maids. Both were excellent; but I was obliged to stand as I ate and drank, and indeed half a dozen persons on chairs would have so filled up the place that it would have been impassable. I soon drained

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my glass, and holding it out said, "Another." When it was brought me, at the first sip I set it down, and said, "That 's not the same ale; and it 's not Burton." It proved that the bar-maid who had first served me did not fill my glass the second time, and that the other had by mistake done so from the wrong tap. But I was at once struck with the impression that I had plainly made upon these Hebes by my quick detection of the error. The mistake was of course corrected at once, with humble apologies; but then I saw them put their heads together and look at me with evident respect as a man who was not to be imposed upon in the matter of ale, to my great amusement. But why laugh at these poor she-tapsters? Are there not men, gentlemen, who have "a reputation" as wine tasters, and who are "authorities" on the subject, and who are mightily set up because thereof? I remember that, once dining at the table of a rich snob, he told me, as he gave me some Cos, that one of his friends, when in Europe, had some wine set before him as to which there were serious doubts; and he, tasting it, said at once that it was Cos, which proved to be true. "And that, you know," said Lucullus, "was a great thing for him." I cannot see how any one who has once drunk either Cos or castor-oil can ever mistake its flavor; but why a man should be respected because he knows the taste of what he eats and drinks, and makes a talk about it, passes my understanding. In England, however, such accomplishment is more highly prized than it is with us; or I should rather say that there are more people there who respect it, — both in great dining-rooms and in little tap-rooms.

While I was still occupied with my beef and beer, there entered to the hostess a visitor, a stout middle-aged woman richly arrayed in black silk. Indeed, when she had mounted the steps and got, somewhat in the manner of a burglary, into the little bay-window, it was an engineer's problem to determine how two such women in two such silk dresses could both be and move in that narrow space. The sweep of their two trains was portentous. Each was a threatening silken comet. But the hostess had the happiness of far eclipsing the other. The sheen and the shimmer of that lilac silk were not to be dimmed by the approach of any black, however much it might have "cost a yard." There was large performance in the way of ceremony and courtesying, which, owing to the formation of the place, had the air of private theatricals, and for which I, another hungry man, and the bar-maids were the audience. "*Ow* do you do, Mrs. ——? I *ope* you 're well." "Quite well, Mrs. ——, an' I opes you 're the same." "Thenk you; my 'elth 's very good. Could I hoffer you hanythink?" "Ho, no, my dear Mrs. ——, not on hany account." "Ho, now, indeed you must obleege me by takin' a little somethink. Juss a drop o' sherry, now, an' a biscuit." "Well, Mrs. ——, since you 're so wery pressin', I think I will." This performance went on amid contortions of civility. Indeed the ladies threatened the very existence of the little structure by the transaction of their tremendous courtesies; and I expected to see certain portions of the moiré antique and of the black silk appear through the riven glass on either side. Was the contrast between the fine dresses of these women and their affectation of fine manners on the one side, and their reality and what would have been truly becoming to them on the other, peculiar to England? I am inclined to think not. The peculiarity was that the play was played before me on Sunday on a little stage in a little tap-room.

Leaving these *grandes dames* to the discussion of their sherry and biscuit, I walked home, and after a solitary dinner on English mutton, slept soundly upon my first Sunday in London.

Richard Grant White.

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MISS MARTIN.

How often do I think of the first time I saw her! It was at a little place called Wytheville, in Virginia, on a pouring wet day, as I had just got out of the cars to stretch my legs and smoke, that I first caught a glimpse of a tall, slight woman standing by the baggage-car, and apparently trying to read the name on a trunk inside. I noticed, as I drew near, that she was insufficiently protected from the weather by a knitted worsted shawl; that her shoes were thin and patched; that her bonnet was of flimsy straw; and that the umbrella which she carried was evidently intended for dry weather. I was just in that stage of ill humor which comes after two days and nights in a sleeping-car; therefore I felt in no mood for taking trouble, or for making acquaintances. But in common humanity I could not see the rain pouring upon those thin shoulders without offering her a share of my own waterproof shelter. So, removing my cigar with an inward conviction that all women, in traveling, were nuisances, I said, stiffly, "Madam, will you allow me to protect you with my umbrella?"

How she jumped, and what a frightened, nervous face she turned towards me! "I thank you," she began timidly, "but I am afraid you will only deprive yourself, and," glancing at her moist skirts with a look of apology for daring to be so wet, "I am a little damp already, and it does not matter."

"Still," I persisted, "you must let me help you; cannot I find out what you wish to know in the baggage-car, and attend to it for you?"

She was looking at me now, and had drawn back a little from the door of the car; unmistakably she was a lady, but what a hard time she must have had of it! Trouble and care of every description seemed printed on her pinched, dejected countenance. The features were very good, — clear, delicate, refined, the nostrils especially well cut and outlined; but her large black eyes, which must have been always soft and timid, seemed incapable of taking a direct look at anything; the muscles about her mouth twitched with timidity; and under her fine, pale skin the blood came and went at almost every word. She was thin *à faire peur*, which made her look probably older than she was; but even with every allowance for shabby clothes, delicate health, and the fact that no one ever looks to advantage in traveling, she must have seen every day of thirty years. Something about her pitiful face and despondent, dripping figure touched my heart; and before she knew where she was I had deposited her in the sleeping-car, and called the porter to rekindle the fire in the stove.

"Now," I said, smiling at her surprised, grateful look, "what is it you wish to do with your luggage?"

She clasped and unclasped her hands, in their darned cotton gloves, and then said, "It was not my luggage, sir, thank you; it was my parrot."

I was rather staggered, but maintained a resolute front. "Well, your parrot, then; what was the trouble?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I would not lose him for a great deal; and I am afraid he is frightened in there in the dark alone." She went on gathering courage from the sound of her own voice. "He was always a pet, and he is so unhappy if he is not properly attended to."

"I 'll see about him," I said, cheerfully. "Now, if you will take my advice, send for a cup of hot coffee, dry your feet, and let yourself rest."

The last piece of advice escaped me in spite of myself, for she looked as though she thought it would be taking a liberty to allow herself to be comfortable. Her gratitude was warm when I returned with good news of the parrot, and by the time we were off again, watching the blue hills of Virginia fade

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one by one into misty cloud banks, and running with great shaking and much noise at a doubtful rate of fifteen miles an hour, we were quite old acquaintances. There were only two other women in the car, but all the berths were occupied, for every Jew in the country seemed to be suddenly called to New Orleans on important and mysterious business. Such a collection of Israelites I had never beheld before, and they seemed so marvelously full of conversation that I asked one of them, in the morning, what it was all about, having in my mind's eye a grand Hebrew conference which was to settle the affairs of Judea on a new and striking financial basis; and I was therefore much disappointed when he said carelessly, "Oh, bishness, bishness," which being interpreted meant the state of the cotton market in New Orleans. Being non-commercial myself, I was glad to turn to my shy-looking damsel, who actually smiled once or twice at some of my brilliant sallies. I soon found out all about her, and could not listen to her gentle voice and simple, sad story without liking her. It was the usual, ever-recurring tale: youth and health wasted in the vain endeavor to do rather more than two men's work on less than a plain cook's wages, and the struggle of seeking through all to maintain and provide comforts for a little crippled brother; then, finally, the agony of leaving him alone and suffering in the hands of strangers, while she came to New Orleans to teach the children of a widower, whose advertisement she had luckily seen and answered in time. "I thank God," she said, in her patient voice, which would have been sweet except that it was so dead, — "I thank God every day more heartily for this last chance. At home [she lived in New Hampshire] there was nothing, nothing to do. I have tried even to get steady factory work for a month at a time, and could not make enough to pay for Jamie's little bowl of milk."

She stopped a minute, and then went on in the same gentle way, scarcely raising her voice, and looking at me as though she were afraid I should check her.

"Perhaps you will think it strange that I should travel with a parrot, when I am so poor and have so much use for my money; but the parrot is Jamie's. He could not keep it; he is too helpless, and the people with whom he lives are too busy; so I brought it with me in case" — Here she broke down, not crying, but white and still, and locked in emotion, and I could easily supply the rest: she had little hope of ever seeing him again, and she could not part with the one living thing that reminded her of all she loved.

As I leaned back to give her time to regain her self-control I noticed, sitting just behind us, where he could both see and hear us without being himself observed, a very tall, stout, florid-looking Jew, who had spoken less, eaten less, and slept less than any of the others, and who appeared to be a man of great mark among them. As I caught his eye now, and saw that he had heard every word of my unsuspecting neighbor's little history, I looked at him sternly, as much as to rebuke him for his eavesdropping. He took no notice of my look, however, but smiled carelessly, folded his arms, and gazed out of the window. I noticed him closely for the first time, and observed his colossal frame and round, close-cropped head, his thick neck and deep, square jaws, his keen dark eyes and firm upper lip, with some surprise that so remarkable looking a man should have made so little impression on me before. He was rather dirty, it is true, but that might be, and probably was, the result of traveling. He was much better and less expensively dressed than any of his co-religionists; and, though about forty-eight or fifty years old, there was such an overflowing abundance of life and vigor in his face and figure that few younger men would have cared to cope with him. He was not a gentleman certainly, but of equal certainty he was a man of power and presence, mental and physical; and I felt at once that his brethren were right, and that Hovermann's opinions (for I soon learned his name)

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on any subject with which he was familiar must be worth hearing. He took no more notice of either me or my companion that evening, but the next morning, when I looked out at sunrise from between the curtains of my sleeping-berth, I saw, with a degree of wonder which words can scarcely express, that he was standing opposite her, where she sat by the window, with a cup of hot coffee in his hand, which he was urging her to drink. I looked on, deeply interested, for it was a curious picture.

"Take it," he said, in his deep, foreign voice, but in perfectly pure English; "it will do you good, and you cannot wait until we stop for breakfast. You are pale and tired; take it."

He gave her the cup, and without a word she drank the smoking contents. As she returned it to him empty, she looked up at him, but did not even say "Thank you." She was paler, thinner, more helpless-looking, than ever in the bright morning light, and her shabby garments showed their theadbare condition more plainly than the day before. The great burly man stood an instant looking down at her, but did not speak, and then turned on his heel and walked off. Before the morning was over, however, he came back, and my curiosity was really aroused as to what could possibly interest such a man as Hovermann in one who, though she had a certain quaint attraction for an observer of character like myself, was the last sort of woman likely to please the type to which he apparently belonged. If ever I saw a man of whom I should have predicted a strong admiration for the beauty of women, and a total indifference to their other qualities, I certainly should have done so of him; and yet here he was talking for nearly two hours, by my watch, to a faded, sickly-looking woman of thirty, who belonged to another world, from whose traditions, habits of thought, and modes of feeling his own were centuries apart.

During the next twenty-four hours we talked to her by turns, each steadily ignoring the other's presence, till our intercourse was in due time brought to a close by our slow progress through the wide Rue des Bons Enfans with its low red, green, and white Creole houses, broad-leaved banana-trees, and general air of indifference to the dilapidation on which innumerable chickens and goats appeared to thrive. In the excitement of arriving I lost sight of Miss Martin for a while, and when I did find her it was only to discover that she had been borne off by Hovermann, who was standing, with his usual imperturbable air, on the sidewalk, watching the cab in which he had deposited her, her parrot, and all her bundles and packages drive rapidly away.

The next time I saw Miss Martin was in the French market in New Orleans. She was trudging along with the most bewildered expression I ever saw on mortal countenance, closely followed by a fat, good-natured negress, who carried a huge market-basket, and vainly endeavored to keep her in the right path. It was on a bright, clear Sunday morning, just before New Year's, when everything is in gala dress and every stall occupied; when Sicilian, French, Dutch, Creole, and negro craftsmen of every description, butchers, bakers, coffee-venders, market-gardeners, fishermen, Indian basket-makers, mulatto flower-girls, are packing, pushing, running, and gesticulating at once; it is a lively scene even for those used to its various phases; for Miss Martin, who was painfully endeavoring to understand the price of a large red-fish, it was evidently Pandemonium, pure and simple. Her stout and shining attendant fortunately struck in to the rescue, and just as I joined them informed the stallsman, in voluble "gullah," "Put him up, an' han' him here. Him 'll do for bakin', Miss Marty, sho nuff."

I shook hands with Miss Martin, who colored excessively at seeing me, and reproached her for not having sent me her address. "I wish you would tell me something about yourself," I went on, trying to drop into the tone of an old family friend. "It is unkind of you to treat me as if I were a total stranger."

She seemed so pained at this, so fear-

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ful that I would think her ungrateful, that I hastened to reassure her, even to the extent of clasping her little hand warmly, cotton gloves and all, in a way that had it belonged to a younger, prettier woman would have been suspiciously like a squeeze. She colored to the roots of her hair, and, drawing her hand quickly away, asked in a low voice, "What do you wish me to tell you?"

We were walking along now, side by side, objects of the deepest interest and admiration to the colored dame in our wake, who lost no opportunity of calling the attention of passers-by to what she evidently considered a promising love scene, — an absurdity of which I was fully conscious even while I was replying to my companion that I wished to hear of her new home. She gave me a quick, shy, admiring glance.

"How kind you are!" she sighed, softly. "Do I like my place? Indeed, yes. I am not quite used to so many children, but will become so in time."

"How many are there?"

"Eleven," she sighed, "including a little adopted niece and nephew."

"Then it seems that your friend, Mr. Rheingarten, is kind, too," I said, smiling, and thinking, with some self-reproach, how very unwilling I should be to adopt a brace of orphans. "How is your parrot?" I asked suddenly, as it occurred to me that I had not inquired for my other fellow-traveler.

In a moment her eyes suffused with tears, and I was dismayed at having mentioned the poor bird.

"He is quite well," she said, quietly, however; "but Mr. Rheingarten objected to the noise he made, and I was in despair about him, until Mr. Hovermann kindly took him home."

"Hovermann!" I exclaimed, recalling the burly Israelite with perfect accuracy and much dislike, but affecting total ignorance on the subject. "I was not aware you had any friends here!"

I thought she blushed again, but her color came and went so, during the whole walk, that I may have been mistaken. At any rate, she answered calmly enough: "He is the — the — Hebrew gentleman I met on the train, who was so kind to me."

I felt a sudden rush of jealousy at her words, as unreasonable as it was unexpected to myself. What right had I to object to any one's showing kindness to this poor little lonely woman? I scarcely knew her, I cared nothing for her; yet this was my "dog-in-the-manger" feeling the very first day that I heard of her friendship for that odious Jew.

"You have seen him, then?" I exclaimed, in a voice which I tried to fill with stern surprise at such injudicious conduct on her part.

"Surely, I have seen him," she said, not in the least resenting my interference in her affairs. "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Rheingarten, and dines with him frequently."

If I looked as flat as I felt, she did not notice it, but continued: —

"He has been kindness itself to me. When he found that Mr. Rheingarten objected to my parrot, he took it home with him. But that is only the least of his good deeds," and she clasped her hands together in her earnestness. "He has sent my poor little brother to a hospital in New York where they care for crippled children, and where they often cure them; and — and — they have given me hopes that one day" — But this was more than she could trust herself to put into words; so only the broken voice and quickly covered face told me what it was to her to hope again.

I felt ashamed of what I had done for her. How insignificant my few poor attentions were contrasted with such real kindness as this. But, man-like, my humility only made me more irritable.

"Mr. Hovermann should feel honored by your preference; you did not disappear from him without a word, so of course he is able to show his interest."

"I had taxed your kindness already so much," she said, softly, "I could not bear to burden you with my helplessness. Here we are at my home," she added, quickly, as we turned from our long walk up Camp Street into a very dismal namesake of one of the Muses. It was

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so early in the morning that we met no one, except here and there a young girl hurrying to mass at some dingy-looking church in the distance, or a straggler returning late from market, like ourselves. We passed slowly by the small, trim white houses, with oleander-trees in front and rose-bushes arranged in precise order on each side, whose symmetry was constantly broken and elbowed out of the way by queer little Creole buildings with tiled roofs and huge green shutters of solid wood.

"Where do you live?" I asked, looking curiously around.

She pointed to a tall, narrow house with iron balconies and a formal-looking little front yard, before the gate of which we soon stopped; and I said, "I hope you will let me come and see you, now that I have discovered your hiding-place."

An unmistakable flush of pleasure lighted up her pale face, as with a few hurried words she tried to pass me and go in at the gate.

"Wait a moment!" I cried, keeping my hand on the latch, and disregarding the old negress, who was pouring forth eager explanations as to how to open it. "I had so many things to ask you. Why are you in such a hurry?" She glanced towards the house, as if by way of answer, and gave me one of those frightened, hunted looks with which I had grown so familiar on the train. I opened the gate at once, unwilling that she should be embarrassed by the caprice of others; but I was not generous enough to spare her a parting stab inflicted by myself, although I knew how I would make her shrinking, grateful nature suffer: "I see I am not a privileged friend like Mr. Hovermann," and, raising my hat, I was gone before she could answer a word.

Several times after this I saw Miss Martin at the same hour and at the same place; I need not explain, with the utmost lack of intention on her part, though I cannot say as much for myself. I always walked with her on her way home as far as she would allow, each time with a growing interest, which so surprised me that I came to the conclusion it must be the effect of the climate and the unaccustomed life, utterly refusing to admit to myself that it might be from any real feeling of affection. Then came a week during which I was very busy, and though, occasionally, the care-worn face of my "old maid," as I always called her to myself, came to my mind, I steadily put it aside, as I did everything else not associated with business; and I might have gone on putting it aside forever, had not my daily routine been broken in upon by a letter from my far-off home which troubled me exceedingly. I determined to leave that very afternoon. In my anxiety my mind reverted to Miss Martin, and I felt so sure of sympathy from her that, as soon as my trunk was packed, I jumped into a car, and in a few moments stood before her white abode. A strong pull at the gate-bell brought the inevitable colored girl to the door, who surveyed me, critically and with great interest, across the garden and through the fence before she thought of coming and unlocking the gate.

"Who you wants to see?" she asked at length, after treating me to a friendly nod. "Mr. Rheingarten ain't home; he nebber come home from de sto' till fo' clock."

"If you will be kind enough to unlock the gate, I will tell you what I wish," I replied sternly; and then she complied. "Now show me to the parlor, and tell Miss Martin I would like to see her."

"You jes go right in. You can't miss de parlor; it's de fust room you comes to; I'm gwine down to de drug-sto' fur some qui-nine;" and before I could remonstrate she was flying towards Camp Street. However, I was well acquainted with the customs of New Orleans darkeys, and with great indifference I went quietly into the hall, and stopped to reconnoitre. There was indeed no doubt about the parlor, for the door was wide open, and some one was playing on the piano. As I listened, I perceived that the touch was that of a finished musician, and that he was wandering

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from one exquisite melody of Lizst's songs to another. I stepped softly to the door, and found, to my infinite astonishment, that the author of this delicious harmony was my stout fellow-traveler, Mr. Hovermann, who was sitting in front of the piano; while near him, with her face turned towards him and a look of perfect peace and contentment illuminating her whole appearance, sat Miss Martin. For a moment she did not see me, so I had a full, long look at her before she turned. Her hands were lying in her lap, and her body was bent a little forward, while she gazed eagerly towards the piano; and the perfect stillness of her attitude, or something, perhaps, in her expression, made me think of one awaking from the dead. In a moment, however, she glanced towards me, and I felt instantly that I had brought her back to this world. She rose with all her old nervousness, and if Mr. Hovermann and I had not been each perfectly aware of the other's identity we should never have discovered it from her few incoherent words of introduction. Why was she so embarrassed? Could it be possible that she fancied I was jealous of the ubiquitous Israelite? Or, equally absurd, was he supposed to be jealous of me? I became at once quite gushing; but, there was no doubt about it, Hovermann did not respond. The more friendly I was, the more constrained and undemonstrative he became; and beneath his watchful gaze I felt as though I must have come for the sole purpose of being stared at by this silent son of Judah!

At last I could stand it no longer, and was just on the point of leaving, without having said anything I came to say, when he rose, and, bowing coldly to me, went out without a word.

"I thought you taught eleven children," I said, in rather an aggrieved tone, ignoring the appealing looks of my companion. "I did not know you passed your time in such *tête-à-têtes* as this."

"Mr. Hovermann came to bring me a letter from Jamie's doctor," she said, in a low, pained voice. "I have never seen him at this hour before."

"I am doubly unfortunate, then," I replied, stiffly, "in having interrupted your first interview."

She made no answer, and, looking up, I saw that large tears were rolling slowly down her face. Instantly I was filled with compunction for what I had done, and, taking her hands both in mine, I begged her to forgive me; and all the while I saw her face as I had seen it when I stood in the door-way, and I wished I had gone away and left it so forever. Her pardon was not hard to gain; I sat near her, and would still have held her hands as a mark of penitence, but she drew them nervously away; and I asked her many questions about her life, and led her on to talk of herself as she had never done before.

"It is time for me to go," I said at last, as some word on her side recalled the forgotten purpose of my visit. "I have not told you I am going to New York this evening."

"This evening!" She stopped, and grew so ghastly white that for a moment I was frightened.

"It is nothing," she gasped, in answer to my inquiries. "You spoke suddenly, and I — I am a little homesick. Shall you be there long?"

"It will depend on circumstances," I answered, gravely. "I am called North by bad news, — news in which I am sure you will be interested: my poor little boy is very ill with diphtheria" —

"Your — your — *what?*" she said, slowly. "I did not understand."

"My boy," I replied anxiously, for her manner had grown so strange that I felt uneasy about leaving her. "He is my only child, and I am terribly anxious about him."

She rose, came to me, and took my hand; not timidly now; indeed, without any of her old manner at all. "You will not lose him," she said excitedly. "God will spare him to you. It is only now and then that he chooses a person who must bear everything in the way of suffering, and then the others escape. Don't you see it is all balanced?" and she laughed.

"Miss Martin, for Heaven's sake do

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not speak so! You frighten me, — you pain me dreadfully!" I cried, really thinking for a moment that she had suddenly lost her mind.

"Please go," she said wearily, dropping my hand. "You seem to forget that there are eleven children up-stairs waiting to say their lessons;" and she was moving towards the door, but I sprang before her, and stopped her for one moment.

"Good-by," I said dejectedly. "I cannot bear to say good-by to you in this way, but you will not tell me what I have done; and I can only repeat that I regret having offended you, and that I shall remember you always."

I stepped aside as I spoke, and as she went slowly by me, without a word or look, I saw that her face was as the face of one who had died that living death which knows no resurrection.

. . . . . .

"At Paris it was, at the opera there,
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With a wreath of pearls in her raven hair,
And a brooch on her breast so bright."

A strange contrast to our other meetings, but none the less true. It was at the opera in Paris that I next saw Miss Martin; and though I cannot swear to the wreath of pearls, she was beautifully and richly dressed, and of her looks I need only say she was attracting a good deal of admiring attention, even there, when I first looked at her; not that I recognized her, by any means, for it was two years since we had parted in New Orleans, and she had changed so completely that I should not have found her out at all had I not happened to glance at her companion, whom I knew in a minute as Hovermann. He had not altered in the least, for he had the same watchful, quiet, decided air now, listening to Faust, which had impressed me so unpleasantly during our interview in New Orleans.

Once he turned and spoke to his companion; and something in the quick, nervous way in which she looked up at him gave me the first inkling of her identity. For a moment I was stunned, bewildered: could that be Miss Martin, — that the care-worn, friendless woman who stood on the platform at Wytheville and shared my umbrella; who wept for her parrot, and appealed by her poverty, sorrow, and helplessness to the compassion of all who beheld her? I thought at first it must be an optical delusion, and closed my eyes a moment in hopes of clearer vision; but when I opened them again there she sat, leaning back in her velvet fauteuil with all the dignified grace and accustomed languid repose of one born to the purple. Yes, it was indeed she, — fair, stately, refined: her lovely features no longer disfigured by ill health and wearing anxiety; her luxuriant, fair hair shaken out of its prim, old-maidish braids, and so artistically dressed as to show to the best advantage her small head; but still, though glorified by health and wealth, and bright with peace and happiness, unmistakably my own Miss Martin. Once I thought she felt my steady gaze, for she looked all about the house, resting her eyes for a moment on me, but not recognizing me behind my opera-glasses. I was so much interested in watching her that I had not noticed the fall of the curtain at the close of the act till I saw that a number of people were entering her box. I rose to follow, feeling that at last the chance I had so long desired of meeting her again had come. At the door of her box I met Hovermann, who held out his hand, and in his quiet way said that his wife would be pleased to see me; to go in, — I needed no introduction. His wife! Then she had married him, after all, and I looked with a scowl at his substantial figure, as he walked away. What right had he, or any one else, to marry my old maid?

She did not see me until I was close at her side; then she looked up, and with her old deprecating manner said simply, "I knew that you were here."

"I was not sure," I answered softly, "that you recognized me, but I was in hopes you had not quite forgotten me."

"I did not see you," she replied, with the old flush I knew so well, "only I knew you were here. Have you met Mr. Hovermann?"

"Yes," I replied, "at the door. It

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is rather late to congratulate you on your marriage, but that is your own fault. If you had let me know sooner, you should have had all my best wishes in due time."

She looked steadily at her fan, as she answered slowly, "I had no right to think you would continue your interest in a mere traveling companion to whom you had been kind."

"I wrote to you at Mr. Rheingarten's," I put in, "asking for your little brother's address in New York. Then I sent a friend to inquire at the door, and the answer was that you had left, and that they did not know where you were. What was I to do? You had chosen to disappear, and I could not force you to remember or confide in me."

"I was ill," she said, sadly, — "very ill. Mr. Rheingarten would have sent me to the Charity Hospital; but Mr. Hovermann took me home to his own house, and as soon as I was strong again we were married, and we have been abroad ever since."

"He has always been the one to help you!" I cried, with some bitterness, and then stopped abruptly, for I became aware that the man of whom I was speaking was close beside me. I could not tell from his face if he had heard me, for it was as imperturbable as ever. All through that last act of Faust I watched my old maid closely, and her quiet grace and gentleness, her dignity and loveliness, impressed me with silent wonder; and for the first time in my own breast arose the feeling that I too, in those old days, had recognized some of the promise of sweetness and bloom enfolded in that poor plant, which had needed only the sunlight to make it all I now saw it. Only Hovermann was wiser, for he appreciated it at its true value at once, and secured it. I knew my own heart, and felt that my punishment was just, for I had been false to my best and highest instincts when I was ashamed to acknowledge, even to myself, the true cause of my interest in my old maid. When the curtain fell I stood like one in a dream, till I heard Hovermann's voice: —

"Will you put my wife in her carriage?" he said to me, as I turned. "I would like to speak to a friend, and will join you at the door;" and the next instant he was gone. Silently I folded her cloak around her, and gave her my arm. The delicate kid fingers lying on my black sleeve made me think of another walk which we had taken together, and where we had scarcely been more entirely alone than in this great surging crowd to-night; and I asked her abruptly, "Do you ever wear cotton gloves now?"

"No," she said, looking at me in surprise; "why do you ask?"

"Because," I replied, passionately, "I should like to see you in a rusty alpaca and a plaid shawl and cotton gloves again."

I felt her hand tremble on my arm, but she only laughed, and said, "Thanks, I should be sorry to wear anything of the sort. I cannot bear cotton gloves."

"They are not generally popular, I believe," I remarked, shortly, thinking that after all women were just alike, and found their only true happiness in details of dress.

"Did your little boy get well?" she asked in her low voice, as we began to descend the great staircase.

"My little boy!" I repeated, in some surprise. "Ah, yes, thank you. He did not have diphtheria, after all. His grandmother is always so anxious that she took alarm at nothing."

"How thankful you must have been, — you and his mother!" she murmured, softly.

"His mother! Did you think I was married?" I said, stopping suddenly, to the great discomfort of our neighbors. "Did you not know my wife died years ago, — died when the child was born?"

She did not answer, only grew so awfully white that I drew her a little aside from the crowd, into one of the deep, arched embrasures, and waited in terror lest she should faint. My own brain was in a whirl, and I have no idea now what I talked about, — whether I poured out my real feelings, or whether I laughed and chatted about the singers

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we had just heard; and I doubt if she knew much better, as we each stood thinking of the truth discovered too late.

"At any rate," I said, as I drew her cloak more closely around her shivering form, "I shall see you now every day; we shall not be wholly parted."

She did not answer, and I did not receive so much comfort or pleasure from my own words as to expect her to show any. So we went slowly and silently down to the carriage; there we found Mr. Hovermann patiently waiting for us, and he made no comment upon the length of time we had taken to follow him. Indeed, he scarcely seemed to notice us, which was a relief, for I had dreaded that his quick eyes might read all the agitation upon his wife's face. Again, for one moment, as I held her hand, and looked at her standing there in her soft, clinging white draperies, her head uncovered and starred with jewels, I thought of her on that platform at Wytheville, in the pouring rain, which the little knitted shawl could not keep out, and I felt that I would gladly give everything I possessed in the world to have my Cinderella in all her poverty, but free!

With a hurried clasp of her hand, and without a word to her husband, I left her standing there, and turned quickly away. The next morning, after a sleepless night, as I walked up and down my room, wondering how soon I might venture to call upon her, I received the following note from Mr. Hovermann:

My dear Sir, — You will not, I am sure, be surprised to learn that when you receive this letter my wife and I will have left Paris. Our destination is of little consequence to you, as it is not my intention that you and Mrs. Hovermann shall ever meet again. Our acquaintance with her began on the same day; our opportunities were very nearly equal, any little advantage which I had over you in that respect being more than counterbalanced by the fact that she cared for you, and did not for me. I have been married to her for two years, during which I have been trying to make her forget the past; but in one interview you have undone my work, and I must begin it all over again. I have therefore determined that it is best to deny ourselves the pleasure of ever seeing you again, and shall consider no trouble too great to accomplish this object. I remain, sir, Yours, etc.

Joseph Hovermann.

He had his will; I have never seen her since.

Annie Porter.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Are we not rather unreasonable in finding fault with the corruption of individual officials, when the government which they serve is avowedly dishonest on system? This may seem very harsh language; but what other term could one apply to the conduct of a man who should strive to keep his creditors ignorant of the debts honestly due them, and who should caution his employees, under penalty of discharge and obloquy, not to reveal any facts which could aid in substantiating such claims? That the government has done this ever since its foundation, and in most if not all of its administrative departments, is a matter of notoriety about Washington, and should be clearly understood elsewhere, if it is not so already.

Instances are readily adduced. Some years ago the writer of this paragraph was in the office of the secretary of war, on business. While there, an old and rather feeble man entered, and made

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some inquiry of the then assistant secretary. The latter looked up, and asked him quickly why he wanted to know. The old man replied innocently that he had a son who had been disabled (or killed, I forget which) in the army during our civil war, and that the information desired was necessary to aid in establishing his claim (or that of his family) to a pension. The official's denial was very positive. "The government never furnishes information to establish a claim against itself," said he. The old man urged the necessity of the case, but was obliged to retire, crest-fallen.

A number of years ago, a law, since repealed, was in force which allowed an applicant for letters patent to withdraw a part of his fee after the rejection and abandonment of his case. Of course the wealthier and more intelligent inventors, such as our large manufacturers and business men, early learned of this provision, and made such withdrawals; but in the secluded parts of the country, and among the ignorant classes, there were many persons whose applications for patents had been rejected, yet who did not know that any part of the fee paid was still, in any sense, legally their own. Decency would have dictated that they should be notified; but decency is not the forte of Uncle Sam in such matters. Exactly the opposite course was followed.

Not long ago, a dignified old gentleman was pointed out to me. "That is a most valuable man," said my informant. "He is an official in the post-office department, and if he chose to reveal what he knows the government might be bled to large amounts." "How so?" I asked. "Why," he replied, "under certain circumstances postmasters (or contractors) are entitled by law to certain 'drawbacks;' many of them don't know it, and the sums accumulate and accrue to the benefit of Uncle Sam. If that man were to inform the parties having such rights, they would claim their money, and the government would lose heavily. But he will never tell. He is as honest as the day is long. Oh, he is a most valuable man!"

Per contra, another was pointed out to me, who, being in a similar confidential position in a certain bureau of the treasury, had abused it by traitorously informing his employer's creditors of the fraud which was being practiced upon them by the concealment of their just claims, and who was promptly and ignominiously discharged on the discovery of his offense. His reputation now is about on a par with that of a peculator.

I am not justifying any betrayal of an employer's confidence, whether that employer be a man or a great governmental entity; but a government takes a serious responsibility upon its shoulders when it makes duty to itself, in any of its subordinates, incompatible with freedom from complicity in dishonor. How can we expect a strict regard for obligations among the people, when their government has been for decade after decade shamelessly turning its departments into seminaries of repudiation? Year after year its graduates have been streaming off into the four quarters of the land, carrying to every hamlet the great national doctrine that the wise employer pays no debt which he can avoid, and that the chief virtue of an employee is to screen and aid his master's frauds. If I had the ear of our good Uncle Samuel, I should whisper into it, "Pay nothing which you do *not* owe; but let the whole world see by your conduct that you are more than ready to pay all that you *do* owe. Take pains in particular to notify the poor and ignorant of every cent to which they are entitled under the law. Remove all restrictions from your servants in the matter, and let them understand that they will be commended for aiding men to get their just dues. Afford every facility to those who seek for the facts necessary to make clear their right. In a word, act as an honorable and conscientious man would act, and your people will imitate your example."

—I often ask myself whether the New England village life which it is just now the fashion to describe as so forlorn and dismal can be the same life with which I have been so long acquainted, and in which I have always found so much of amusement and variety. In looking over

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some old papers, I came, the other day, upon a small note of invitation, bidding me to a ball to be held in the little New England village where I happened to be spending a winter vacation, some thirty years ago. The time of assembling was to be five P. M., and those who had most leisure among the beaux were expected to meet at the hotel and drive about the streets to "pick up" the young ladies, gathering them by installments into a large double sleigh. Very likely it snowed while we were making our rounds; if so, it was all the merrier. I can still hear the jingle of the bells, still see the blithe young faces, rosy with the clear cold air, and gay with many-colored wraps. It took perhaps an hour for this preliminary service, but that hour afforded as much fun as any part of the festival. Then I remember the disembarking at the lighted hall; the disappearance and reappearance of the girls, decked in modest finery; the assembling of the squeaking fiddlers at the end of the room; the announcement of the country dances, — Money Musk, Sir Roger de Coverley, Twin Sisters, Portland Fancy, and the rest, interspersed with frequent quadrilles and the wholly novel waltz. We kept it up till one or two in the morning, on common occasions; while at the great epochs, such as Washington's birthday, the etiquette was to finish out the twelve hours, from five to five. Really, I do not know how exacting may be the social standard of your contributors, but I can truly say that, although not wholly unfamiliar with the Beacon Street of those days, in Boston, I never enjoyed myself with such hearty zest as in that village society. Yet there were other villages on the Connecticut which were traditionally regarded as far gayer than that of which I speak; and indeed it was not uncommon for people to drive twenty miles for a ball, from town to town.

Shall we say that people do not now enjoy themselves in such places as they once did? What, then, becomes of the theory that the alleged gloom is the bequest of puritanism? — for it is clear that the time I describe was thirty years nearer to puritanism than is the present time. But as a matter of fact there is much more social festivity now than then, — consider, for instance, the great spread of private theatricals, — except in a few farming villages where population has nominally diminished, simply because the new generation has transplanted itself to the West. For one, I utterly deny that the rural society of New England, taken as a whole, is in a grim, stern, or extravagantly repressed condition. I do not know much of Connecticut, but I know a good deal of the rural parts of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island, and am not ignorant of Maine and New Hampshire. It would be interesting to learn how much your lamenting contributors personally know of the country life of those States. Did they ever go deer-hunting or moose-hunting; ever take part in a squirrel-hunt, or even a "turkey-shoot"? Did they ever see a militia muster; ever observe with wonder that old-time miracle of armed display, "a Cornwallis"? (Even Lowell's Hosea Biglow is obliged to own that "there is fun to a Cornwallis.") Did they ever go to a husking-party, or a hop-picking, or a "sugaring-off;" or attend a lumberman's ball, at the close of the season? ("The things they don't say and do at one o' them balls," said a Maine stage-driver once to me, "ain't worth thinkin' of!") Did they ever join a party going down the Merrimack to the salt-marshes for hay, in a "gundalow;" or a Salisbury Beach "camping-out;" or a party to explore the "glen" by torchlight, at Stockbridge, or to go through "purgatory" in the same way, at Sutton? Did they ever visit those innumerable picnic grounds now distributed over all New England for summer pleasuring, and so well equipped for innocent amusement; or observe how the world of merry-makers has gradually overflowed the camp-meeting grounds at Martha's Vineyard; or spend a summer day at the thronged watering-places of Narragansett Bay, — Rocky Point in particular, where from one to five thousand chance-visitors go to dine daily, and may be seen whirling

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in the dance, hour after hour, as busily as if they were born Germans? Do not these critics know that half New England lies within easy reach of the Atlantic shore, and that from every part of that shore gay sailing parties are putting forth or returning at almost every hour of day or night, all summer long? Do they not know that all the interior of New England is threaded by the Connecticut River, and that a score of the inland villages have been for many years the traditional centres of cultivated and agreeable society? If you wish to see what Lenox and Stockbridge are and were, read the Life and Letters of Miss Sedgwick; or, for Northampton, read the charming memoirs of Mrs. Lyman. Was Greenfield morose and dull under the long sway of that monarch of wit and song, George Davis? Town after town comes up to the memory of any man of large social experience, any one of which refutes this dismal theory. Of course, no power can ever transmute Anglo-Saxon blood into the blood of the Latin races; nor is it desirable that it should. Froissart wrote long before puritanism, and even he described the English people as enjoying themselves sadly, according to their custom; but I doubt if there is any rural region where people of unmixed English blood now find life more cheerful, on the whole, than in the country towns of New England. One of your correspondents puts in a good word for Maryland; but I myself know something of the country life of Virginia before the war, and I am sure that one missed, especially in winter, the zest and variety offered in a more northern zone.

So far as the statistics of mere amusement go, we may well rely on that veracious chronicler, — the very Court Journal of New England village life, — the Springfield Republican. Each daily issue of that lively sheet has a page of "locals" from every town in the western counties of Massachusetts. We learn from the latest number at hand that in Holyoke "the Taft reception party is engrossing the town talk," and that "Barney Macauley is sure of a crowded house" at the theatre; in Chicopee there is a "social;" in Longmeadow a dramatic reading; in Williamsburg a Methodist oyster supper; in Westfield a fireman's ball and a musical entertainment; in Greenfield two rival balls, and an amateur play by "Congregational women;" in West Deerfield a "sociable;" in South Deerfield a public ball; in Shelburne a "Congregational entertainment;" in North Adams a military ball; in Pittsfield a symphony concert; in Athol some Methodist tableaux and music; in West Warren an operetta in a Congregational chapel; in Hardwick a "surprise-party;" and so on. This is a single day's exhibit, and so it goes on, day after day. I make no account of farmers' clubs, harvest clubs, religious meetings, and lyceum lectures, though the last, in these times, are certainly to be classed under the head of "entertainments." Here we have amusements in abundant quantity, it is certain; and as to the quality you must not be too particular, whether in Europe or America. If I may judge by my own observation, a traveler who should find such evidences of social vivacity as these in a series of country villages in England, France, or Germany would be quite amazed, and would write to the New York Herald to describe it all; and yet the scene of all this is what one of your contributors, borrowing the phrase from Mr. Matthew Arnold, describes as a region of "hideousness and *ennui*." I am led to the conclusion that such writers can never have visited the New England of my experience; or that I have never had the ill luck to visit the New England of theirs; or else that in social observation, as in the study of nature, "we receive but what we give," and find only what we resolve to find.

If it be said that I have taken rather a superficial view, and that such details as I have mentioned do not, after all, make up the essentials of good society, I am very ready to admit it. But it is on precisely these superficial grounds that our rural society in New England is condemned; it is certainly reproved and berated for the alleged absence of popular amusements and cheerful relaxations;

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and this seems to me wide of the mark. If the complaint is shifted to higher grounds, if it is alleged that our small villages do not, as a rule, furnish adequate society for poets and artists and men of learning, the obvious answer is that you cannot expect to find in a community of a few hundred what is often wanting in cities of many thousand men. I make for New England rural life no such extravagant claim as that; and only wish to show that it is not what Sydney Smith defined country life in England to be, "a kind of healthy grave."

— A contributor in the March Atlantic expresses a curiosity to know the method by which a professed *littérateur* keeps coal-bin and flour-barrel from the vacuum which nature abhors in every household. Here is a bit of my own experience, for I have written full thirty years for bread and butter. As to poetry, the muse is still as sorry a jade to woo as the elder poets found her; and with me she has her willful way, and will not come when she is called, nor do as she is bid, but is a sudden possession. Not that poems are good without afterthought. On them is spent the pain and subtlety of the literary art: they need polishing and rewriting; the change of a word here, a shade of expression there; the sternest revision of grammar, of metaphor, of language, to exclude fatal obscurity, and include lovely phrasing and musical flow; and when all is done, it is to find dissatisfaction nine out of ten times, and to sit down with a veiled face and sad heart, like an intruder upon sacred ground!

But prose is another thing; though let him or her who undertakes literature as a means of living take to heart the lesson of his life who has just left us, whose prolific and popular pen afforded no provision of any sufficiency for his wife and daughter. Prose themes are abundant, — they "lie thick o'er all the ground," as the hymn-book says about dangers; and as fast as they come to me I "make a note of" and store them away. When a plot comes in its turn, and is provided with fitting puppets to develop it, away go the little creatures, using my accustomed pen as a medium of life, and dance for themselves. True, it often chances that some evil day of storm, or illness, or new anxiety, makes a temporary idiot of me, and I either cannot write at all, or what I write must go next day to feed the fire; but I have at last learned from experience not to waste paper any more, and when I find the powers that be adverse to writing I take my never-empty work-basket and set myself to mending and making, or apply myself to some cookery of a more abstruse nature than Irish wit can master, and which I always put off for such a season. But in the most prosperous aspects writing is work, not play; it exhausts the central fountain of life, and a morning of such work leaves me worn, dull, feebly irritable, and thankful to turn to patches on aprons and lattice darning of stockings as a relief. The worst part of all is launching those manuscripts on to the sea of doubtful acceptance; and, though I have none of those abnormal longings which seem to affect certain of my sex in these days, I do sometimes wish I were a man whose script was his sure passport, — who might write nonsense or trash, and have it certain of acceptance over his signature.

— I want to offer a word of deep sympathy with that scoffed-at tribe whom editors revile at this time of the year, — the authors of spring poetry. There is something pathetic to me in this universal outburst of joy. What bleak and wretched reasons lie behind it; what months of blackness and distress; what an "infinite deep chorus" of hollow coughs and neuralgic groans, of endurance that is forced and patience that is born of necessity! Do you see such poetry in Southern papers? Who cares about bluebirds in Florida? It is the maddened crowd who have been buffeted five months with the fierce blasts and snows of New England; who have found the heavens brass and the earth iron, and been tossed from the scorched fury of the national stove into the deadly gripe and glare of the national climate, like human shuttlecocks, who "drop

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into poetry" at the whistle of the first bird, or the breath of the first south wind. Piteous rhymsters! one heart at least beats with and for you, and longs to shout from the housetops that spring is coming, and the doors of our prison-house creak on their slow hinges at last.

— What traveler has failed to stand aghast at some spectacle of unprotected girlhood abroad, — and always American girlhood? We encountered such a one, far better born than Daisy Miller. She had crossed the water with friends resident in Paris, and I cannot believe that her parents had contemplated the possibility of her leaving their shelter. But, as she naïvely told us, "it seems a shame not to see all I can now I am over," and accordingly she had joined a family of barest acquaintances who were going to Nice for the winter. When this vivacious young person became cloyed with that sweet resort, she confidently attached herself to a party of Southern tourists whom she met at *table d'hôte*, and with them and two or three succeeding parties flitted hither and yon, till we made her acquaintance at a reception in Rome, and were so far honored by her approval that she assured us nothing would please her better than to return to Paris under our wing. Ingrates that we were, we eluded the pretty parasite, and went our selfish way, marveling at American maids and their fathers and mothers.

Is it brutish ignorance and neglect, or superhuman faith, which risks priceless treasure in such dare-devil fashion? A man who would not lend five dollars without security will coolly ship his daughter off to Europe alone, or worse, bespeaking the protection of some mere business correspondent! And marvel of marvels! a woman will suffer her young daughter (to whom she has never ventured to leave the purchase of the least detail of her own wardrobe) to open communication with a stranger advertising for "traveling pupils," make her own terms with him, and depart jocundly for a year's "study," under whatsoever skies and influences he may elect.

If to any chance reader it may seem a breach of charity toward dead or living to give the outlines of what might easily be wrought into a voluminous sensational novel, I can only say that to me it seems that the largest charity demands that the true tale be simply told and pondered. Some time ago a party of thirteen or fourteen unmarried girls, from various States, sailed from New York in a foreign steamer. Their escort, young as he was, had more than once piloted similar craft, and the previous voyage had resulted in his marriage to one of his charges; but she had remained in Europe while he returned for fresh supplies. Two days before the vessel's arrival in port, this gentleman died, after a brief illness. The bereft girls, strangers for the most part to each other, and more ignorant of the language and mode of life current in their European destination than of that of the New Jerusalem, looked about the ship for a foster-father; and having deliberately selected him from all the stranger passengers, they sent a committee to him with the simple request that he would conduct them to the capital which had been appointed for their halting-place. That he was about their own age and a bachelor, and on his own first tour, were luckily not considered by them, since had he been Methuselah and Solomon and Noah combined, he could not have been the trustworthy guide, philosopher, and friend he was.

However, figure to yourself, you who know their ways of thinking and acting over there, this youth ushering into railway carriages and strange inns his round dozen of blooming girls, and meditate, calmly if you can, on the panorama of wild speculation, stretching from Turkey to Utah, which this novel spectacle must have unrolled to admiring Europeans.

Only slight hints, however, came to me of what befell these babes in the woods — brave, sensible, self-respecting, and respect-commanding women as they proved themselves — after their chance protector had been obliged to leave them to their fate; but these are enough to

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make a mother's heart ache. The misunderstandings and complications inseparable from travel and sojourn among aliens in speech, custom, and almost in natural instincts, pecuniary embarrassments, and sicknesses were among their acquisitions; and if direr and irreparable woes were averted from them, praised be the gods! The Daisy Miller type seems to have been missing here, but who dare run his chances with another dozen of young Americans taken at haphazard? If any such there be, or any who regards my terror over America's reckless exposure of her young maidenhood as exaggerated, I can only leave him to ruminate the *bonmot* of a friend. French of the French, she had married an American and lived much with us, and has now recently returned after several years at home. We had been discussing Daisy Miller at dinner with all possible gravity, while the distractingly pretty and vivacious daughter of the house was continually scintillating about us, when the hostess related this incident, which must lose much from the absence of illustration and of her accenting glance and gesture: "Madame B—— said to me when we were in Paris, 'Why do your daughters dress their hair after that style?' 'Ah, my friend,' I said, 'they prefer it.' 'Yes, but you?' 'Oh, as for me, I have to use my will with them in grave matters, so that in trivial things it is wise to let them choose.' It was droll to see Madame B——'s perplexity, and I said to her, 'Ah, my friend, you do not understand! *Perhaps you have never been the mother of an American girl!*'"

—I think there is no character so little known in literature as the average Southern woman. If, indeed, we except the stereotyped brunette, it is seldom that she is introduced at all. Now, there is my friend Mrs. Darby, whom I regard as almost a typical Southerner, and yet she is the veriest opposite of the conventional type. She is neither slender nor languid, but has a periphery something near three fourths of her low stature, and ejaculates between little cackles of laughter the least amusing commonplaces. Her gesticulation is as nervous and frequent as is consistent with obesity and rheumatism. She has a high, rapid, and monotonous voice, which creates a surprised uneasiness in the minds of her hearers, perhaps because they expect its volume to correspond with her bodily dimensions, — a voice, in fact, as far as possible removed from the low modulations of the daguerreotyped brunette. She introduces even her strongest negative speeches with a confident "yes, now," and these, her favorite and ever-recurring expletives, are accompanied with a nod, half-deprecating half-insinuating. She is shrewd, loquacious, self-satisfied, and prejudiced. Her disposition is an odd mixture of generosity, selfishness, and the leaven of the Pharisee. The one absorbing theme with her is the *Gracchi*, — not Cornelia's jewels, but her own offspring, — and her conversation much abounds in disparaging comparisons between the Gracchi and other less favored mortals. She is very much given to using as an irrefutable argument in all her disputations, from the final perseverance of the saints to the proper way to prepare an eggnog, the fact that she has brought up two sons, — an unwarrantable stretch of logic, so accounted by the inimical. It is understood that Mrs. Darby has her own "opinion" (never flattering) concerning most things, not excepting a belief in the general depravity of the human race above Mason and Dixon's line.

"Yes, now, dear," I can even now hear, in her jerking little voice, "there 's Dan, my elder — Tiberius Gracchus, my preacher; he married a Yankee. Some pretend the Yankees are good in their way; but I have my *own* opinion of Yankees, — my *own* opinion, dear, — and I shall always believe Dan's wife flew into the face of Providence. Yes, now, but I try to bear it. We must all have our thorn in the flesh, dear, and to the day of my death I shall believe it a visitation of Providence, — a visitation of Providence, dear, — for sending Dan to a Yankee school. But the Lord has n't smiled on Dan's wife — four of them, dear — yes, now, all girls. Dan says it

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is his ministerial prerogative, — a houseful of girls. Yes, now, but I 'd prefer fewer of the prerogatives, and take a boy now and then." Being the mother of only two, both of the desirable gender, Mrs. Darby is apt to think and speak a little contemptuously of those of the sisterhood who are the unfortunate possessors of a large and especially feminine progeny. She has a good-natured contempt for her husband, regarding him as a useful, but not altogether indispensable, article of domestic economy. She reads little, but, between her absorption of all she hears and her supreme assumption, she has won the reputation of being rather intelligent. In short, the practical "mother of the Gracchi" is anything but the haughty, aristocratic picture of Southern womanhood which is presented to us so often.

— In reading Miss Braddon's Vixen, I find the authoress saying that after the marriage of Captain Carmichael and Mrs. Tempest, and the departure of the bridal party for the Scotch Highlands, Violet Tempest (daughter of the bride and heroine of the story) rushed to her room, in the second story of her home, and threw herself, in great distress of mind, "*upon the ground.*" This peculiarity of expression I have observed in Dickens, Thackeray, Black, and other English authors; but it has never, so far as I know, been adopted in America. Can any member of the Club explain why English writers persist in designating a floor as "*the ground*," when referring to acts done within the four walls of a house?

— To Harvey, by universal consent, is attributed the discovery of the circulation of the blood. He first gave public, authoritative utterance to his views in 1620; and yet we find that as early as 1607 another, and a greater than he, outlined the same fact: —

> *Brutus (to Portia).* "You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."
> (Julius Cæsar, Act ii., Scene 1.)

— "Why use French when the translation would be better?" some of us are respectfully inclined to ask of the contributor who gave us the excellent notice of Jean Têterol's Idea in the February Atlantic, with extracts from the same in the French. The novel has been widely read in this country, but chiefly in Appleton's translation, which would have served up those extracts far more satisfactorily to the general reader. "There are good people who cannot read French;" and to the cultivated minority of The Atlantic readers who translate with ease was given the plum of the pudding, in this case, when the rest of us, the great majority, might have been served just as well. Only think of the army of Atlantic readers scattered over this great country (for did you ever fail to find an Atlantic somewhere in the loneliest Western villages? I did n't) who will never know in this world what "that elegant noble replied, with an enchanting smile"! Perhaps somebody — our English cousins, possibly — may be deluded into believing that Americans as a rule read French; all of the Atlantic readers, any way! It makes me think of a certain church bell that rings at an inconvenient hour every Friday morning, the year round. How that bell proclaims the devotion and zeal of St. ——'s large congregation! Why, I have known "dissenters" rebuked by its triumphant pealing into more faithful attendance at prayer-meeting, etc. But they never happened to look into St. ——'s, some morning, to find the clergyman reading the psalter with the sexton. Do you see the point of my illustration? Then here is another. We in the provinces are told that when the great wise man of Concord was asked if he always read the Greek poets in the original he replied, "I should as soon think of swimming the Charles River whenever I go to town."

— That charming story of Rosamond and the Conductor, otherwise possible and quite natural, calls for one criticism: Rosamond escapes too easily from the snare of her fancy, — from the very obvious risk of its pursuit.

Imaginative girls are encompassed by a thousand lives beside the external and apparent. Their acts are guided or re-

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pressed by influences curiously powerful, since often they are very transient. Many a quiet woman will recognize in this episode, deftly sketched, something akin to one or a dozen in her own past. An attractive man is always a possible hero; if not a lover, at least an admirer, — some one to figure in those dramas which rarely come to the test of a tangible stage.

No one class or condition of society claims him about whose person a girl's ingenious sentiment may weave its drapery. The most exclusive will admit to herself that an expressman may possess magnificent shoulders, or her father's coachman charm by his long eyelashes. With these externals character is not concerned; and precisely here, O little Dolly or Rosamond, is the evil of allowing your thoughts to cling to an unknown hero! You are sure that the heart has nothing to do with a fascination indulged in long and ardently; but the heart is the disturbing element in most dreaming girls, and, absurd as it might appear, *real* suffering has ensued from the sway of a feeling no better grounded. The balm of a New York season came to Rosamond, but in common life we seldom are helped out of ourselves, rather being forced to fight the troublesome yearning on the spot where it was born.

— I do not know whether your contributors look for an answer. But as an American who has lived several years in England, often in lodgings in country towns, I thought I could throw some light on the beefsteak question.

First, "Do the English have beefsteak?" Yes, most decidedly. It is rump-steak, or, in the south of England, pin-bone steak, owing to the small round bone in the centre of it. If you get it tender (and you mostly can), there is no better beefsteak anywhere.

Second, "There is no beefsteak in England like ours." No, not if the sirloin steak is meant, as it is called in the United States. An average English butcher would think it the greatest waste and extravagance to cut into steaks the sirloin which represents the roast beef of Old England.

— I had not the good fortune to be born in Boston, or even in New England. It was therefore with an exaggerated feeling of reverence, perhaps, that I stood with a friend in the old Plymouth cemetery, beside the grave of her ancestor, — the last of the Plymouth residents, as the quaint inscription told us, who came over in the Mayflower. I felt humble, obscure. The glory of such an inheritance, it seemed to me, was the only thing worth being born for, and the sexton evidently agreed with me. We searched old records for an account of the personal history of each one of the little band. It was like the Garden of Eden over again, — only there were several Adams and Eves. At length, the resources of the place being somewhat exhausted, a supplementary visit to Duxbury was suggested. But the train brought us first to South Duxbury.

"Perhaps this is where we ought to stop," said my friend.

I sat serene. "We are going to Duxbury," I replied.

As the cars were moving away, however, we beheld through the open window one of those box-like carry-alls provided by country hotels for the reception of their guests, with "Standish House" in unmistakable characters over the door.

"Why, the Standish House is where we are going!" we both exclaimed.

For one supreme moment I rejoiced in not having a Mayflower ancestor.

"What barrenness, — what absolute poverty of intellect!" I cried. "To be unable to invent names for your towns, — or only one for every three or four of them, — so that we are lost in a maze with your Duxburys and South Duxburys, your Plymouths and your North, South, East, and West" —

I stopped, breathless; but the list was by no means exhausted. For Massachusetts alone has thus suspended on the points of the compass over two hundred of her towns.

— I am glad to discover why the sunflower is so much in fashion with modern artists and decorators. Hamerton,

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who ought to be authority, says, "It is grandly pictorial; its leaves and flowers have noble dimensions;" and it has also "great height." If this is all, why are not pumpkin blossoms equally in favor? They, too, have mighty size, and uplift great golden vases to the summer sun, infinitely more graceful and sculptural than the moony disk of the sunflower. Look also at its luxuriance of leaf; what broad, downy, vivid, vegetable life they express, and what length the vine assumes! No sunflower in the land ever outgrew a pumpkin vine. And if you want height and elegance and grace, plant me but two grains of maize in a peck of whitefish mixed with good stiff New England soil, and what a splendid product August reveals! Think of a wall-paper that should show over a dado of alders and blackberry vines rich with scarlet and black fruit, like one of our fence rows covered with this native growth, a series of panels with tasseled corn towering upward to a border of careering swallows against a strip of pale sky! Where would be your sunflowers then?

— The success of Pinafore calls to mind the failure in New York, some years ago, of Gilbert's charming play, The Wicked World. It was a laudable thing to put such a piece upon the stage, and the thin attendance which obliged the manager to discontinue it spoke very ill for the public. If the parts had been badly performed, one could understand the matter; but the difficult rôle of the queen of the upper sphere was filled by an actress capable of entering into the author's graceful, imaginative conception, and the other parts were sufficiently well sustained. A great deal has been said about the fault and folly of managers in not providing entertainment of a higher sort than they do; but what are managers to do when every performance of such dramas is a pecuniary loss to them? We cannot expect more disinterestedness from them than from men in other businesses; if any person or persons anxious to raise the standard of dramatic art would offer to support them pecuniarily in the enterprise until the public taste had become so elevated by the hearing of good plays that it desired nothing else, I have no doubt all managers would be willing, and some perhaps very glad. There will always be a majority who desire in any art not the best but the second or third best, and amusement must and will always be provided for them. But where was the cultivated minority who should have come out to enjoy The Wicked World? Gilbert's plays (which have been collected by Messrs. Scribner's Sons in a published volume) are full of poetic beauty and the most delicate satire, and it was natural to expect that they would not be generally appreciated; but it is painful to know that there were not in the whole city of New York enough people of good taste to fill the small theatre where one of them was given.

— With regard to the immorality of violin collecting, of which one of the March contributors writes so feelingly, Horace furnishes a text: —

"Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;
Si scalpra et formas, non sutor; nautica vela,
Aversus mercaturis: delirus et amens
Undique dicatur merito. Qui discrepat istis,
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti
Compositis; metuensque velut contingere sacrum?"

(Sat. Lib. II. 8: 105.)

"Durum! Sed levius fit patientia."

(Od. Lib. I. carmen 24.)

— Your contributor, in saying that poor men ought not to run in debt for their houses, forgets that in practice no workingman would ever own a house otherwise, and that all the workingmen's-home societies have been established for the express purpose of enabling them to run in debt; and that in all the arguments ever urged in favor of laboring men owning their own homes the value of the *debt* as an incentive and compulsion to thrift has been rated even higher than that of having a shelter in any reverse of fortune. It is assumed that workingmen are sure to spend all their earnings in some way, and would best spend them on a valuable permanent investment; and that, once irrevocably engaged, the fear of losing all they have put in will make them industrious, fru-

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gal, and prudent; in fact, that a heavy debt is the one thing needful to make the average workingman prosperous. I deny the advantage to a laboring man of owning even a house clear of debt, as distinguished from other kinds of property: he can retain it only so long as he has employment in the immediate vicinity, for he cannot keep two, nor pay incessant traveling expenses; and as his loss of employment usually occurs in dull times, when property is low, he will probably lose heavily by the sale. He should be reasonably sure of many years of steady employment before he invests his savings in a house, much more discounts the future in payment for it.

I am specially concerned, however, to combat a most pernicious economic delusion, and the source of not a few barbarisms in financial legislation. This is the notion, embodied in legislation in various ways, that debt is an abnormal and deplorable condition, which legislation and public opinion ought to condemn; that if all business could be done on a "cash basis" the world would be richer, better, and happier; and that those who run in debt for any purpose forfeit thereby all claim to equitable legislation. The theory is absolutely contrary to historic fact and economic possibility. No such state of society ever existed out of utter savagery, and none such could exist without a return to savagery. Civilization was created by debt, developed at every step by debt, and remains based on debt; trade and commerce are embodied debt, and would be crippled by a diminution of the facilities for its contraction, and annihilated by their withdrawal; the very conditions that make a class of wage-workers possible are the result of debt. As Mr. Bagehot says, "All businesses depend on borrowing money, and a large business depends on borrowing a great deal of money." If it would not be minutely accurate to say that national well-being advances *pari passu* with the increase of facilities for the contraction of debt (a statement which has certain obvious limitations), it would be probably true. Instead, therefore, of legislation being framed in a spirit adverse to enterprises undertaken on credit, by favoring owners against borrowers of capital, it should be the reverse; for owned money can better protect itself, and a small loss is not total ruin. And it is idle to say that "debt is a luxury which should be reserved for the rich," since but for poor men indulging in this luxury for many thousand years there would be no rich men and no riches. That a middle class of wage-earners exists at all is because poor men will not be content to hoard their surplus earnings, and *will* hazard everything for the chance of a fortune. This does not directly apply to unproductive investments, like dwelling-houses for one's own use; but the same mal-taxation and extravagance, which make the one ruinously losing, bear with equal weight on all other enterprises begun with borrowed capital. The laboring classes have the right to demand that the gates of fortune shall not be shut against them by imposing burdens on their enterprises — necessarily undertaken on credit — from which the owners of capital are exempt; and, if one set of legislators will not remedy this infamous injustice, they need no justification for at least *trying* to replace them by another set who will.

— The question about the descent of men from apes has of course been settled by the man who said, with a true notion of the derivation of words, that he would rather be descended from the angels than from the apes; but meanwhile this extract from a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's, written July 31 O. S., 1718, may be of interest. Speaking of the women who flocked in to see her when she was visiting the ruins of Carthage, she says, "Their posture in sitting, the color of their skin, their lank, black hair falling on each side of their faces, their features and the shape of their limbs differ so little from their country people, the baboons, 't is hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them."

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RECENT LITERATURE.

In the first three numbers of their illustrated edition of Mr. Longfellow's poems[1] the publishers offer an earnest of what is to be, on the whole, the most considerable artistic enterprise yet attempted in America. It was very fit that this poet, and no other, should be chosen for such honor as the best endeavor of our best designers, engravers, and printers can render him. Of all the poets of our time he is by far the most widely known; and while no splendors of their art can add to his fame, his fame can publish everywhere the generous intention and the opulent achievement with which his countrymen have wished to recognize his genius. We speak of the work as a tribute of American art to Mr. Longfellow, rather than as a mere business venture on the part of the publishers; for in the cordial response which it has met with from those qualified to promote it, this has really become its character. Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, long associated by his taste and his labors with the illustrated publications of the house, is the artistic editor of the work, and has complete charge of it, from the selection of artists and the suggestion of subject to the final preparation of the plates for the press. Of the artists whose help he has invoked, none have declined who could possibly shape their work to his need; most of the most eminent have eagerly come to his aid; some who were supposed to be out of the question by reason of their engagements have turned from pressing tasks to offer their contributions; and all have made it occasion to testify their appreciation of the importance and acceptability of the enterprise. In this spirit he has the coöperation of such painters as Messrs. Boughton, LaFarge, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Moran, the Giffords, Whittridge, Colman, Appleton Brown, Shapleigh, J. D. Smillie, Shirlaw, Winslow Homer, J. R. Key, Hennessey, Fredericks, J. W. Wood; such designers as Mrs. Hallock-Foote, Messrs. E. A. Abbey, C. S. Rheinhart, Ipsen, Frank Schell, Hoppin, A. R. Waud, D. C. Hitchcock, W. H. Gibson, Miss Jessie Curtis; such engravers as Messrs. Linton, Davis, Bogert, Southwick, Speer, Morse, Hallowell, Harley, King, Varley, Andrew, Russell, and Richardson.

A very pleasant incident of the work, which the sympathetic reader will like to know, is the interest which the poet himself has taken in naming subjects for illustration. These, some three hundred out of the six hundred which are to illumine the thousand broad pages of the edition, are always actual views of places and portraits of real persons named. For these the best materials have been studied, with such poetic result in the opening numbers as Mr. Schell's beautiful sketch of the Bridge of Prague for The Beleaguered City; the street, true to fact and sentiment, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the Hymn of the Moravian Nuns; the Old Mill at Newport for The Skeleton in Armor; Colman's richly picturesque and characteristic streets in Madrid for The Spanish Student; and Barnes's rendition of the peaceful beauty of a stretch of the Cambridge flats for the poem To the River Charles. The illustration for The Village Blacksmith is a view of the "smithy" from a sketch in Mr. Longfellow's possession, and shows it as it stood long ago on the quaint Cambridge street, where the customary mansard roof now overlooks the site of "the spreading chestnut-tree," sacrificed some years since to the possibility that harm might come from its branches to a man driving a load of hay under it on a dark night. Wherever it has been practicable, original studies of locality have been made, and no trouble has been spared to verify details in the more imaginative illustrations. An instance of care in this direction is to be found in the pictures for the ballad of King Christian; the powerful head of the king is after a photograph from a painting in the Museum at Copenhagen, and the deck-fight is mainly from a historical painting in the same gallery. Not only quality but character also has been given to the illustrations in minor matters, where neglect might have been easily overlooked. Mr. J. Appleton Brown's pines in the beautiful illustration for the Prelude to the Voices of the Night, and Mr. R. S. Gifford's pines and birches in that for The Spirit of Poetry, are not more characteristic of New England than the softly rounded hill-tops in Mr. W. L.

[1] *The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* Illustrated. [Parts I., II., and III.] Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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Sheppard's sketch of the school-house "by Great Kenhawa's side" are characteristic of West Virginia. It was not essential that they should be characteristic, but if fidelity in such things can be added to the ideal truth and beauty, it is something to be glad of. Another of the lesser satisfactions of the book, for which the reader is to be grateful to Mr. Anthony, is the occurrence of the pictures at just the point in the text which they are meant to illustrate, and not several pages before or beyond.

We do not know how far it may be feasible to assign each poem to a particular artist, as in these early numbers the Coplas de Manrique has been given to Mr. Rheinhart, The Children of the Lord's Supper to Mr. Abbey, and The Spanish Student to Mr. Fredericks; but we hope it may be done at least in the case of the shorter poems throughout the edition. The work of Mr. Fredericks especially is of charmingly good effect. He has shown more than any other of our designers an aptness for that sort of dramatic expression which makes much of costume and of *mise en scène*; he is in a good sense theatrical, and he is here at his best. In looking at his illustrations, one feels that if this delightful play could be perfectly put upon the stage, the people in it would dress, and would sit, stand, move, and look, as they do here. What an admirable scene, for instance, is that first one, where Lara sits smoking in his dressing-gown, and chatting with Don Carlos; how delicious is Preciosa where Victorian has climbed to her on the balcony; how superb where she finds Lara in her chamber; what life and humor there is in her dance before the applauding cardinal and archbishop; how picturesquely gay and Spanish the encounter of Victorian with Hypolito and Don Carlos in the Prado! It is quite like seeing The Spanish Student played; and we mean this for the highest praise, since a drama demands theatrical, not realistic, illustration. The realism of these charming pictures is in the men's dress, minutely yet vividly studied from that of the close of the last century, when the strange taste of the Parisian *incroyables* had penetrated everywhere; the women's dress suggests rather than reproduces the period; but all is of a fitness, a harmony, in which Mr. Colman's serenading scene, with its cavalieresque costume, strikes a jarring note, rich and fine as it is in its own way.

Of a very different excellence are Mr. Abbey's pictures for The Children of the Lord's Supper, with their tender Northern blonde types of childhood. The little girl pacing churchward, beside the dark stone-wall, is as blue-eyed and yellow-haired as if she were a sketch in color instead of black and white. She is wholly Scandinavian and peasant; and so are the children kneeling in church before the bishop. The group of angels in another illustration are not so good: they are respectively self-satisfied and thoughtfully sentimental in expression; but then it is perhaps difficult to do angels for want of studies from life. Mr. Abbey, however, has radiantly succeeded in his full-page picture for The Skeleton in Armor: that is full of the ideal truth and loveliness which he has missed in his company of complacent seraphs;

> — "the blue-eyed maid,
> Yielding, yet half-afraid,"

is a dream of tender, girlish beauty.

Among the other more notable illustrations in these numbers are Mr. Moran's rich night-scene for The Light of Stars; Mr. Brown's group of autumn trees and stretch of autumn meadow for Autumn; Mr. Abbey's fancy for The Two Locks of Hair; Mr. Schell's vignette for The Rainy Day, — a bit of vine-clambered wall from which the gusts beat the dying leaves, and from whose flooded eaves coldly spills the wind-tossed rain; and Mr. Waud's vista in the Dismal Swamp, with the gaunt-limbed, moss-grown trees about the stagnant water.

As may have been inferred, the plan of all these illustrations is in distinct opposition to the theory that the illustration of modern literature should be in the spirit of mediæval illumination; that is, that it should pictorially annotate the text with whatever wayward fancy it suggests to the artist. This theory, if a whole work could be delivered to one designer for the occupation of his life, might be realized, and might be more or less satisfactory; but it is quite incompatible with contemporary conditions. Illustration must still, and probably always will, — with very rare exceptions, — be done upon the plan of reproducing in line what is said or hinted in words, and the designer will succeed or fail as he infuses more or less of his own life into what must be first literally faithful. It is the question, in another form, of translation or paraphrase, of trying to give the spirit in the body, or the spirit without the body. The latter is a task so delicate that it will probably remain the unattainable ideal of critics who can do neither. In fact, after all the talk,

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and all the print, in praise of illuminative illustration, it would be difficult to allege any quite successful or striking instance of its application. There are occasional pleasing touches of it in the vignettes of this Longfellow, as of other beautiful illustrated works, where the text seems to break into quaint conceit of bird or blossom, or running vine, framing a face or a glimmer of landscape; and here it probably fulfills its only possible office, leaving a vast field for more positive interpretation, into which we may be sure the mediæval illuminators would have entered if they had known how. But if illuminative art is scantily present here, the spirit of the most suggestive decorative art abounds in the exquisite titles designed by Mr. Ipsen. In the three numbers before us there are some ten of these, in which it is hard to say which is most suggestive and charming, — the varied use of conventional forms, or the refined caprice with which a bit of realism in bird or flower is here and there introduced. The second title to The Spanish Student and the first to Poems of Slavery are rich instances of the first; those of Voices of the Night and Earlier Poems, of the second. But in whatever spirit these designs are, they sparkle with a fresh and joyous life; they dance to the delighted eye; they are full of variety and beauty and sympathy, and once seen they immediately relate themselves to the poetry which they announce.

All but two of the pictures here are executed in pure line, and we learn that throughout the edition none others will be done in the manner reprobated on another page of this magazine by Mr. Linton as alien to the function and genius of wood-engraving. What this bad and false school is the present critic gladly leaves Mr. Linton to explain, and contents himself with stating the fact of its exclusion from the illustrated Longfellow. Mr. Anthony, whom we have already mentioned as the artistic editor, is no less than Mr. Linton the enemy of the corrupt school and the friend of pure line, and with him has rested a decision which must have a large influence on American wood-engraving. It would not be easy to explain how much the edition owes in all respects to his zeal, his taste, and his vigilance. It has been his affair not merely to suggest and place the illustrations, but often to prescribe the treatment of the subject, and to furnish the designer the historical material to work from, in accurately studied armor, costume, and locality. It is to him that the first numbers owe their perfection in this respect, and it is to his labors, otherwise tacit, that the work must owe the harmony in which its vast variety of detail unites.

— A book whose subject has long and deeply fascinated the writer has always a quality of its own, which seldom fails to prove an engaging one. The charmed interest with which objects have been regarded by him becomes in his book[1] an atmosphere about them whose effect is poetic, like that of the physical atmosphere upon the objects of the landscape. This quality should be possessed in a high degree by Mr. Conway's elaborate and unique work. Twenty years ago he was already writing and speaking upon his present subject; and it has clung to him, rather than he to it, ever since. A stranger to superstitious terror, he has nevertheless been haunted by the monstrous shapes which the terrors of imaginative superstition have created. The spell, partly intellectual curiosity, partly an interest of a graver sort, which conjured them up wrought almost too effectually; and he found that the only means to lay them must be an elucidation of their mystery. When he should cause the light to shine through them, discovering the secret of their existence, then, and not sooner, he would be quit of his ghostly company. The task thus proposed to him, or rather imposed upon him, was by no means a light one. It is easy to laugh at the grotesque and absurd, easy to inveigh against the revolting and horrible, in the dark imaginings of mankind; but to explain is hard, for it is to find the reason of unreason, the being and substance of unreality, the law of folly, and logic of lunacy. The difficulty which thus arises from the quality of the matter is enhanced by its quantity and variety. The human mind has been astonishingly fruitful of monstrous and menacing shapes, each with its own peculiarity of ugliness. Now a century since it might have been thought enough to show that these apparent objects are unreal, and belief in their existence is a superstition; but the scientific spirit of our day, in its search of natural origins, does not content itself so easily. Superstitions are a very interesting study, and the interest in them begins at the point where, as recognized superstitions, they quite cease to claim belief. When it is out of doubt that the seeming

[1] *Demonology and Devil-Lore.* By Moncure Daniel Conway, M. A. With Numerous Illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879

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objects before which credulity has cowered are of its own creation; when it is also seen that this process has been universal, and therefore due to a mental necessity, and, moreover, that it has been at least an attendant upon the spiritual development of humanity, we become aware that those apparitions, remote, strange, uncalled for, as they now appear, belong to the history of the human mind; and one may well inquire what is the law of their apparent existence. Science says of them that they are the forms in which the human race has spontaneously and unconsciously pictured its afflictions, its temptations, and sins; as, on the other hand, its aspirations have been painted in the shapes of heroes and gods. At once, however, the further inquiry arises, Why that unconscious picturing? The answer is that it was the necessary form of primitive thinking. There is a language of the mind as well as one of the tongue; and even more than verbal speech that mental language changes from stage to stage of intellectual development. This it is which makes the difficulty of reading the most ancient books with understanding. When the words have been translated, it is found that the thoughts must be translated also. Primitive mind, when it began to conceive of supersensual fact, produced a figure of some sort, a pictorial representation, which was taken for a real existence. Its thoughts appeared to it as external personal beings. In these forms of imagination, not known to be merely such, the ideal life of man first disengaged itself, and became pronounced. "Personification," it is called; but of what? Of outward objects only, so many have said. In truth, it was always the thought and sentiment, the motion and emotion, of the human spirit, teeming with a life peculiar to itself, which were personified. In such personification, or picture-thinking, the spiritual history of our race began, and for the reason that the mind could utter its deeper import to itself in no other way. The process continues long, and its results are with us as traditions at the present time. As an immediately productive process, however, it is now discontinued; and its traditional deposit has to all men largely, to many wholly, become recognizable as imaginary.

In this lies an intellectual revolution and a moral crisis. Mr. Conway is conscious of the change, and is among those who most participate in it. But instead of turning with light scorn away from that past, whose imaginations have become incredible to him, he is drawn toward it by a new and irresistible interest. *Because* he cannot believe with it, he must find in its belief the human motive, the touch of nature that makes all men kin. His is not a shallow nature, which could complacently feel itself sliced off, as it were, from the past life of mankind, even though separated by superiority. Rather, he shares the best spirit of this age, the roots of whose conscious being run deep, and which therefore would feel itself wounded by a mere "solution of continuity" in history. Besides, he is aware that the modern world, hastening forward under changed mental conditions to new and unknown destinies, will be the better prepared for its future the more intelligently and effectually it is able to interrogate its past. Thus honorably impelled, he has selected the very darkest chapter in what we have called the picture-thinking of the earlier world, with a purpose to find the human principles in what may seem the most inhuman imaginations, and to recover for the understanding that which, happily, can never be restored as belief. A hard task, it has been said; but the reader will see that it is worthy of the powers he has brought to it, of the industry he has lavished upon it, and of the absorbing interest which begot his labor.

In such an enterprise it must be the first work to search out and assemble the particular facts; and it will be the voice of all readers that in this respect the writer has rather surpassed than fallen below the measure of a reasonable expectation. From the four quarters of the world; from places high and low, sacred and profane; from times so primitive that history, properly so called, does not extend to them; and from times so recent that history has hardly as yet come up with them, he has drawn together, in enormous aggregate, the monstrous forms, with which the fearful sense of dependence, imperfection, or guilt, in union with the sense of all-enveloping, infinite mystery, has seemingly peopled earth and air, — places real and places as imaginary as the beings supposed to inhabit them. He has indeed quite uncommon qualifications for this labor. A diligent explorer of libraries, a rapid and tireless reader of books, he also finds books in living men, and a library wherever human beings, learned or unlearned, are to be met with. Nature has endowed him with a singular faculty of putting himself in communication with others, and with others of all degrees. Scholars and peasants, archæologists and old wives, — he is at home with

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them all, and with all can give and take. He has the art of squeezing information for himself out of those who, one would say, have none for themselves. The fool, it has been said, will learn nothing from the philosopher, but the philosopher may chance to learn much from the fool; and Mr. Conway, with his eager and alert intelligence, his wide observation and his power to open communication with men of all sorts, has often got instruction from those who themselves could neither teach nor learn. And he has been restrained in his researches by no sentiment, whether of contempt or awe. The silliest modern superstition is fish for his net, and he takes it out with no grin, but with serious inquisitiveness and satisfaction upon his countenance. Into every traditional holy of holies, on the other hand, he thrusts the same inevitable face of inquiry, neither more reverent nor more irreverent than an interrogation point. The result of all is that he has got together a wonderful menagerie, not to be seen without astonishment by such as are in a measure new to this department of natural history. And even those more familiar with it will scarcely escape a surprise when, in the midst of the strange collection, they come upon representatives of species which might be supposed to have become extinct many ages since, or, at the utmost, to lurk now only in the wild and waste places of the earth, but which this inevitable trapper has caught running in the most cultivated lands of civilization. Who could imagine the hunger-demon extant here in America? But within the decade it has been captured in Chicago and in Rhode Island. True, the creature is in somewhat reduced circumstances; it has not here the luxuriant development which it attains in cannibal imaginations; but the identity of species is quite clear.

The quality, however, of a writer is more shown in his use of material than in its accumulation. It is true, indeed, that in a work like the one before us the collection of examples sufficient in number and variety to represent fairly the whole productive activity of the human mind in that direction must be a labor of high relative importance. Just in proportion to its success, however, it calls for another labor, still more arduous. The seemingly heterogeneous mass of imaginations would be little more than a bewildering curiosity, were it not simplified by some orderly arrangement. Nor would it by any means suffice for Mr. Conway's purposes to arrange his facts in such an outward order as should render them conveniently presentable. He desires that they should be not only presentable, but intelligible. His aim is to classify them according to their interior, producing principles, so that in every group we may see at once the tie of relationship which makes its unity, and the root in human nature from which the whole has grown. Thus, the classification will be itself an elucidation, the facts explaining themselves as they come before the eye; and he will be spared the necessity of a continuous explanation in detail, which would be tedious to himself, and might probably become so to the reader. The design was excellently conceived, and has been ably carried out. Of course, room remains for doubt with regard to some particulars amid such a multitude. The tracing of genealogies, if pushed much beyond the nearest relationships, is commonly a puzzling business, and if continued far enough ends at last in sheer obscurity. The genealogy of demons and devils is certainly not to be determined with less difficulty than that of human beings. There are independent productions of the same conception, where the relationship is natural without being historical. On the other hand, imaginations which have the same historical lineage migrate in different directions, and acquire diversities of feature that disguise their relationship almost or quite beyond recognition. In such a case, a student who has a fine aptitude for his work will obtain real identifications from hints so slight as to seem quite insufficient to one less skilled in such labor, or endowed with a scent less keen; while at the same time no caution will secure him against apparent identifications, which, however, are apparent only. Mr. Conway gives us the impression of an intelligence rather daring and penetrating than circumspect and discreet, and we are sometimes distanced by his swift flights; but it cannot be doubted that his boldness is both intelligent and conscientious, nor that he has, on the whole, really executed his design.

First of all, he distinguishes broadly between demons and devils. The demon seeks only the satisfaction of its natural appetites, but is so constituted that it must satisfy them at the expense of the human race. It is monstrous and afflictive, but not, in the strict sense, malevolent. In the devil, on the contrary, pure malignity appears. It loves evil with disinterested affection, and does evil not only with delight, but with a

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kind of religious devotion. The former has its occasion in the physical, the latter in the moral, experience of mankind. The more revolting conception belongs, therefore, to the higher stage of development. This may surprise, but it is quite in the natural order. Evolution, so far from being simple, linear advance, is a highly complex movement. Roman Christianity in the eighth century was a much higher form of religion than the old Norse faith; but, as Mr. Kemble has remarked, the Scandinavian Loki was an almost admirable figure compared with the hideous and disgusting devil of the Christianized Anglo-Saxons. The Roman Church first began to make a business of murdering heresy, not in the "dark ages," but at the most advanced stage of mediæval civilization. The witchcraft craze, in which it may be seen that, though there were no witches, whole nations and ages were nevertheless but too truly bewitched, was in like manner a late product. With the higher and better comes the lower and worse; and there would be forever an equal development upward and downward, were it not in the nature of the better to extinguish at last its odious concomitant. Mr. Conway's distinction, therefore, between demonic and diabological representations, with their relative position, is sound and necessary, while it signifies his recognition of a complexity in the process of historical growth of which evolutionists have been too little apt to take notice; and whether or not his terms have commonly been used in the sense he assigns them, they may be so with propriety and with advantage.

Placing the dragons as an intermediate class between the two principal ones, he begins with the most elementary, and arranges it in groups, each of which has a motive peculiar to itself. For example, hunger, heat, cold, tempest, and flood have severally begotten in human imagination a family of preternatural figures. The groups are well made out, the generating motive clearly traced, the examples abundant, striking, and often surprising. When, however, diabolical representatives are reached in the second volume, the treatment becomes still more difficult, and it may at times be seen that the writer works with less ease. Here the begetting motive is no longer outward; only in the soul itself are the hunger and heat, the tempest and sickness, that awaken its fears and give them apparent forms. For the most part, however, he is master of his material; that he is always so we should hesitate to assert. Perhaps the proper statement would be that he now and then seems a trifle *too much* its master, and subjects it to a certain compulsion. His procedure is utterly frank and guileless; the facts are in no slightest degree "doctored," but interpretations occur that seem not to come easily from the facts, but suggest an effect of mood. We have particularly in mind his new and peculiar construction of the Abrahamic legend and the chapter upon The Holy Ghost. The latter is, moreover, disfigured by a quotation of some length from Mr. Henry G. Atkinson, who has been at pains to tell in writing of a fine thing said by him one day. He was asked, "What is the Holy Ghost?" and he answered that it is a pigeon, and that Christianity is pigeon worship; adding that pigeons are held sacred in St. Petersburg, and following this observation with a trivial anecdote. Now, it is conceivable that to a serious, full-minded man like Mr. Conway, this delicate sally might suggest the question, really an interesting one, how the dove became the accepted symbol of the spirit or breath of God. So the barking of a dog might chance to suggest an important question concerning the origin of language; in which case it would not be necessary to fill one page of a consequent chapter upon language with bow-wows. But if our author may for once be "left" to borrow an impertinence from another, he has none of his own; if his interpretations are at times doubtful, he leaves, even in that case, a pregnant question with the reader; and, as Bacon said, though we forget his words, he that can ask a right question is already half-way advanced on the road to knowledge. Meantime, in the intellectual and moral courage which breathes, like fresh morning air, through the book; in the vast extent of the field traversed at every point with the step of a strong man; in the broad light cast upon many dark regions; in the exhibition of definite results elicited from scattered and obscure indications; in the not infrequent examples of searching and productive criticism; and in the influences of a quickening spirit, whose every touch provokes thought or begets inquiry, — in these and kindred features, and more than all, in the *ensemble* of the book, the whole thought and design out of which it sprang and with which, through all details and speculations, successes and short-comings it is still luminous, it has qualities to reward richly the attention it is likely to attract.

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But its general character would not be indicated, even in the very slight way here proposed, without noticing the depth and intensity of that practical interest by which it is pervaded. In the first volume, where demons and dragons are treated of, the purely scientific interest is clearly dominant, though there are keen glances at existing conditions which show that the writer is far from being unmindful of them; but in the second volume, whose sub-title is The Devil, there is a marked change of tone. Mr. Conway bears in his heart a heavy charge against the establishments of the present day, whether within Christendom or without it. He sees in the present time two great evils. The first is a profitless expenditure of spiritual force. There are quite real hells here on earth, calling loudly for a mighty labor of purification. There are demons and devils, neither supernatural nor personal, but real influences nevertheless, and not haunting disreputable places only. There is a work of reconstruction and regeneration to be done, and already too long delayed; seeds of death to be destroyed, seeds of life to be sown, and time pressing. The moral force, that should uproot and plant, is not altogether wanting, but, as he thinks, is too largely wasted upon spectres. The eye wanders: instead of interrogating fact, it dwells upon dreams; what is before it, full of promise, of menace, of blessed and boding possibilities, it does not see, or but half sees, for it is looking elsewhere. Men bring sacrifices to dead gods, and are deaf to the living, eternal spirit. Worship walks in its sleep, and is the more idle the more busy. Many teach, few instruct: —

> "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread."

As has been remarked, Mr. Conway says little to such effect, and that little is spoken with quiet gravity; but a sense of it, not only deep but impassioned, is ever present with him; and, however widely one may differ from his judgment, it is impossible to be angry with a man whose opinion has to such a degree the dignity of moral conviction. But the higher forces of the human soul are not only wasted; in his judgment, they are also very insufficiently developed, for the reason that the methods of moral culture are adapted to psychological conditions which are not those of our time. He is profoundly persuaded that noble, effectual duty can no longer be got out of each man's hope and fear for himself, — hope of reward or fear of punishment hereafter. With large classes, those motives are dead, — dead utterly; with others they survive, but without moral virility; intrepid and intelligent duty they no longer beget. "It is very difficult," says Mr. Conway, "to know how far simple human nature, acting its best, is capable of heroic endurance for truth and of pure passion for the right.... But if noble lives cannot be so lived, we may be sure that the career of the human race will be downhill henceforth. For any unbiased mind can judge whether the tendency of thought and power lies toward or away from the old hopes and fears on which the *régime* of the past was founded." Seeing clearly, then, that in every age the spiritual or ideal forces are the saving ones, he believes that the great agencies through which that priceless power once operated serve now, very largely, to divert it from real to unreal objects; and, meantime, it seems clear to him that the power itself, no longer nourished by its ancient diet, and sparely fed with another, wants the vigor of health, and without a change of system is likely to want it more. Even the question whether, under the new intellectual conditions, this earth of ours can afford it the needed sustenance, — even this question he cannot answer with undoubting confidence. Such is the burden that lies upon his breast; and out of his book, even where it relates immediately to very remote matters, there issue, in another dialect, the summons of that spirit which of old might cry, "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

— Mr. James's new book[1] is a remarkable outpouring of profound philosophical thought and statement, in that peculiar vein which characterizes all the work of this deep and earnest writer. Those who have read the author's former works, — his Christianity the Logic of Creation, his Substance and Shadow, and his Secret of Swedenborg, — and have succeeded in getting a definite idea of their purpose, will find this last book of his to be in several respects his most mature and satisfactory as well as his most explicit and lively work. The form of it being in a series of letters to a friend helps to make it what some persons call an ex-

[1] *Society the Redeemed Form of Man, and the Earnest of God's Omnipotence in Human Nature.* Affirmed in Letters to a Friend. By Henry James Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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ceedingly "readable" book. It is certainly anything but dull, though some pages require the closest attention. Like all Mr. James's books, it is intensely earnest in expounding and enforcing the leading ideas of Swedenborg, not as the New Jerusalem church, but as the author himself, standing alone in a minority of one with respect to the Swedenborgians, conceives them. The serious reader who opens this book with the desire to see the most profound statement and illustration of the doctrines taught by the great Swedish seer will find nothing omitted by the writer that can help him over the most difficult places. A friendly hand is always extended to steady his steps and point out the road. Concise captions of subjects head every page. These letters abound in careful exegesis and plain and apt illustration, and are written with a reiteration of statement quite redeemed from monotony by their remarkable vivacity and rhetorical variety. Though so careful and eager to present his thought fully and clearly that he repeats it over and over, it is always in some new and fresh form. We do not hesitate in thinking Mr. James a master in a very original, powerful, and sonorous style. One regrets his occasional lapses into very unexpected objurgatory phrases and homely epithets, and his too impulsive flings at whatever does not agree with his convictions. The stream of his thought is far from being always clear and unruffled: it leaps up now and then in a half-playful, half-spiteful toss of foamy feeling, which is entertaining, but sometimes regrettable; yet on the whole pardonable, when we see how unavoidably feeling and thought are blended in all his utterances. He speaks in the magisterial tone of one who has a right to do so, and does not hesitate to rap soundly the knuckles of the scientific men, the sectarians, the moralists, and especially the loudly-professing churchmen and self-righteous Pharisees.

In this brief notice it will not be possible to attempt a *résumé* of this book. Its main purpose is the same as in his other books, — only here in more definite form, perhaps, — and is concisely indicated on the title-page. It is sufficient to say that the author professes to give a solution of the very deepest and most difficult spiritual problems that can exercise the hearts, consciences, and minds of men. It is a profound work of theology no less than of philosophy. And though many readers may differ with him, or feel unprepared to admit all his statements, we think no one can fail to derive from them much valuable inward suggestion, and stimulus to his highest thought and belief.

— Prince Bismarck still reminds observers of those men who carry thoughtful provision to the extent of buying, while in the best of health, tomb-stones, on which they carve appropriate statements, leaving only the date to be put on by survivors. It is not long since there were printed, with his consent and furtherance, copies of his letters to his wife during the late war between France and Germany; and now, as if he were modest about his skill with the pen, he has authorized Boswellian reports of his talk to be published in Germany, that the world may know exactly how great a man the German chancellor is.[1] In a word, the prince seems possessed with an undying curiosity about the opinions of other people, and is doing his best to keep himself a prominent figure.

The book the reader is most forcibly reminded of by these volumes is Boswell's Johnson, and the fact is satisfactorily established that Boswells are quite as rare as Johnsons. Dr. Busch proves conclusively that he is competent to do his part. Even in a land of office-holders, his servility is as nearly as possible unrivaled. His most noticeable quality is his more than human devotion to the master, the chief, as Bismarck is continually called.

Thus, he tells us, with what some will call excessive candor, that one day, when driving with the chancellor to the battle-field, Bismarck told him "that it was not proper for me to return the military salutes of officers who passed the carriage. The salute was not to him as minister or chancellor, but simply to his rank as general, and officers might take it amiss if a civilian took their salutes as including himself." That there will be no lack of faithfulness in the report of a man of this kind is perfectly evident. Dr. Busch occupies his busy pen with the account of all varieties of incident. Food and drink occupy perhaps the most prominent place. Bismarck has an enormous appetite, and, like the king of beasts and a physician in London who sent a letter to one of the English papers a few years ago, he takes but one meal a day, but that is a large one, and during the late war,

[1] *Bismarck in the Franco-German War*, 1871. Authorized Translation from the German of Dr. Moritz Busch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

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at any rate, was washed down by copious draughts of beer, confiscated French wine, and spirits. Full details, too, are given about the chancellor's health: at times, and often during wars and civil troubles, he cannot sleep soundly; he wakes up, after resting an hour or two and ponders over all his anxieties till daybreak, when he falls asleep again until about ten, at which hour he takes a small meal. On the 31st of August, 1870, "the chancellor was again unusually communicative, and very accessible to questions. He spoke rather as if he had a cold. He had had cramp, he said, in his legs all night, which often happened with him. He was then obliged to get up and walk about for a while in his room with bare feet, and that usually gave him cold. So it was this time. 'One devil drove out the other: the cramp went away, and the sniveling came on.'"

Yet Dr. Busch does not confine himself to these slight matters, which possibly have their value. He visits the scene of action and gazes at the battle from a safe distance, and writes down what he sees, but this is merely incidental; his main work lay outside of the camp. His principal occupation was manufacturing public opinion according to the inspiration he derived from Bismarck's lips. For this purpose he prepared editorials for various newspapers, and doubtless it is with some such intent that this book is published.

Dr. Busch draws his sustenance from what is called in Germany the Reptile Fund, that being the pet name of the sums of money devoted to official work in an apparently independent press. It was his task to tell editors what they were to say, or rather to say it for them. If report can be believed, he had already shown considerable capacity for this patriotic duty. He had been in youth a flaming revolutionist, and had "left his country for his country's good," to visit, among other places, the United States of America. After his return, he held at one time the place of editor of a German magazine, from which it is whispered that he was removed on account of alleged plagiarism. But Prince Bismarck seems to have only condescending affection for him, and to have treated him a great deal better than he deserved. After all, even a powerful minister probably finds it easier to get men with somewhat damaged reputations to do his dirty work for him. Dr. Busch, while apparently a faithful stenographer, shows his character very clearly by his continual contemptuous reference to Abeken, a man of a very different sort.

That Bismarck's talk is bright cannot be denied. If Busch reminds one of Boswell, there is also considerable likeness between the chancellor and Dr. Johnson. It would be foolish to trace the analogy too far, but it may be worth while to point out a certain acerbity which was common to both, and in the matter of superstitions they would both do honor to the period when witches were burnt. Bismarck almost has the making of a spiritualist in him. He does not like to sit down thirteen at table; he thinks Friday an unlucky day; and, more than this, he knows the year in which he is going to die. It is impossible that he should be mistaken, for it is a "mystic" number. That of course settles it.

But outside of these trivialities there is much of value in what Prince Bismarck says concerning religion. One forgets his superstition when reading such a passage as this: "How without faith in a revealed religion, in a God who wills what is good, in a Supreme Judge, and a future life, men can live together harmoniously, — each doing his duty, and letting every one else do his, — I do not understand. If I were no longer a Christian, I would not remain for an hour at my post." And he adds: "If I did not believe in a divine order, — order which has destined this German nation for something great and good, — I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist, or I would never have undertaken it." These passages also illustrate the prince's frankness, and his frequent outspokenness concerning German pomposity and pedantry is another side of his divergence from the usual method of the eminent diplomatist.

One of the most striking of the things that Dr. Busch has noted down is the prince's virulence against the French. Prejudice is only natural in time of war, — something of the same kind has been seen in other countries, — but it seems to have found in Bismarck a very ready victim. Yet there are redeeming sides in this, and he is far from being wholly given up to hate of his foes. As he said of a *franc-tireur* who had fired from ambush and killed a soldier: "He must be hung, but we must be polite to him, — polite even to the foot of the gallows; but hung he must be." There are also instances given of his kindness to the soldiers, and to the sick and wounded of both sides.

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Of this, as of other books, it is true that what the reader will find in it depends in great measure on his own feelings. But it will be hard for him to deny that he has received the impression of a great man who is not only witty, but frank to an unusual degree. The portrait is drawn by an unskillful hand, but the prince stands out as a most striking character; we may think him right or wrong, discreet or indiscreet, but the fact of his greatness no one will deny; and that is enough to make this book, with all its faults, its author's garrulity and snobbishness, a most entertaining revelation.

French and German.

A man's letters are almost always nearly like his talk, and it is fair to suppose that in these hastily written notes [1] we get a very accurate representation of the manner of the eccentric genius, Hector Berlioz. Without in the least touching the question of his value as a musician, it may be possible to call the attention of our readers to the story of a hard-working, trouble-filled life, as it is set before us in this volume. His career was a curious one. He certainly had the artistic temperament, of which we hear most frequently when it is flaunted before us Philistines in defense of all manner of self-indulgence, and his sensitiveness stands out in almost every line he wrote. A brief introduction by the editor gives us rather fuller information concerning his life than we generally get in French collections of letters. Still, the reader cannot do better than turn to the musician's own Mémoires, which fill two really extraordinary volumes. The letters show precisely the same qualities as that book, and are written with the same unbounded extravagance. It would seem as if certain qualities of the Gaul, those namely, which most strike an unfriendly observer, were never found so combined in one person as in Hector Berlioz.

His whole life was one struggle against poverty and what he considered misrepresentation. His enemies — for such he regarded all who did not admire his work — he called idiots, etc., with great freedom, but he makes it plain that he must have been what is called a hard man to get along with. His unhappiness is only too evident; he was abnormally sensitive to blame, just as he was to praise, — for in his memoirs he has put a most complete collection of the compliments that were paid him, right and left, by individuals, when the community was deaf to the merit of his music. The story of his private life, melancholy as it is, shows his character very clearly. The tale of his projected and possibly attempted suicide when he was a student, for a disappointment in love, his first marriage, etc., are curious reading. But perhaps it is in his letters to his son, a young man who was more a torment than anything else, that the poor man is most distinctly seen. The boy, Louis, was a fickle, foolish creature, apparently, and this is the way his father writes to him: "Ah, my poor Louis, if I didn't have you — Only think, I loved you when you were a mere baby, and it is so hard for me to be fond of children! There was something in you that attracted me. Afterwards, it grew less at that stupid age when you lacked common sense; but since then it has come back, and grown, and I love you, as you know, and it must go on growing." There is certainly a charming simplicity in that outburst of affection.

His vanity is so clearly marked in the letters that it seems unnecessary to do more than call attention to it. For, granting that Berlioz was right in his estimation of his own merits, he should certainly have looked with more gentleness on a cold world. If his account is exact, — and it is hard to imagine that a man of his temperament could be accurate in speaking of the ill treatment he received from others, — he certainly suffered outrageously. After all, that there was suffering there can be no doubt; the only thing open to question is the victim's right to demand admiration from every one. If he never got it in France, he certainly had the coldness of his country-people made up to him by the way the Germans and Russians treated him. Their admiration was apparently unmeasured, and the poor man had some taste of happiness and satisfied ambition in their enthusiasm. Still, the public he wanted to conquer was the Parisian public, although he knew at the same time the exact value of its opinion on musical matters.

Of anything like calmness there is no trace in the letters of Berlioz. When he reads Lear, it is with intense emotion; he rolls convulsively in the grass to satisfy his transports, and all his failures and disappointments (and they were many) call forth bit-

[1] *Correspondance Inédite de Hector Berlioz.* 1819–1868. Avec une Notice Biographique par Daniel Bernard. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: Schönhof. 1879.

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ter cries from him. He has, too, kind words for his friends. He always speaks warmly of Mendelssohn, who was a fellow-student with him at Rome. It may be said here that in Mendelssohn's published letter, dated March 29, 1831, Berlioz is spoken of as "a perfect caricature, without a spark of talent, groping in the darkness, and imagining himself the creator of a new world, while he composes the most shocking things, and dreams and thinks of nothing but Beethoven, Schiller, and Goethe. At the same time his vanity is unbounded, and he looks down upon Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm seems to me very suspicious." In his memoirs Berlioz avenges himself for this statement, which met his eyes when the letters were published; but in general, although Mendelssohn did not praise everything that Berlioz had done, Berlioz speaks of his more successful contemporary with nothing but kindness. Failure and vanity did not make Berlioz envious of other men.

What one musician has to say of another is always of interest. Here is one of the remarks Berlioz made about Wagner, in a letter dated Paris, June, 1855: "Wagner, who is leading the old Philharmonic Society at London, . . . is succumbing under the attacks of the whole English press. But he remains calm, I hear, being convinced that he is to be the master of the musical world *in fifty* years." Of Von Bülow, "one of Liszt's sons-in-law," he says, under date of January, 1858, "This young man is one of the most fervent disciples of that mad school which is called in Germany the school of the future. They are most devoted to it, and insist that I shall be their leader and standard-bearer. I don't say a word, or write a word; sensible people will be able to see how much truth there is in it." One more expression of his views on this subject, which was possibly more interesting a short time ago than it is now, must be given; this is from a letter dated Paris, August, 1864: "There is a great festival day after to-morrow at Carlsruhe; Liszt has gone there from Rome; they are going to have some music that will split your ears [*à arracher les orielles*]. It is the conventicle of young Germany, presided over by Hans von Bülow."

Some of his later letters, in spite of the fact that one sees under their merriment the fatigue and sense of unwillingness to fight longer that marked his later years, are amusing; as, for instance, this one, written also in August, 1864, to M. and Mme. Darucke, at Brunnen, Switzerland: "My son has gone away again, my mother-in-law has not come back, and I am bored à *grand orchestre*. The city I am living in is filled with finer memories than Switzerland can offer you. There is a house in the Rue de la Victoire where lived Napoleon, young commander-in-chief of the army of Italy; it is from there that he started one day to go to St. Cloud to throw out of window the representatives of the people. On a place called the Place Vendôme is a high column which he had built of the cannon captured from the enemy. On the left of this place is a huge palace named the Tuileries, where some very curious things have happened. As to the houses in certain streets, you can have no idea of all the ideas they call forth in me. There are countries which have great influence on the imagination. Well, I am bored all the same.

"Marshal Vaillant gave a most magnificent dinner, the other day. He made me sit next him, and overwhelmed me with attentions; but the dinner lasted *two hours*. . . .

"How happy you would be in Switzerland if you could have for breakfast such cheeses as there are here! And have you any notion of the melons? Do you have any wine that is fit to drink?

"No, no; you live like anchorites; but it is all the fashion to be in Switzerland at this season. One of these days, Heller and I are going to dine at Montmorency or at Enghien, where there is also a LAKE."

But jollity is not the prevailing quality to be found in the letters, interesting as they all are, — not for straightforward, unbroken reading, such as histories receive, but for dipping into here and there. The reader will find something in this book by the side of which poor novels are very pallid and lifeless.

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